THE

POETICAL REGISTER,

AND

REPOSITORY

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY,

FOR

1805.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Fifth Volume of the POETICAL REGISTER is now presented to the Public by the Editor, with his sincere thanks for the flattering reception which the former Volumes have experienced. His Correspondents also will, he trusts, accept his grateful acknowledgment of their kind assistance.

To render the Work deserving of the support which it has received, every exertion in the power of the Editor has been made, and he flatters himself that his efforts have been crowned with success. Of the "Original Poetry" he will say nothing. He leaves it to speak for itself. In the department of "Fugitive Poetry" there will be found many pieces highly worthy of being preserved, which had become so scarce as not to be obtained without considerable

difficulty. It is the Editor's intention to give a "local habitation" to every Fugitive Poem of merit which he can procure, and which has not already found a place in any collection of the same kind as his own.

Unavoidable circumstances have delayed the publication of the present Volume to a later period than was intended. The Sixth Volume will, however, certainly appear in June. A considerable portion of it, nearly the whole of the Fugitive Poetry, is at this moment printed. The Editor, therefore, earnestly requests that his Correspondents will, as soon as possible, forward their contributions; addressed to him, under cover, to Messrs. Rivingtons. They will also please to mark "Fugitive" on such pieces as have appeared in print.

To save Correspondents the trouble of sending to the Publishers for such Poems as are not approved of by the Editor, he begs leave to inform them that all rejected contributions are committed to the flames.

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Original Poetry.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE NEW YEAR.

A VISION.

BY WILLIAM PRESTON, ESQ.

DISLIKING crouds, nor apt to roam,
It chanc'd that I was far from home,
'Midst idle mirth, and festal chear,
Yet, far from home, my heart was there.
The time in sportive sallies flew;
Then, midnight parts the jovial crew,
And all, dispersing, seek repose,
The lights they quench, the doors they close.
While embers shot a glimmering ray,
Upon my couch I musing lay;
And thought on those I left behind,
'Till sleep absorb'd the pow'rs of mind:
Yet, ev'n in slumber, fancy wrought,
And home was present to my thought.—
—The winds were hush'd, the night was still,
And silent ev'n the neighbouring rill,
Forbidden by the season frore,
To pass the bank, or loudly roar.

The birds with head beneath their wing
Await the star*, that bids them sing,
Nor living thing, that shuns the light,
Was heard to prowl or scream that night.
  Then suddenly I start from rest—
A pleasing horror fill'd my breast.
A rustling noise I seem'd to hear;
It still resounds on fancy's ear.
No more the hearth, with glimmering ray,
Might object in the room display:
Yet some strange lustre glanc'd around,
And near my couch a boy I found.
  Scant was the hair his temples bore;
And tho' a child his head was hoar.
His limbs contracted all by cold,
Limbs infantine, with features old.
Awhile I gaz'd—with wonder wild—
Then,—" Who art thou, unhappy Child?
" How ill thy nurse hath play'd her part!
" To see thy plight afflicts my heart.
" If sickly manhood thou shalt gain,
" Sure, all thy days are mark'd for pain."
  " Dismiss thy sympathy; (he said)
" I grow without the nurse's aid.
" To charm the world, in beauty's pride,
" My cheeks with mantling blushes dyed,
" As frank as love, as nature fair,
" I soon shall wave my fragrant hair;
" And ev'ry painted flow'r combin'd
" Shall with my fragrant hair be twin'd:
" Then birds shall hover round my head,
" And nymphs for me the dances lead.

* Lucifer, or the Morning Star,

" My power shall draw the herbage up,
" And fill with dew the flowret's cup;
" The Zephyrs call, and genial rains,
" Diffusing beauty o'er the plains.—
" With many a bud, and many a flow'r,
" I deck the simple rustic bow'r,
" And bid the broad meridian glare
" Show all is good, and all is fair.
" Love reigns triumphant, earth is glad,
" In vigour, and in beauty clad.
" Then all that life demands I yield;
" The yellow harvests crown the field;
" The orchards glow with ruddy fruit,
" And clusters load the viny shoot.
" My task perform'd—by nature's plan,
" My beauty fades, contracts my span:
" Dejected, chilly, dark, and pale,
" Approaching fate, in show'rs I wail.
" For, when the nights devour the days,
" The fun'ral pile for me shall blaze.
" The bird of dawning all night long,
" Shall sing my loud funereal song.—
" Deceas'd my elder Brother lies,
" But, from his sepulchre I rise;
" And, when th' allotted hour is come,
" I too must fill an early tomb.
" Tho' early not untimely call,
" What Heav'n ordains the lot of all,
" A brother from my tomb shall rise,
" To feed our race, with new supplies."
" O boy (said I) with anguish keen,
" Full many of thy race I've seen,
" Oft have they flatter'd me with good,
" And left me plung'd in Sorrow's flood.

" Their gifts have ever been at strife,
" And chequer'd so my web of life,
" That scarce my recollection knows,
" If I should call them friends or foes.
" Yet, since thou com'st by heav'ns decree,
" O boy, thou welcome art to me.
" But smile, I pray, with aspect bland,
" And bring a blessing in thine hand.
" Oh guard the dear domestic train,
" From grief and care, disease and pain;
" Dearer than being to my mind,
" By whom a charm in life I find.
" So be thy course perform'd in peace,
" While foreign wars, and factions cease;
" Nor pestilence nor famine mark
" Thy chronicle with letters dark.
" May'st thou the gate of *Janus* close,
" And give the harass'd world repose!"
With brighten'd aspect, then, the child
Turn'd round to me—and turning smil'd.—
And told me " from thy peaceful home,
" With tidings of good-will, I come.
" For I have paid my visit there,
" To meet content and lively cheer;
" And mark'd, unseen, around the fire,
" The smiling train in mirth conspire.
" Embodied none my form could see,
" Yet all a welcome paid to me.
" To sing my birth has been thy care.
" Speak then:—and I will hear thy pray'r."—
" I shall propound no mighty task.
" A moderate boon from time I ask.
" Give riches to the sordid race;
" Give honours to the mean and base;
" Power to the false ambitious mind;
" Fame to the foes of human kind;

" Give me *Contentment*—that alone,
" Be mine peculiar, and my own.
" But, to the children of my love,
" Oh may thy lapse propitious prove;
" While Winter's cold and Summer's ray
" Conduct them forward on their way,
" With form erect, and placid brow,
" May they in health and virtue grow.
" May ev'ry hour, that passes, shed
" A blessing on each infant head;
" And onward to perfection guide,
" The parent's hope, the future pride:
" And should thine exit find my store,
" Diminish'd not, but rather more;
" I then shall hail thee, as my friend,
" And song shall celebrate thine end."—
" I grant thy pray'r—for thou (he said)
" Like *Judah's* king hast wisely pray'd."

1806.

AN INSCRIPTION.

ART thou a Man of honest mould,
With fervent heart, and soul sincere,
A husband, father, friend?—Behold!
Thy brother slumbers here.

The sun, that wakes the violet's bloom,
Once cheer'd his eye, now dark in death;
The wind, that wanders o'er his tomb,
Was once his vital breath.

But mark!—the wind shall pass away,
The sun shall vanish from the sky,—
Thy brother's bones, in that great day,
Shall live,—and never die.

SHEFFIELD, FEBRUARY, 1806. ALCÆUS.

CONJUGAL MADRIGALS AND ODES,

BY THE LATE REV. THOMAS SEWARD.

FIRST MADRIGAL,

ADDRESSED TO MRS. SEWARD*.

My lov'd Eliza, shall the fire
Of wild, intemperate desire
Glow on each Poet's tongue,
While every Swain in every grove
To luckless, or to lawless love
Attunes the amorous song?

And shall not joy *confirm'd*, the best
And gayest inmate of the breast,
Awake one Muse's lute?
Shall airy Hope exalt her strain,
Despair in dying notes complain,
Yet Gratitude be mute?

* When these Madrigals were written, their author had been recently married, and was residing at his living, Eyam, in the highest part of the Peak of Derbyshire. The succeeding Odes were composed a few years after. The Authoress, Anna Seward, is the fruit of that marriage. Two of her sisters died in their infancy, and one lived to attain the age of nineteen. Mr. Seward was the celebrated editor of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays, in conjunction with a Mr. Simpson, of London. The ingenious and critical notes were chiefly Mr. Seward's. He afterwards became Canon of Lichfield, and made that city his home.

While Cupids, in the face of day,
Their little, wanton brands display,
And scatter round their rays,
Shall Hymen's pure and equal flame
Suppress in indolence, or shame,
The Heaven-enkindled blaze?

A wiser and more virtuous rule
In Nature's uncorrupted school
The feather'd Songsters learn,
The linnet, nightingale, and thrush,
Still fluttering chirp from bush to bush
When first with love they burn.

But when compleat the genial nest,
Each of his pretty mate possest,
Their joys then know no bound,
Music expands their little throats,
And with the wild, ecstatic notes
Hills, woods, and skies resound.

EYAM, APRIL 5, 1743.

SECOND MADRIGAL.

TO THE SAME.

ELIZA, Love his fire hath spent
Betwixt myself and thee,
His ardent heat in me is pent,
His light all shines in thee.

We had broke the elemental right
Had we from wedlock run,
For Nature wills that heat and light
Incorporate in one.

EYAM, MARCH 7, 1743.

FIRST CONJUGAL ODE.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. SEWARD.

BY THE SAME.

OFT to my memory rise the fanes,
Adorning bright Italian plains,
  Which erst my steps had trac'd *,
When, having pass'd each Alpine height,
I mark'd, with wonder and delight,
  The Boasts of Art and Taste:

Saw streets of palaces appear
Where stately GENOA shines afar;
  Saw VENICE crown the Main;
Gay FLORENCE, in her pride, impart
The GLORIES, which existing art
  Still emulates in vain;

And NAPLES her fair form display
Reflected in her ample bay,
  When Suns their lustre pour,
Yet sighing moraliz'd her fate,
And felt of its tremendous date
  Th' inevitable hour †:

And when the Moon, with softer eye,
Stood silvering wide the darksome sky,
  Saw red Vesuvius stand,
While o'er the waveless flood serene
The sanguine glare and silver sheen
  Dividually expand:

* Mr. Seward had visited several of the French and Italian Cities with his Pupil, Lord Charles Fitzroy, who died on his travels. He was youngest son to the late Duke of Grafton.

† By the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius from which her narrow and repeated escapes have been almost miraculous.

And trod with awe the scene sublime,
Those Wrecks august, which ruthless Time
  On seven proud hills hath strown,
Where ROME, her radiant skies beneath,
Sits with the solemn air of Death
  Upon her ruin'd throne.

O, ITALY! how vast the boons
Which Empires, Arts, and cloudless Suns
  Have lavish'd on thy plains!
Woods, that in pomp theatric wave,
As Tybur, Po, and Arno lave
  Thy vallies, and thy fanes.

Triumphs of NATURE, POWER, and ART,
Ye may, ye must delight impart,
  Yet mournful the survey,
Where loose Intrigue and Bigot Zeal,
And fell Revenge, with coward steel,
  Eclipse the moral day.

How pleas'd, my foreign circuit o'er,
Thy wayward skies, thy storm-beat shore,
  Green vales, and thymy hills,
My native Isle, again I hail'd,
While all the patriot pride prevail'd
  The British heart that fills!

And I have built my nest where rise
Mountains that stand in loftiest guise,
  Peak's windy shrine to shield;
Rocks, on whose summits, far and wide,
Bleak cliffs and grey lone heaths divide
  Each stone-fenc'd, naked field.

Yet oft we meet the tangled dale
Low sunk, or rich romantic vale,
  Where foliag'd rivers twine;

Thro' rocky channels roar amain,
Or, leading smooth their deepen'd train,
The Scene's soft mirror shine.

When blow around each craggy height
The bitter winds of Winter night,
Or snows incessant fall,
My fair ELIZA, blest with thee,
Nor winds I hear, nor snows I see,
For Love compensates all.

What sacred joy with thee to share
Each lively hope, each anxious care
That Parents' hearts possess;
Behold our Infants' rising charms,
Whose asking eyes, whose twining arms
Invite our fond caress!

Ye tender Charities, which bind
In rosy chains the feeling Mind,
And Soul to Soul unite,
When married Love's benignant sway
Shall energize each cheerful day
And bless the quiet night.

Yours is the fair reverse of crimes
Which stain the more luxuriant Climes,
When lawless Passions flame;
Our hearts, my dear ELIZA, melt
In joys, that leave no sting of guilt,
No sullying hue of shame.

When droop and fade the short-liv'd flowers
That Cupid twines in Orange bowers
With Aconite's fell sprays,
Our Hymeneal wreath shall glow,
Unwither'd still by any woe
That clouds terrestrial days.

Grief comes to all, by HIGH BEHEST,
No Eden blooms for transient Guest,
But wide the Portals stand,
Thro' which the pure of heart and life
Shall gain, when past this mortal strife,
The promis'd, blissful Land.

Choice of my heart, so may we live
As palms of Mercy to receive,
Our Souls redeem'd, and free,
Then prayer shall be absorb'd in praise,
Our finite in eternal days,
Our HOPE in CERTAINTY!

RYAM, JAN. 10, 1746.

SECOND ODE,

On MRS. SEWARD'S *Illness after the Death of her Child.*

CRUEL DISEASE, why do thy ghastly Bands
War unprovok'd with gentle Temperance wage?
And cannot Beauty's fair, uplifted hands,
Nor lifeless Innocence thy wrath assuage?
And must thy darts that lovely breast annoy
By Nature form'd for love, alacrity, and joy?

Go, dire DISEASE, and fire the Drunkard's brain,
Or with hot viands gorge the Glutton's throat!
These are the destin'd victims of thy reign,
To thee, and VICE, thy Sister Power, devote;
Who to each sense impure their beings sell,
Forming a league with Death, a covenant with Hell.

Or go, Disease, the Miser's sinews screw
With spasm convulsive, and corroding smart,
Who ne'er for others' sufferings pity knew,
Nor dar'd a mite e'en to himself impart;

The worthless Soul from his starv'd Carcase wring,
And his imprison'd hoards in circling bounty fling!

Or let the fiercest of your horrid Crew
Seize the vile Letcher in his midnight haunt,
Or dark Adultress, whose deceiving hue
Of spotless chastity makes outward vaunt!
Blast her proud beauty with contagion foul,
And be her face and fame as leperous as her soul!

My own ELIZA ne'er in wish or thought
Lax'd the strong texture of her marriage vow;
With truth and tenderness her soul is fraught,
And Innocence sits smiling on her brow;
She ne'er, when want implor'd, withheld relief,
Her pity-dropping eye still melts o'er others' grief.

Is it a crime that Nature's softest make
Shou'd shrink beneath stern Deprivation's blow?
That nerves too delicately strung shou'd quake
With thrilling dread and agonizing woe?
That rapt in heart-struck misery she stood,
And o'er her dying Babe fast pour'd the scalding flood?

O, killing stroke! in my sweet Infant's face
A perfect model of her Mother grew;
Nature ne'er gave a Child more winning grace,
Nor Raphael, Nature's Rival, ever drew.
Go, lovely Babe, to Heaven's bright Regions haste,
For there, and only there, thy beauties are surpass'd!

And O! if GOD hath this affiiction sent
On my lov'd Consort for her Husband's sin,
In dust and ashes let my Soul repent,
And may the Poor's intreaties mercy win!
Th' uplifted dart may Charity arrest,
And hold th' impassive shield on dear ELIZA's breast!

EYAM, APRIL 14, 1748.

THE FILBERD TREE.

A RUSTIC PLAINT.

BY T. PARK, ESQ.

I HAD a little comely cot,
As neat as cottage well could be;
And near it rose a garden-plot,
Where flourish'd one embowering tree—
Ah, 'twas a tree of trees to me!

To my neat cot it gave a name,
A Filberd was my favourite tree;
Who saw it prais'd it into fame,
And e'en my neighbours, envying me,
Confess'd—it was a goodly tree.

Its graceful branches o'er my head
Wav'd wide an arched canopy;
And its broad leaves benignly spread
A fan of green embroidery,
That shaded all my family.

It was a screen from wind or sun,
A veil from curiosity;
And when its summer bloom was gone,
We still could feast, with social glee,
On its autumnal fruitery.

E'en Winter oft has seen it gay,
With fretted frost-work spangled o'er;
While pendants droop'd from every spray,
And crimson budlets told once more
That Spring would all its charms restore.

But I have left that comely cot
Where blossoms now my favourite tree:
And I possess an ampler spot,
Which boasts of more variety,
And more enraptures all but *me*.

For what I once have help'd to rear,
Have treasur'd with a guardian eye,
To my weak heart must still be dear,
To my fond thought will oft be nigh—
Thee, Filberd, still for thee I sigh!

Cold is the heart that does not thrill
At Beauty's kindling glance.
Base is the arm that would not still
In Beauty's cause advance!

Ne'er may his breast with gladness glow,
Whom Beauty cannot fire;
And, by misfortune's sternest blow,
Unwept may he expire!

P. L. C.

THE WIDOW.

Written at the Request of a Lady, who furnished several of the Lines, and many of the Thoughts.

Ah! who is she that sits and weeps,
And gazes on the narrow mound?
—In that fresh grave her True-Love sleeps,
Her heart lies with him in the ground:
She heeds not, while her babe, at play,
Plucks the frail flowers, that gaily bloom,
And casts them, as they fade away,
In garlands on its Father's tomb:
—Unconscious where its Father lies,
"Sweets to the sweet!" the prattler cries:
Ah! then she starts, looks up, her eyes o'erflow
With all a Mother's love, and all a Widow's woe.

Again she turns away her head,
Nor marks her Infant's sportive air,
Its cherub-cheeks all rosy red,
Its sweet blue eyes, and yellow hair:
Silent she turns away her head,
Nor dare behold that happy face,
Where smile the features of the dead,
In lineaments of fairy grace:
In which at once, with transport wild,
She sees her husband and her child;
Ah! then her bosom burns, her eyes o'erflow
With all a Mother's love, and all a Widow's woe.

And still I find her sitting here,
Though dark October frowns on all;
And from the limetrees rustling near
The scatter'd leaves around her fall:
O then it charms her inmost soul,
It suits the sadness of her mind,
To watch the clouds of autumn roll,
And listen to the evening wind;
In every shadow, every blast,
The spirits of enjoyments past,
She sees, she hears;—ah! then her eyes o'erflow
Not with a Mother's love, but with a Widow's woe.

The peasant dreads the driving storm,
Yet pauses as he hastens by,
Views the pale ruin of her form,
The desolation of her eye,
Beholds her babe for shelter creep
Behind the grave-stone's dreary shade,
Where all its Father's wishes sleep,
And all its Mother's hopes are laid;
Remembering then his own heart's joy,
A rosy wife, a blooming boy!
" O God," he sighs, " when I am thus laid low,
" Must my poor Partner feel a widow'd Mother's
woe!"

He gently stretches out his arm,
And calls the babe in accents mild;
The Mother shrieks with strange alarm,
And snatches up her weeping child:
She thought that voice of tender tone,
Those accents soft, endearing, kind,
Came from beneath the hollow stone!
—He marks the wandering of her mind,

And musing on his happier lot,
Seeks the warm comforts of his cot;
He meets his wife;—ah! then his eyes o'erflow;
She feels a Mother's love,—nor dreads a Widow's woe!

The storm retires;—and hark! the bird,
The lonely bird of Autumn's reign,
From yonder waving elm is heard;—
O what a wild and simple strain!
See the delighted Mourner start,
While Robin-Redbreast's evening song
Pours all its sweetness thro' her heart,
And soothes her as it trills along:
Then gleams her eye; her fancy hears
The warbled music of the spheres;
She clasps her babe; she feels her bosom glow,
And in the Mother's love forgets the Widow's woe.

Go to thine home, forsaken Fair!
Go to thy solitary home:
Thou lovely Pilgrim! in despair,
To thy Saint's shrine no longer roam;
He rests not here;—thy SOUL'S DELIGHT
Attends where'er thy footsteps tread;
He watches in the depth of night,
A guardian Angel, round thy bed,
And still a Father, fondly kind,
Loves the dear pledge he left behind;
Behold that Pledge?—then cease thy tears to flow,
And in the Mother's love forget the Widow's woe.

ALCÆUS.

SHEFFIELD, OCTOBER, 1805.

ON LEAVING BATH,

AND

RETURNING TO COLLEGE;

TO A LADY,

Who had complained of the Author's Silence on that Occasion.

FROM thought-seducing rapture fled,
Once more I woo these classic bowers;
Once more as wont yon cloister's pale
Invites my solitary tread,
But, ah! to cheat the lingering hours,
Can wit or wisdom now avail?

Then from that dear complaining tongue
No more Eliza let me hear
What scenes before this rigid eye
Have pass'd, unheeded or unsung,
Quit every Muse the breast severe
That could the tuneful boon deny!

What though I saw with steady view
Bath spread of nymphs her proud array;
And fac'd with anguish well conceal'd
The shafts that frequent round me flew,
Think not that from the fatal field
I bore a heart entire away!

Nor yet, believe me, thus retir'd,
Hill, grove, or lawn my plaint resound;
A secret pleasure soothes my pain,
And with heroic ardour fir'd
I cherish each illustrious wound
In memory of that bright campaign.

OXON. T. P.

TO ELIZA.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

If e'er against that pure, ingenuous breast
Envy, or jealous Pride should lift the dart,
Or Slander vile, or Treachery thee molest,
Ne'er shall their ruthless arrows reach thy HEART.

For o'er thy bosom, its securest guard,
Meek Innocence shall wave her snowy shield,
And gentle Truth and Honour take the field,
With champion-arm to quell the foe prepar'd;

These sainted forms by bright Religion led
Shall round thy steps their daily station keep,
With seraph vigils watch around thy sleep,
And circle, like a starry zone, thy head!

MOUNT ETNA.

Written many Years back, after having read Mr. Brydone's Tour thro' Sicily.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

IMAGINATION, while thy kindling eyes
Bend o'er the Climes these faithful pages trace,
Oh, may'st thou paint them, as sublime they rise,
In novel beauty, and horrific grace!

Swell the rich treasures of poetic Fanes
With all the pomp that mighty ETNA boasts,
As glaring o'er th' affrighted Deep she reigns,
The pride and terror of Ausonian Coasts!

With thy keen glance the veils of Distance pierce!
With thy firm step conduct my venturous way,
And on the texture of my proudest Verse
The changeful glories of her heights display!

Now the proud Steep climbing with toilsome tread,
We mark the wonders of its * triple zone,
Round the broad base see sultry SUMMER lead
The stores luxuriant of his glowing throne.

* Mr. Brydone tells us that the three distinct Seasons, Summer, Spring, and Winter, in inverted order, form the torrid, the temperate, and the frigid zone round the ascending heights of Mount Etna.

While on the rising edges of his clime
Emergent Spring her leafy mantle spreads,
Woods waving wide in hues of vernal prime,
Blue trickling streams, and flower-embroider'd meads;

Till WINTER o'er each blooming plain and grove
Draws the chill circle of his pallid line,
Dim fields of ice and gelid rocks above,
And sleety gales, and dreary lakes combine.

Then, while amaz'd we lift exploring eyes
To the vast CONE, high in the lurid air,
We mark, in one eternal union, rise
The Elements that wage eternal war.

Deep in the snows it has no power to melt
View the dread GULPH, in all its boiling ire,
Where sleet and ice and billowy floods have felt
How weak their force to quench its raging fire.

TERRIFIC PINNACLE! thy sides inclose
Th' unfathom'd GULPH, coeval with the WORLD,
And by thy flames, that burst 'mid circling snows,
Up sightless heights the blazing rocks are hurl'd.

Their dire explosion rends the frozen mound,
Shakes the firm Earth and thunders o'er the Deep,
While issuing deathful from the fierce Profound;
Rolls the red Lava down the icy Steep!

But we, in hours less terrible, prepare
Adventurous to pursue our faithless way,
And, tho' the drifted snows our steps ensnare,
Reach the extremest point ere dawns the Day.

Now long, pale gleams shoot thro' the sky, and warn
Retreating Darkness of the Solar Glance,
And hills, rocks, plains, and seas, and night, and morn,
Blend, undivided, thro' the vast Expanse.

But Morning, by degrees, asserts her power,
The stars are quench'd, the shadows melt away;
Forests, that late seem'd like black Gulphs to lour,
Rise in faint green beneath the glimmering ray.

Wide spread the skirts of strength'ning light around,
And from the orient waves, that stretch serene,
And with their silver line th' horizon bound,
While States, and Nations dimly intervene,

On plains, rocks, mountains, rivers, seas, and isles
Bursts the gay SUN!—his plastic beams are hurl'd,
And to our strain'd and startled senses smiles,
New to our gaze, a whole illumin'd WORLD!

While high exalted in the trackless air,
Alarm'd and doubting if on earth we stand,
Scarce knows our sight to separate and compare
The countless objects of its wide command.

As on a map, o'er Sicily we look;
Trace all her rivers thro' their mazy sweep,
From their first source, a little gurgling brook,
Till breadthening, soon they mingle with the Deep.

But, rising, at its spring, a current wide,
Devoted * ACIS hurries thro' the plain;
Speeds from the GIANT'S voice with frighted tide,
And throws his icy waters in the Main.

* *Acis.* Mr. Brydone mentions the peculiar coldness of this River; hence often called in Sicily, *il fiume Freddo;*—also, that it rises out of the earth at once a large Stream. It is the River celebrated by the Poets, into which the Nymph GALATEA transformed the Shepherd ACIS, her Lover, after he had been killed by the Giant, POLYPHEME. Mr. Brydone ingeniously observes that the extreme velocity of the current seems, from our recollection of the Fable, to be inspired by terror.

Here vine-clad LIPARI, with her lucid streams,
Gay ALICUDI, and PANARI there,
While STROMBOLA, a lesser ETNA, gleams,
And wreaths with spiral smoke the fields of air.

These, as by magic, in the visual rays,
Close drawn around the Mountain skirts are shown;
Seeming as lifted up to meet our gaze,
Like medals in a watry bason thrown *.

Then o'er the space immense weak vision strains,
And feels its aching powers confus'd and lost,
Else that might view hot BARCA's sandy plains,
And verdant Thessaly's remoter coast.

Now turn we, sighing, from the boundless Scene,
Mocking the feeble sight's eluded ray,
While wonder mellows into thought serene,
As sinks in evening shades the garish day.

Here, while we rove beneath thy wayward skies,
Lov'd Albion, zon'd by Ocean's azure wave,
To NATURE let our hearts thanksgivings rise,
For all she banish'd as for all she gave!

That not on *our* cold mountain heights reside,
On Snowdon, or Helvellyn's peak sublime,

* This is Mr. Brydone's simile, and beyond any other which could have been chosen, brings to the Mind's eye these peculiar effects of vision. Poets and Orators often find themselves obliged to accommodate *great* things to our perception by comparing them to *small* ones. These comparisons are often happy and sometimes sublime. "Thou spreadest out the Heavens like a *curtain*."

Milton compares the fallen Angels in Pandemonium to Bees—and Homer, Menelaus guarding the dead Patroclus, to a *Fly*. Instances of this sort in the noblest Writers are innumerable, but carping Critics, ignorant of poetic usages, call existing Poets to account for them.

Th' ETNEAN GRACES;—in their ardent pride,
And baleful charms, *exil'd* this happier clime.

Faithful if here their lineaments shall flow,
O BRYDONE, may the praise be thine alone!
Since in thy traits arise, thy colours glow
The BRIGHT DESTROYERS, on their burning Throne!

TO MISS CATHERINE MALLETT*.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

YET two short days, my CATHERINE!—*then* no more
Beneath our long lov'd SPIRES, thy graceful Form
Shall lightly glide, to cheer my languid hours,
With emanations sparkling, soft, and warm,
Shed from the MIND's rich stores; and with the charm
Of language accurate, by habit taught
Th' ideal Train with happiest powers to arm,
That rise in swift subservience to each thought,
Whether with Reason's strength, or Fancy's radiance fraught.

Now damp November's desolating gale
Covers the brooks with shrunk and yellow leaves;
His iron skies scowl on our favorite Vale,
Nor ought from sway more stern the Scene reprieves.

* This young Lady is of Brianston-Street, London.

Of *thee* since Destiny my heart bereaves,
Lone wintry sighs in unison ascend
With the chill blast that faded Nature grieves!—
On *me* her griefs, but not her hopes attend,
SPRING shall return to *her*, when distant far my Friend

No Expectation tells, with voice benign,
That future years shall give her back to me.—
Thou may'st again behold these Turrets shine,
These bowers may spread, these meadows bloom for *thee*;
But here no more wilt thou thine ANNA see,
Yet not for *that* shroud those mild eyes in gloom,
She twines the cypress wreath, by Heav'ns decree,
For many a Victim of the ruthless Tomb!—
Set are her heart-dear Orbs where no blest mornings come!

For thee, lov'd MAID, extracted be each thorn
That lurks amid the roses of thy fate!
Knowledge and Taste are thine, and bid thee scorn
Each shaft of ENVY, FALSEHOOD, PRIDE, and HATE,
For *thou* hast soar'd where *they* have never sat;
Trac'd GENIUS in his sun-track; with rapt gaze
Ador'd bright Nature in her scenic state,
And in thy morn of life and riper day
Fed thy clear lamp of Faith from TRUTH's unclouded ray!

LICHFIELD, NOV. 1805.

TO THE MOTH.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

WHENCE is this prodigality of life?
That Nature's law which acts most uniform
In beings sensitive, seems in thyself
To be a strange exception. Madly thou
Rushest on thy destruction, as if life
To thee were of no worth, most like the rash
And impious suicide! Alas, I hear
Thy feeble, plaintive cry: the scorching flame
Has warped thy beauteous plumes, and crazed thy frame,
When thou didst plunge into the fount of light,
And thought'st it Glory's radiance. Bold indeed
And daring thy attempt, and oft I muse
With pity, mixed with wonder, at the deed,
Since in the day thou lovest not to shew
Thy delicate form, but lurkest all unseen,
Snug in the crevice of some wall, or close
Wrapt amidst darksome foliage; nor till eve
Has cooled the air, and fragrant mildness breathed,
Thou venturest cautious forth, now here now there

Wheeling thy flight, in motion like the bat
With wing unsteady—wherefore then dost thou
With fatal perseverance, circle thus
Around yon taper? wherefore, silly Fly!
Art thou so resolute to meet thy doom,
That scarce the hand can e'er succeed, that fain
Would rescue thee, and save thee from an end
So truly piteous—lo, again thou dartest
Across the winking flame!—'twas thy death-wound.
I see thee writhe in pain; thy beating wings
Struggle in vain to lift thee in the air;
Thou perishest: and in the breast humane
Thy fate, thou hapless wanderer of the night!
Wakens a pang. Ah what avails it now
That once the eye of admiration gazed
Upon thy plumes, bedropt with many a hue,
Azure and gold, and lovely crimson-tints,
And decked with pencillings that Art in vain
May strive to imitate.—So have I seen
Perish some FAIR ONE in the pride of youth.—
Amidst the blaze of ball-rooms, in the dance,
At midnight feast, with merriment and song,
And dress ill-suited to the night-air's damp,
Awhile she flutter'd, like the giddy Fly
Midst the bright circle, and all eyes admired.
But midst the brilliancy of her career
Untimely *Fate* o'ertook her; on her cheek
The once-fresh roses faded, pale her form
Emaciated and wan; for she had vowed
To sacrifice to FASHION, and she fell
A victim on that altar, in the bloom
Of early youth. Sad lesson to her sex
But salutary, if the young and fair
Thus warned, would learn to lend a patient ear
To what EXPERIENCE teaches.

THE INVITATION,

BY W. HOLLOWAY,

Author of the "Peasants' Fate, Scenes of Youth," &c.

HARK! 'tis the Cuckow's summer voice
Invites our morning steps abroad;
Come, dear companion of my choice,
Say, shall we take the upland road;
Or down the vallies shall we stray,
Luxuriant, cloath'd with green and gold,
Or thro' the brown heath pick our way;
Or skirt the wood, or seek the fold?

For me has every scene its charms,
And hills, and vales, and heaths, are dear!
My heart poetic fervor warms,
If lovely *Woman* be but near.
Not all the wealth the east can boast,
For Woman's absence can atone;
Depriv'd of her, to comfort lost,
Who could sustain life's load *alone*?

I envy not sweet Cashmire's vale,
Where everlasting roses bloom;
Or Indian groves, that scent the gale,
With intermingling, rich perfume;
For there *secluded Woman* mourns,
A hopeless slave, with languid mind;
While injured Love indignant turns,
Nor boon, nor blessing leaves behind.

O! I admire the polish'd brow,
The locks of jet that float around;
The eyes of animated glow,
The lips that form the silver sound:
But ah! in vain those graces shine,
Or dazzle with external wiles:
Give me the countenance divine,
Thro' which the *Soul* looks out, and smiles.

Thy charms are—sense—expression—fire—
In happiest symmetry combin'd:
Then wonder not that I admire;
That faithful mirror of thy mind.
Be still my MUSE, where'er I stray,
Inform my heart, and cheer my breast;
Roll ev'ry mental cloud away,
And give the joys of life their zest!

LONDON, AUG. 19, 1806.

IMPROMPTU,

On seeing FLOWERDEW'S *Poems on the same Shelf with the Farmer's Boy at* BLOOMFIELD'S *Cottage.*

THOUGH scant be the Poet's domain,
Most ample, I know, is his mind;
The applauses of all he can gain,
His applauses to none are confin'd.
Hence, even his book-stor'd retreat
This liberal thought seems to yield—
That the *dew* of a *flower* may be sweet;
Though it match not the *bloom* of a *field.*

T. PARK.

NATURE NOT LIABLE TO DECAY.

From a College Exercise in Latin Verse by MILTON.

BY THE REV. H. BOYD.

THRO' what long labyrinths, and weary ways
The devious Mind her barren track pursues!—
Plung'd in primeval gloom, like him * of THEBES
She yet presumes, with blind and random reach
Lost in the palpable obscure, to span
The figur'd world, and match the giant range
Of superhuman powers, with reptile pace;
Or on th' eternal adamant, to spell
The statutes of existence, to her laws
Of transient energy, fondly compar'd.—
Idly she deems the sport of pigmy forms
That dance in momentary mirth and fall,
Like the dread pageants of eternity.
SHALL Man presume to spy in Nature's face
Engrav'd by time, the reverend marks of age
Extreme? And shall the general Mother's womb
In dry sterility forget to bear?—
Shall her step falter, and th' Olympian crown
Sidereal, on her palsied temples threat
To shed its honours like the mellow food
Of old insatiate time? And shall the stars
Permit the long-collected scurf of years
To dim their lamps? Inexorable power!
Will nought the craving of thy gorge supply
But yon celestial orbs?—fell parricide!

* Tiresias.

Wilt thou devour thy Parent? *him*, who gives
Feet to thy haste, and pinions to thy wings?—
  Could not the power, who bade the mundane wheel
Spin on its axle, give the proud machine
Rotation ever voluble to scorn
The counter-current of relentless Time?
Must this proud convex of created space
(Shoulder'd by ruin from its basis deep)
Derange its lofts, with horrible descent
And thund'ring overthrow? Must either pole
Start from its hinge in horror, and the King
Olympian fall dethron'd? Shall Pallas find
(With indignation swallow'd up by dread)
The frore glance of that blood-congealing form
Gorgonean, on her ægis to the course
Of Nature's deadly foe oppos'd in vain?
Must *she* fall headlong like the Lemnian God
Hurl'd from the Zenith by his angry sire
Omnipotent? And shall the flaming steeds
Of Phœbus, leave the long diurnal road
Trac'd by his fervid wheels, and dart away
With their pale charioteer, like Clymen's son
Prone to mid ocean? Her blue deities,
Shall they behold the fiery fall, and hear
His glowing axle in the booming wave
With dread explosion plunging, whilst aloft
In giant pomp ascends the pillar'd fume
Shading the watry kingdom? Shall the range
Ceraunian, and the pride of Hæmus, leave
Their rocking basis, o'er the nether world
Pil'd with stupendous masonry, and fright
The sovereign of the spectred bands, who sees
His stage of combat, when he fought with Heaven,

Thro' Hades hurl'd, on his defenceless head
With loud precipitation and steep fall?
  But surely He, who rules the sum of things,
Has founded this proud fabric on the deep
With better omen, and with prescience clear
Has taught the fates that turn the ample wheel
In equable, smooth revolution, still
To wind the mighty circle, ne'er allow'd
To fall from its primeval poise again:
It still revolves, as that omnific hand
The impulse gave, and spins the months and years
Turning with lordly sweep the tide of stars
In blazon'd pageantry and mighty march
Around the lofty theatre of Heaven.
—Still Saturn keeps his slow, deliberate pace;
And Mars for ever his bright falchion wheels
In fiery dance, and waves his ruby crest.
Hyperion shines in everlasting youth
Nor nearer earth his weary axle windes
But still along the broad ecliptic moves
Among his kindred constellations borne.
Still gentle Phosphor to his starry flock
Sends the bright signal from the Indian steep,
High twinkling o'er his aromatic groves,
To bid them leave the dawning fields of Heaven
Now when the flushing tide of light returns
In lambent flow, and floods her azure plains.
Stealing along with soft foot, o'er Japan,
Or from his station o'er the western wave
Still marks where crimson-vested eve surveys
The broad Atlantic with a parting smile,
Then wafts again his followers from the fold
To pour their squadrons o'er the welkin wide,
And repossess the desolated fields
Of Æther. Still his limitary hand

Flings o'er the face of things the raven pall
Of night alternate, and the dazzling fold
Of day's embroidered vest. Still Phœbe wears
Her mask of beams, or walks the nightly round
Of Heaven unseen, or in her vestal arms
Her brother's radiant boon of light displays
High o'er the tributary waves. Nor less
Yon elements preserve their ancient faith.
Still 'gainst the red right hand of angry Jove
The mountain lifts his giant brow, and meets
His thunders in mid volley. Nor along
The waste of air the tempest lifts her voice
With less terrific sound. The tyrant north
Still o'er the shuddering tenant of the pole
Breathes frore and moulds her hail, or sifts her sleet.
Still round the headland of Pelorus raves
The sovereign of the floods, and Triton still
With lungs Æolean fills his deep-ton'd shell
And to the finny droves his descant loud
Still breathes. Ægæon still amid the deep
The broad Leviathan bestrides, and laves
In middle ocean his gigantic sides.
Earth owns her first luxuriance. Still the flowers
Give their primeval scents, the daffodil
That weeps the doom of sad Narcissus, still
Preserves the soft charms, and the balmy breath
Of the love-smitten boy. The Hyacinth
Beloved by Phœbus, and the Paramour
Of Cytherea still retain their hue.
Nor less redundant riches still within
Her wide and ransack'd bosom, deep immerst,
The universal Mother yet contains:
Nor round her wide bays, and her cavern'd gloom
Less gemmy treasures than of old, emblaze

With faery light, the chambers of the deep.
The changing series thus of all things keeps
Its ancient tenour still, and still will hold
Till in full tide the fiery deluge comes
Over creation, and its flames involve
The blazing poles, with yon empyreal roof,
And the proud fabric of the world subsides
Like a fallen pageant in the burning wave.

EPITAPH.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

M. D. Born June 3, *died September* 16, 1803.

Short was thy day, sweet Babe, but this will give
A longer space of heavenly life to live;
Yet with delight you drew your balmy breath,
And the first pain you seem'd to feel was Death.
Nor Death itself could violate thy face,
The pleas'd expression, and the placid grace.
I now commit thee to a Mother's breast,
Where thou shalt sleep, and wake to be more blest;
New beams of meaning kindle in thine eyes,
And a new world excite their glad surprise.
Soon, by thy side, shall rise a rustic tomb
And the turf heave to give thy Father room.
—Enough to consecrate this humble bier,
Thy infant innocence—*his* gushing tear!

NATURE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF COUNT STOLBERG.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

He ne'er shall be my friend, whose iron breast
Thrills not to Nature's holy melodies,
Sweet as the Seraph's harp! Th' endearing name
Of children, friend, or wife ne'er waked in him
The throb of warm affection: never he
With mute, intense delight, and trembling lips
Of pious rapture, to the morning-beam
Has hymned his inward song, ne'er dropped his tear
In the full fount of human happiness;
Ne'er has his heart with secret gratitude
O'erflowed to Thee, O Parent of all Good!
His mirth but madness, and his gayest look
The unmeaning smile of idiotcy—but those
Whom Wisdom and Virtue teach their sacred lore,
Thee love, meek Sensibility!

Ne'er has he hailed thee; sweetest Liberty,
Who loves not Nature. What to him the ties
Of country, or of kindred?—reptile, hence,
Crouch at my feet, thou base and abject one,
That I may spurn thee:—

But wherefore mock at him? Forgive the wrong,
Great God of mercies! nor on me let fall
Thy triple-bolted vengeance. What am I
Inflated with presumption and vain pride,
Child of the dust myself, that I should mock
The dust I ought to pity!

Tear of repentance flow—but faster still
Flow tear of Pity, whose all-healing balm
Can purify the soul from selfish stain,
And make the sombrous landscape smile as bright
As the gay mead, whose verdure has imbibed
May's genial dew.

The innocent alone can taste the sweets
Of th' oderiferous landscape: 'tis for such
The solemn oak his dark-brown foliage spreads,
For such his shade is holy. 'Mid thy haunts
They walk, majestic Solitude! and hear
Thy mystic sounds, and catch thy visions dim,
Veiled from profaner eyes. Then lead me thou,
Calm CONTEMPLATION! to thy moon-light walks,
And deep-sequestered vales, where thy loved train
Find TRUTH, meek inmate of the hermit-cell—
Or there, where GENIUS trims his sun-bright lamp
In pensive musings rapt, oft let me woo
The visions wild of FANCY, while thy scenes
NATURE! thy hills and groves, and vocal streams
Re-echo to my song.

Deign then admit me to thy secret haunts
And seat me by THYSELF—then shall thou hear
My wild wood-minstrelsy amid the bloom
Of vigorous youth; nor shall it cease, when Time
Has crowned my aged head with silver grey,
And my thin tresses tremble to the wind.

MY MARY WE MEET.

WHILE pensively wand'ring along the sea-shore
And musing on all that was dear to my heart,
Those moments of pleasure that now are no more,
Since Mary the light of my soul did depart,
I wrote on the smooth sandy surface that *Name*,
My soul breathes on every soft gale that blows by;
And while I stood gazing, recalling each dream,
A sigh heav'd my heart, and a tear fill'd my eye.

But few were the moments to gaze and to weep,
The wide-rolling wave soon around me did roar,
And cruelly dashing, o'erwhelm'd in its sweep,
The tablet of sand, and the *charm* which it bore—
'Twas thus—ah! 'twas thus, even with Mary I cried,
A season she flourish'd the pride of my soul;
But the waves of affliction soon lifted their tide,
And swept her away in the billowy roll.

But Mary! though now in thy grave thou art laid,
And no trace of thy meteor-existence remain;
Though the tears of thy kindred should cease to be shed,
And all be forgetful and happy again;—
Yet thy name and remembrance for ever shall share
In the throne of my bosom the welcome retreat,
Till the moment my spirit to Heaven shall repair,
With the last words I utter, *My Mary we meet!*

EDINBURGH. A. M.

ODE TO IRELAND.

BY WILLIAM PRESTON, ESQ.

HAIL fruitful Nurse of humankind!
Green *Erin* hail! it is my boast,
I rose to being on thy rocky coast,
Nurse of fair forms, and energetic mind.
Hail to thy fertile vales, and hills sublime,
Thy rills, majestic streams, and genial clime.

Fair island, turn'd, with placid brow,
Where sweeping zephyrs sport, and lave
Their pinions in the vast Atlantic wave.
Thy breast receives them from the surge below,
To winnow Health and Plenty thro' the land,
And verdure spread, and genial skies expand.

O'er thy green vales, and teeming soil,
The sea-born gales and show'rs repair,
To sooth th' inclement wintry air,
And bid abundance crown the Farmer's toil.
Nor parching Summer's heat, nor Winter's cold
Thy pastures desolate, and croud the fold.

But chief thy pride, is in a race
With many a grace and virtue fill'd,
Awake to love, with honour thrill'd,
With spirit beaming in the manly face,
And mild affliction in the female eyes,
And hearts too gen'rous to be coldly wise.

Mark where the warlike banners float,
And Trumpet's voice to glory calls,
The Son of *Erin* fights, and falls.
Nor slow thy sons to pour their blood devote,
To guard fair virgin innocence from wrong
And silence into shame the Sland'rer's tongue.

Nor Thou proud selfish Av'rice deem
The people mean, who want such art,
As pow'r and riches can impart.
No longer, sick with foolish self-esteem,
And wrapt in ignorance and lazy pride
The gallant progeny of men deride.

O be the vulgar scorn confin'd
To sordid souls, among the venal train,
Whose only deity is gain,
For ever banish'd from the letter'd mind,
For ever blotted from the polish'd page;
Nor wit and learning stain, with envious rage.

The Man, who dooms his fellow men,
To delve in mines, or tempt the flood,
And barter beads for human blood,
From earth can hardly tear his scowling ken,
To reach the value of a free-born train;
Or feel a worth, distinct from pow'r and gain.

No charms to such can fame impart.
They cannot free th' imbruted soul,
From guilty gain, and gold's controul,
To prize the treasures of a noble heart.
Their scorn unmerited pursues the band,
Who bleed, in *Britain's* cause, on ev'ry land.

Where swells the canvas to the gale,
To waft the *British* thunder far?
Where spread the dazzling files of war?—
That valiant sons of *Erin* fail,
To claim their share, in ev'ry glorious day;
Beneath the cross, that marks *Britannia's* sway?

Yes *Erin*, thou may'st claim, lov'd soil,
Full many a bright and glorious name,
Of men, that felt the patriot aim,
Of Sage, unwearied, by the midnight oil,
Of mighty Orator, with thunder arm'd:
And tuneful Bards thy list'ning rocks have charm'd.

See *Usher Erin's* mitre bears,
And *Berkely* modest virtuous Sage.
Her's was the *Drapier's* nervous Page;
Her's *Congreve's* Wit, and *Southern's* Muse of Tears;
Her Echos learn'd the tender *Parnel's* strain.
And *Burke's* reflected glories gilt her plain.

Boast of our isle, immortal shade!
From depths of science how thy tongue,
Pour'd the rich fervid stream along,
Till tyranny and rapine shrunk dismay'd!
Whether you travell'd to th' Atlantic shore;
Or *India* mourn'd from fell oppressors sore.

Lov'd native soil, and genial skies,
Dear to my sight and to my soul!
Nor age nor sorrows shall controul
The patriot throb that bids my bosom rise.
For thee my fruitless sighs shall ever breathe
And prayers for *Erin* dwell upon the tongue of Death.

ROME.

IMITATED FROM JANUS VITALIS.

Go then to Rome! and hope in Rome to find
The Rome, thy classics pictur'd to thy mind!
Ask, disappointed, where the wonder lies?
And hail the imperial ruin with thy sighs!
Those walls, those massive fragments, dark with rust,
Those coloseums crumbling into dust,
Those are thy Rome! See, frowning from the ground
Her very ashes breathe a menace round!
Imperial mistress of a conquer'd world,
Her last destruction at herself she hurl'd;
Now the sole index of the Roman name
Is Tyber still in motion, still the same.
Learn hence the paradox of Fortune's reign,
The fixt are gone; the unsteady still remain

V. D'A.

THE ARAB'S DAUGHTER.

BY J. K.

"TAKE courage, love, the burning breeze,
" That sighed among thy locks, has past;
" On Lebid rest, those tender knees
" Sink mid the horrors of the waste.

" Beneath yon cliff a limpid rill
" Flows sparkling from the desert cave,
" And o'er the brink with living thrill
" Their foliage the mimosas wave.

" Soon shall thy languid beauties press
" The moss, that cloathes the fountain's side,
" And sleep beguiling thy distress
" Through every nerve shall sweetly glide."

With mournful softness Abra smil'd,
Then bathed in tears her eyes she bent
To trace once more beyond the wild
The palms, that hid her father's tent.

Their leaves had fanned her infant brow,
And often, with her lute beloved,
Alive to pleasure's purest glow,
Beneath their branches she had roved.

" 'Tis just," she cried, " my fainting frame
" Should languish mid the noontide beam,
" I left my Sire to grief, and shame,
" Entranced in passion's frantic dream.

" But ere the evening tints decline,
" This fevered pulse will beat no more,
" Still thus to press my cheek to thine,
" Breathes comfort on my dying hour.

" Love whisper'd; I should bless thy youth
" And, in misfortune's gloomy day,
" My smile thy pensive heart would soothe,
" Soft as the emerald's dewy ray.

" Yet droop not thus in deep despair,
" Nor, when these limbs to earth are given,
" Think, thy poor Abra slumbers there,
" But trace her 'mid the stars of heaven.

" No terror chills my brow resigned,
" As the death-angel hovers near;
" His pinions rustle in the wind,
" He frowns, and lifts the shadowy spear.

" In darkness rolls my dizzy brain,
" To realms of rest my spirit flies;
" Lebid, we soon shall meet again
" Among the bowers of Paradise."

EPIGRAM.

NED calls his wife his counter-part
With truth as well as whim;
Since every impulse of her heart
Runs counter still to him.

TO MISS BANNATINE.

BY MR. J. THELWALL.

MARY, if rightly in thy beaming eyes
I read thy gentle heart, we were not form'd
For foes; and had we met in happier hours—
When no discordant feuds had rent in twain
The bonds of blest affiance that should link
Man to his neighbour—in that blush I read,
(That blush of sweet ingenuousness) how soon
Our souls had sympathiz'd. Then had we held,
Not transiently, as now, the boon of chance,
This stinted converse, nor, with formal phrase,
Imp'd the cold forms of courtesy; but, oft,
In free communion, round the social hearth,
Enjoy'd such gentle interchange of soul
As intellectual beings best beseems;—
Improving and improv'd. Then had we talk'd—
(Thy home observance with the glean'd remark
Of my excursive wanderings oft compar'd—
Pleasing diversity!) Then had we talk'd
Of Scotia's towering hills, of Cambria's dells,
Luxuriant Vecta, and the fertile plains
Of southern Albion; of the lot of Man,
Born to hard toil, or to aspiring state,—
To sufferance or infliction! and, perchance,
Oft interweaving some disastrous tale
Of undeserv'd misfortune, had digress'd
To such sad strains of moral sympathy

As school the social heart, and ope the palm
To offices of mercy. Nor had we,
Of science reckless, from the lore refrain'd
Of him our common friend, who oft perchance
Had shar'd the sweet communion, blending still
(As who can blend like him!) wisdom profound
With social merriment, and manners bland,
And unassuming gay urbanity.
Such hours, were fate propitious to our wish,
Mary we might have shar'd; for we were form'd
Not of repulsive mould; we could have learn'd
The lore of friendship not reluctantly,
Or Nature's instincts fail me: for thou seem'st,
In beaming feature and in budding form
Of virgin loveliness, even such as she,
My heart's true partner, in her vernal hour,
When her soft bloom was opening, and my spring
Was yet unfaded; and methinks, sweet maid!
That I could love thee, with a father's heart,
For these thy kindred graces; nor would'st thou,
Tho' in a father's love already blest,
Reject the pure affiance. Sweetest Maid!
That in some other region we could meet,
(If such blest region of the peopled earth
The venturous prow could find) or that the hour
Of Virtue's wish'd Millennium were arriv'd,
Where feuds and strife and Envy's bitter wrongs,
And wanton Calumny's soul-vexing wrath
Marr'd not the social compact! In such realm,—
Or such regeneration, we would be
Of the same family: and kindred minds
Dwelling in kindred intercourse, we'd talk
Of things gone by: of White Hill's social roof,
And the kind circle where we chanc'd to meet,

And wish'd the chance more frequent; and of him
My dearest friend! thy not reluctant guide
Thro' the bright maze of science: nor would she
Stay of my heart, and balm of every woe!
Her matron ear to such sweet talk refuse,
Or fail, with matron sympathy, to view
Thy softer charms, once her's;—now better chang'd
For the firm dignity of sense matur'd,
And fix'd maternal grace. Such change be thine:
And may the happy youth to whom thy choice
Shall yield the virgin treasure of thy heart,
Esteem like me thy worth!—Esteem like me!
But with a stronger fervour; such as youth
And mutual years and the select desire
Of hearts consenting can alone inspire:
The husband-lover of thy matron years.

GLASGOW, MARCH 1804.

THE MODEST POET.

'Tis said, O most gracious Apollo,
That Poets thou lov'st to befriend,
Now this trade I'm determin'd to follow,
So low at thy altar I bend.

But though thou art a Patron most able,
I'm a suitor so modest I vow,
That give but *two Bays* in my *stable*,
I won't ask for one on my brow.

S. W. I.

TO SARAH DRENNAN.

WITH A RING.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

EMBLEM of Happiness, not bought nor sold,
Accept this modest Ring of Virgin Gold.
Love, in the small but perfect circle trace;
And Duty, in its soft tho' strict embrace.
Plain, precious, pure, as best becomes the Wife,
Yet firm to bear the frequent rubs of life:
Connubial life disdains a fragile toy,
Which rust can tarnish, or a touch destroy;
Nor much admires, what courts the gen'ral gaze,
The dazzling diamond's meretricious blaze;
That hides, with glare, the anguish of a Heart,
By Nature hard, but polish'd bright by art.
More to thy taste, the ornament that shows
Domestic Bliss, and without glaring, glows.
Whose gentle pressure serves to keep the Mind,
To all correct, to one discreetly kind—
Of simple elegance th' unconscious charm,
The holy amulet to keep from harm,
To guard at once and consecrate the shrine—
Take this dear Pledge—it makes and keeps thee mine.

ADDRESS TO WOMAN.

PARAPHRASED FROM AN ITALIAN POET.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

DESIGN'D for peace and soft delight,
For tender love and pity mild,
O! seek not *thou* the craggy height,
The howling main, the desert wild!

Stay in the shelter'd valley low,
Where calmly blows the fragrant air!
But shun the mountain's stormy brow,
For darken'd winds are raging there!

The Ruffian MAN endures the strife
Of Tempests fierce and surging Seas;
Ah! better guard *thy* transient life,
WOMAN, thou rosy Child of Ease!

Rash MAN, for Glory's fading wreath,
Provokes his early timeless doom,
Braves every varied form of DEATH,
And desperate hastens to the tomb;

But *thou*, O Gentlest! what can rend
With cruel grief thy panting heart?
Nor Heaven, nor Man dost *thou* offend *,
What fancied woes thy fears impart?

Ah, surely on thy primal day
Great NATURE smil'd in kindliest mood,
Suspended held the bloody fray,
And hush'd the wind, and smooth'd the flood!

While MAN, who lives a life of pain,
Was with a soul vindictive born,
Loud winds blew round him, and the rain
Beat furious on his wintry morn.

But *thou*, beneath a vernal sky,
What distant Tempest wakes thy fears?
Why does that soft, that trembling eye
Gleam thro' a crystal film of tears?

Stay in the vale!—no wild affright
Shall cross thy path nor sullen care †;
But go not to the craggy height,
The dark, loud winds are raging there!

* Indeed!—what *never?* The Italian Poet flatters a little; his Paraphraser owns it; nor will the lordly Sex assert that female griefs are *always imaginary*.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

† This Poet's praise and prophecy are alike problematical; but Poets deal in fiction, and there is poetry in this Rhapsody.

THE PRESAGES OF REVELATION,

AN ODE,

Given up as a College Exercise on Christmas Day,

1786.

STROPHE.

WHO shall awake the Theban lyre
With holy numbers, holy fire?
O! back recoil each jealous string
From the loose orgies of profane Desire,
And mad Intemperance's earth-born quire,
Unfit to borrow Inspiration's wing.
Ah! rather may its tones engage
The gifted call, the rapt presage,
Wide-echoing through the shade of time;
Till at some impulse of diviner rage
Its chords resound and from an awe-struck age
Elicit choral notes, and symphony sublime.

ANTISTROPHE.

From that oblivious gulf of years
O'er whose dim verge Enquiry peers
With gaze intense, and aching eye,
Some voice entranc'd Imagination hears
In strains too faint to visit waking ears
Chanting the wild notes of Mythology.

When first the Soul of humankind
The source from which she sprang, divin'd,
She prompted oft the wistful sigh;
And, in the secret texture of the mind,
Bright hope with dark solicitude she twin'd,
Mysterious pledge of Immortality!

EPODE.

In woods that, high o'er Ganges' stream,
Defied the equinoctial beam,
As rapt her favour'd Bramins lay,
By Allegory's many-colour'd light
Was caught a glimpse of prospects bright—
Then fail'd the dubious ray.
Oft too, amid his polar night,
The Scandinavian's startled sight
Recall'd the forms of elder time,
Obsequious to the Runic rhyme.
'Twas Truth herself by Fiction's aid,
In Horror's magic weeds array'd,
Truth, who, on the destin'd day,
Must fling the figur'd stole away.
But hush'd be every accent rude,
"That strain was of a higher mood!"
Who bids such sphere-taught tenets flow?
Thou, Socrates, thy spells alone
Invoke from her empyreal throne
Wisdom, best gift of Heaven to man below.

SECOND ANTISTROPHE.

Not by Reason's measur'd springs,
Not on Fancy's lawless wings,
To her blest shrine thy course was won:

Nor to the Bard who struck the potent strings,
Or him whose genius trac'd the laws of things
Pervious the path which Grace vouchsaf'd her son.*
Through Vice's thorns, through Error's shade
Wild and worn the nations stray'd,
Unsure their march, unsafe their stay;
Yet oft, from Virtue's eminence sublime,
The godlike few of every age and clime
Wav'd high the torch of Faith to guide them on their way.

OXON. T. P.

EPITAPH,

Inscribed on the monument of the Reverend William Bagshaw Stevens, in Repton Church, Derbyshire. He died 1800.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

READER, if thee each sacred worth inspire,
The Patriot's ardor, and the Poet's fire,
Unsullied honour, friendship's generous glow,
Sky-pointing Hope, that smiles on *finite* woe,
Such STEVENS was, and thy congenial tear
Drops on the Scholar, Bard, and Christian's bier.

* Socrates (see the Meno of Plato) asserted that virtue or moral wisdom was neither a natural faculty nor an acquired habit but a divine gift. How consonant this doctrine to the language of the Gospel!

PROLOGUE,

INTENDED FOR

EMILIE DE ST. AMAND,

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

BY W. PRESTON, ESQ.

The Poet of to-night his tribute pays,
To social order, and to female praise;
He calls the chaste maternal feelings forth,
He builds an altar to domestic Worth:
A theme unusual on the modern stage,
Yet not unuseful to the rising age,
While Dissipation holds her giddy court,
And bids the World with sacred duties sport,
And bold examples youthful breasts enflame,
To build their reputation on their shame.

Nor pomp of numbers tow'ring to the spheres,
Nor swelling epithet assails your ears.
More suited to his theme our Author chose
The simpler vehicle of humble prose.
No wire-drawn sentiments of senseless love,
No tumid rant shall vain applauses move.

Oft has capricious France with lavish hand,
Sow'd the rank crop of follies in our land:

Oft has she sent the soft voluptuous page,
In virgin breasts to kindle amorous rage.
'Mid Faction's anarchy, and War's alarms *,
Still she supplies fair Virtue's foe with arms.
For mad Philosophy, with idle dreams,
Refinements false, and visionary schemes,
With fatal genius, and unhappy skill,
Removes the bounds of moral good and ill:
And rends the sacred Union, whence arise
The purest pleasures, and the dearest ties,
That all the charities of life maintains,
Source of our joys, and solace of our pains.

Seductive tomes, with Reason's semblance fraught,
Diffuse their poison thro' infected Thought.—
What healing art an antidote shall bring?
What heav'n-taught hand extract the poison'd sting?
In moral dignity and sober rage,
Rise, mighty Master of th' *Athenian* stage †:
And bid thy model of a perfect wife ‡
Adorn again the scenes of wedded life.

Vain, vain the wish! yet, if an humble hand
Gives useful lessons to the youthful band;
The virtuous purpose, in the fable shewn,
May crown the Bard for merits not his own.

* Alluding particularly to the Law of Divorce then past in France.

† Euripides ‡ Alcestis.

EPILOGUE,

INTENDED FOR THE SAME PLAY,

To be spoken in the Character of

EMILIE DE ST. AMAND*.

DEAR Ladies, I'm asham'd, upon my life.
—What childish conduct in a modern wife!
Just like a novel-reading thing, at school,
To whine, and weep, and play the love-sick fool!
—When wives to part agree, 'tis not their plan,
To please and humour an ungrateful man.—
O wild Romance! to please my dearest dear,
Resign my spouse, to prove my love sincere!
Believe me, no.—When *British* couples part:
Far other motives sway the matron's heart.
Why should our sex resign the dear delight
Of teazing, fretting, morning, noon, and night,
Source of contempt, or subject of their fear,
The shallow Coxcomb, or the Don severe?
—A separate maintenance, and darling freedom,
These, these alone to separation lead 'em.

Most sure, the Poet who composed this Play,
Has never yet been in a married way,
Else he the language of a wife had known
Too well to bid me use this puling tone.
What patient meekness, and what soft compliance,
In place of proper pride, and bold defiance!
In place of all, that custom to our race,
From eldest time prescribes in such a case:

* The Heroine of the Piece.

Of storms of anger bursting down in rain,
The high-wrought eloquence of fierce Disdain.
—" Strange Fate! at once forsaken and suspected;
" My person and my play-purse both neglected!—
" Nay, Madam—Nay, Sir—Sir, I will be heard.—
" I say you are a Craven to your beard.
" *You* seek variety!—*You* wish to range!
" Who roams the market, should have ready change.
" What! *You* an Epicure, with taste so various!
" *You* rank among the gallant gay *Lotharios!*
" When wilt thou learn, O poor deficient elf,
" The philosophic lesson—Know thyself.—
" Sir, you may yet be taught your want of taste,
" No glass informs me that my bloom is past.
" Think, will your loss a weeping wife disgrace?
" The court—the camp may well supply your place.
" You wish me hang'd—but vain the pious pray'r;
" Should benefit of clergy be my care,
" Soon might I meet, in this dear wicked town,
" Some smooth Adonis of the sacred gown."

Thus, striking fire with mutual sarcasm sore,
Agreed to part, who ne'er agreed before,
Away we turn, each eager wish to fill,
And copious draughts of poison'd pleasure swill.
Thro' Passion's maze bewilder'd as we roam,
The labyrinth, at last, may lead us home!
The meteor gleam, that lured our steps abroad,
On airy steeps, and thro' the miry road,
May fade in air, and leave the sober wife,
To walk the foot-path of domestic life.
The man may find his wand'rings have been vain,
That Pleasure's rage betray'd him still to pain,
Become an houshold thing, and take his dear again.

VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE.

MELIBŒUS AND TITYRUS.

Mel.—You, Tityrus, beneath the shadowy beech
Your sylvan Muse's tender warblings teach;
We leave our countries' bounds; our pleasant trees,
Our country leave: You, Tityrus, at ease
Make the woods ring with Amaryllis' praise.

Tit.—O Melibœus, 'twas a Deity,
(For he shall e'er be deemed a God by me,)
These leisures gave: his altar oft shall feed
The tenderest lamb my guarded flock can breed:
He gave my herds, as you behold, to stray;
And me upon my rural pipe to play.

Mel.—I envy not, but wonder: while around
All else are driven from their native ground!
E'n now these loitring goats I drive away;
And scarce yon sick one drag along the way,
Who here two twins upon the hazel nook,
Born, (ah! the shepherd's hopes!) upon the flint, forsook!
This evil I, had I been wise, of old
Remember that th' inspired trees foretold;
And oft the gloomy-omen'd raven's croak,
Presag'd misfortune from the hollow oak!
But tell me who the God, that turn'd from thee the stroke?

Tit.—Great Rome, I thought, ah! foolish I, my friend,
Like that our town we shepherds oft attend
With tender offerings of our fleecy care:
Thus whelps and kids we with their sires compare!
Thus was I wont to judge of high by low!
But Rome, 'mid other cities, lifts her brow,
'Mid weeping shrubs as cypress branches show.

Mel.—But tell me why from hence to Rome you pass'd?

Tit.—Freedom, who late to come, yet came at last,
Not 'till my beard upon my chin was grey,
Yet came; nor till I Galatea's sway
Resign'd, would Amaryllis hear my lay.
While she had power, I had, (to own to thee)
Nor care of flock, nor hope of liberty:
Tho' many a victim usher'd from the fold,
And the rich cheese was to the city sold,
Yet never felt my hand the weight of gold.

Mel.—I wonder'd, Amaryllis, oft to see
Thy mournful looks; what meant the bended knee;
Why hung the fruit ungather'd on the tree?
But Tityrus was absent! Thee the stream;
The pines and lowly shrubs invok'd thy much-lov'd name!

Tit.—What could I do? A slave I could not go;
Nor could I elsewhere Gods so present know.
Here to that godlike youth, my friend, I spoke,
To whom our monthly altars ever smoke.
Here did he kindly answer to my prayer;
And gave my flocks to feed, again beneath my care.

Mel.—O fortunate old man! And shall thy plain,
Thy fields, for thee sufficient, safe remain?
While the hard flint o'er-runs our once-till'd ground,
And rushes overspread the meadows round.
No unknown food shall try thy teaming ewes;
Nor neighbouring flocks their taint to thee diffuse.
Happy old man! Here 'mid accustom'd trees
And sacred fountains, thou shalt catch the breeze!
Here shall the hedge, that parts from neighbours' fields,
While busy bees are sucking all it yields,
With gentle murmurs oft entice to sleep,
While by the rock, the pruner's voice, more deep,
Fills the wide air, and bounds from steep to steep!
Meanwhile the doves, thy care, with hoarser tone,
And turtles, from the lofty elm shall moan.

Tit.—The nimble stag shall feed upon the breeze,
And for the shore shall fish desert the seas,
Parthian and German leave their bounds and rest
Of Arar's floods, and Tigris' wayes possest
Sooner than his remembrance leave my breast.

Mel.—But we must some dry Afric's deserts brave,
Some Scythia, and Oaxis' rapid wave,
Or o'er rough seas to distant Britain ride,
Divided far from all the world beside.
And will it ever, will it ever be,
My country's bounds that I again shall see?
After long years shall view my springing grain,
My little turfy hut, and all my rural reign?
My fallow shall th' impious soldier seize?
These corn-clad fields barbarian hands appease?
O civil discord! Whither wilt thou lead
Thy wretched victims? Whose will be the mead
For which thy helpless sufferers sow the seed?

Now, Melibœus, graff thy grateful fruit;
Now to the curling vine its partner suit.
Go, my once happy, go, my once-lov'd flock,
No more projecting on the brambly rock,
Shall I, at length in some green grotto thrown,
Behold you, as you browze, the dreadful steep hang down!
No longer shall I sing, and as I sup,
See you the bitter herbs around me crop!

Tit.—Yet here with me you well may rest this night;
Soft fruits here are, and milks for your delight:
For now the smokes from cottages ascend,
And longer shades from mountain-tops extend.

MAY 2, 1784. O. Y.

First when Love's generous hopes I knew,
And revel'd in delicious pleasure,
I little thought how much of rue
Could mingle with so sweet a treasure.

Too quickly fled each dear delight,
No more with extacy I languish:
How sad is disappointment's night!
And days of rapture turn'd to anguish!

P. L. C.

ELEGY

BY J. J. ESCHENBURG,

On the Death of his INFANT DAUGHTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY THE LATE J. SIX, ESQ.

SOFT sinkest thou to rest; no groan, no smart;
Soft lulling Angels waft thy latest breath,
Thyself an Angel now, my soul's dear part,
Sweet Babe, thus lying in the arms of Death!

Not he, that grisly form, whose hand malign
Wide sweeps with fatal scythe mankind away;
That Genius rather, on whose lips, as thine,
The smiling graces innocently play.

Peace to thy slumbers, Babe! thy Father's tears,
Thy Mother wailing wild her darling o'er,
Thy Brother's longings, infant as his years,
Shall wake thee to sweet sympathy no more.

O ever fortunate! whom heav'nly grace
Recall'd so early from thy mortal clay;
O ever fortunate! not left to trace
With painful error this life's thorny way;

That from all slipp'ry paths, all hidden snares,
A pitying Providence has thee convey'd;
And that of thousand, thousand idle cares
Not one upon thy breast has ever prey'd;

That of this visionary, magic scene
Thine eye the outward fashion only saw!
While we, of bliss too prompt to overween,
Sorrow from all, the bitterest sorrow, draw.

We ween'd it bliss, thee, tender plant, to rear,
To see our foster'd Nursling kindly grow,
Whose rip'ning faculties our toil might cheer;
Heav'ns! and we foster'd thus our future woe!

All those ideas now, on which we hung,
Thy smiling countenance, thy sportive air,
Thy foot's first effort, and thy lisping tongue,
All wound our breast, like daggers planted there.

'Twas sure a dream; yet, while before our sight,
It charm'd our senses, to th' illusion blind;
But, dissipated now, and vanish'd quite,
It leaves vain longings, and regrets behind.

Yet no; still ever present, ever dear
Must be the shadow of this fleeting dream!
The thought, we once enjoy'd thy presence here,
When its now thrilling pangs grow less extreme,

When to the first rude shock a calm succeeds,
And gnawing anguish irritates no more,
When the deep wound, which now so freshly bleeds,
Does to our aching heart some ease restore,

O then shall pleasing Melancholy shed
O'er softer images a milder gleam;
She o'er thy life shall fairer colours spread,
Not paint it like a vain, unreal dream;

No; like a misty morn, whose early gloom
Was soon o'ertaken by a flood of day,
Whose Sun dispell'd the darkness of thy doom,
And all our fond forebodings chas'd away.

Thou weeping Partner of my life, be cheer'd!
All will be well; we shall not long complain
Of her sad fate, which erst so sad appear'd;
Thou hast not born her, hast not nurs'd, in vain.

'Twas not in vain, that, to promote her weal,
Watch'd unremitting thy maternal care;
Rejoice in the reward that Heav'n shall deal
For toil so pious, and for love so rare,

When, all the pains endur'd, which here annoy,
We gain th' enjoyments of a better place,
When then, at th' entrance of eternal joy,
Our own dear Angel flies to our embrace.

NOVEMBER 18, 1781.

INSCRIPTION.

'Tis not, that, early summon'd from the earth
(Sad vale of pain and sorrow) *thou* hast fled;
—For sure to realms more suited to thy worth,
Thou soar'st, dear Saint! by kindred seraphs led—

'Tis not for *this* my tears incessant flow,
For this that ceaseless grief corrodes my mind,
But 'tis, and oh! forgive the selfish woe!
That *I* a lonely wretch am left behind.

S. W. I.

STANZAS.

NATURE thy soft voice gives peace to the ocean,
And pours the light spring-breeze of rapture again,
But can'st thou restore to the Heart's fond devotion,
The Idol it worshipp'd, but worshipp'd in vain.

Hushed is the tempest that troubled the billow,
The blushes of Heaven warm its glistening foam;
No warbling gale from their mouldering pillow
Awakens the slumberers who rest in the tomb.

O'er the pale verdure that wraps each cold bosom,
The holiest dews of the evening are shed;
And there the wild rose unfolds its pale blossom,
Perfuming the breezes that mourn o'er the dead.

Ere Nature again hears the wintry winds raving,
And the snows of the mountain in dazzling wreaths shine,
May this feverish heart rest where yon wild weeds are waving,
And the sleep of the dead, and their dwelling be mine.

EDINBURGH, APRIL 16, 1805. ADELINE.

LINES,

To the Memory of Mrs. LEFROY *, *who died by a Fall from her Horse, 16th December*, 1804.

BY S. E. BRYDGES, ESQ.

DEEP Grief is dumb †; else long ago, dear Shade,
To thee the mournful Muse her rites had paid!
Whelm'd with the stroke e'en now my palsied brain
Struggles with feeble effort at the strain:
The fountain of my former tears is dry;
And wan Despair sits fix'd in either eye.

† Curæ leves loquuntur; ingentes stupent.

* Of this most accomplished and incomparable woman, it is impossible to speak in adequate terms of affection and admiration. The following character appeared in a Provincial Newspaper immediately after her decease.

"On Sunday morning, the 16th of December, died at Ashe, in Hampshire, in consequence of a fall from her horse, which she survived only twelve hours, Mrs. Lefroy, wife of the Rev. George Lefroy, Rector of that parish, and eldest daughter of the late Edward Brydges, Esq. of Wootton, in Kent. Of this lovely, accomplished, and most extraordinary woman, it is almost impossible to speak truly, without seeming to use terms of exaggeration. The splendor of her talents, her vivacity, her powerful and energetic language, the beaming and eager benevolence of her countenance and manners; her fondness for society, and her delight in making every one around her happy, were felt, wherever she appeared. But with all these worldly attractions, her religion predominated over all her excellencies, and influenced and exalted every expression and action of her life. How amiable and angelic she was in the domestic duties of daughter, wife, mother, and sister, they only can properly conceive who experienced her unequalled virtues in those situations, and who now have to mourn

Ah! Time, that boasts to mellow down the hues
Of wild Regret, and o'er her form diffuse
A soothing sadness, teaches me to know
With keener certainty my darkening woe.
At every care, and every rising joy,
Each task, that would my anxious thoughts employ,
The morning ramble, and the evening toil,
Thro' life I look'd for thy consoling smile!
But now, whene'er I Learning's page unroll,
And strive by studious pains to raise my soul,
Soon as in vain I seek thy chearing look,
Down from my unclasping hands descends the book.

a loss beyond the power of words to describe, and of any earthly advantage to repair. But it is not only to near relations and friends, that her loss is irreparable, she has left a chasm in society, which there is no second to fill. The whole division of the county, in which she lived, will feel her death most poignantly, and appreciate it with deep and unaffected concern. Above all, the poor will receive this afflicting dispensation of Providence with the keenest sorrow and lamentation: she fed, she cloathed, she instructed them with daily and never-ceasing attention; in grief she soothed them by her conversation and her kind looks; and in sickness, she comforted them by medicines and advice. She instituted a daily school of poor children in her own house, whom, in the midst of a thousand avocations, she never failed to instruct herself; she taught them not only to read and write, but, by her ingenuity, introduced among them a little manufacture of straw, by which they were enabled, at a very early age, to contribute to their own livelihood. When the vaccine inoculation was discovered, she soon convinced herself of its beneficial effects, and having learned the process, actually inoculated upwards of eight hundred poor with her own hand. Thus she seemed like a ministering Angel going about to dispense unmingled good in the world, when it pleased Providence, for its own inscrutable purposes, so suddenly to take her away."

See also Gent. Mag, Dec. 1804, and Monthly Mag. Jan. 1805.

A few of Mrs. L——'s Poems have appeared in former volumes of the Poetical Register.

Forgetful of my loss, if transient fire
Impels those hands to seize the silent lyre,
To thee I bid it pour its trembling tone.—
Thou hearest not!—It breathes a dying moan;
And instantly the rising spirit's flown.
Sometimes I wake from some enchanting dream,
Bright with the Muse's rainbow-tinctur'd beam;
Or deck'd with golden pomp, and all the show,
That bold Ambition's gorgeous flames bestow.
Glowing I haste my raptures to impart!—
But thou, alas! art gone; and to my heart
Cold chilling damps of hopeless anguish dart!

Loveliest of human beings, Sister, Friend,
Instructor, Guardian! where can ever end
The praise, that to thy angel worth belongs?
Worth, that has e'en transcended Poets' songs!
In every walk of life, belov'd, ador'd,
How have all ranks thy hapless fate deplor'd!
How did thy liberal hand, and melting voice
Bid the chill'd heart of Poverty rejoice!
Amid the circles of the rich and wise,
How spoke the mental radiance of thine eyes!
How charm'd the wisdom of thy flowing tongue;
How from thy breast the lore of Angels sprung!

But while thy mortal relics slumber here,
Moisten'd by Love's, by Friendship's, Virtue's tear,
Thy blissful spirit, O exalted Saint,
Which not the mixture of Earth's mould could taint,
Wanders triumphant, and the swelling lyre
(Touch'd by thy human hands with hallow'd fire,)
Around the throne, where singing seraphs blaze,
Strikes in glad notes to thy Creator's praise!

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,

On her Emigration to America.

BY DAVID IRVING, A. M.

Ye weltering waves whose sullen murmur drear
Conveys no bland suggestion to my ear,
Why chase the welcome visions Fancy brought,
And call to sadder themes my devious thought?
O wandering winds, your melancholy swell
Shall pass in concert to my plaintive shell.
Oft from these eyes the winds and waves have bore
Some gentle friend, doom'd to return no more;
Doom'd to descend, in Death's untimely sleep,
Unknell'd, uncoffin'd, to the dreary deep;
Or hapless fall in youth's ecstatic bloom,
And find on Gambia's shores a Stranger's tomb.
O lovely Maid, shall Life's resistless tide
Give to Columbia's wilds thy youthful pride?
Thy wit maturing, and thy opening charms?
That modest grace which every feature arms?
Thy tuneful voice, and eloquence of mein,
Which soothe gaunt care, and lull the vulture spleen?
In vain each wish! the bark already flings
Wide to the fresh'ning gale her eager wings:
O'er the high deck I see thee pensive roam,
To view with humid eye the hills of home.

Sweet Emigrant, though dear thy native isle,
Though chosen friends repay thy friendly smile;
Though thou recal—nor check the graceful tear—
Anna's bright sense, and taste, and soul sincere;
Though youthful fancy twine with magic art
A thousand nameless cords to bind thy heart;
Yet still with thee the faithful keel shall bear
A Mother's love, a more than Father's care:
His heavenly wings the cherub Hope shall spread,
And Virtue hover round thy cherish'd head.
O while the restless bark shall onward stray,
Proud of her freight, a long and pathless way,
May gentle breezes swell the buxom sail,
Hush'd be each storm, and calm'd each ruder gale.
Through the dread might of *Him* that stills the waves,
The giant storms shall seek their murky caves;
Grim in repose, shall raise a half-closed eye,
And mark Eliza glide securely by.

TO MARY.

I WISH—nor ever wish thee ill!—
I wish thee all thy heart's desire,
Mary! if just, may time fulfill
The wish that friendship doth inspire.

I wish thee, Dear! a sacred boon,
Nay Heaven importune to bestow it,
I wish thee married, Girl, and soon;
But wish thou ne'er may'st wed a Poet!

P. L. C.

THE CHACE,

A BALLAD.

BY ANDREW MERCER.

WHERE Loch-Mary roars round its mountainous
shores,
And lends the young *Yarrow* * its wave;
Where *Dryhope* is dun with the sultry sun,
Stood the castle of Gilbert the brave:
Of Gilbert, the fear of the southern race,
In the moon-light combat afar on the hill,
The boast of the forest, and chief in the chace,
Whose stern eye of war, and whose love-soften'd grace
Were the pride of the fair Anne Morville.

At the fall of even, when dusky the heaven,
The lovers had met in the grove,
To breathe their soft vows, beneath the green boughs,
Where the cushat sat cooing above.
They whispered the date of the nuptial day,
And sigh'd that three mornings were yet to awake;
His sigh was deep as his rage in the fray,
And the love of the damsel was mild as the ray
That now play'd on the heaving lake.

In the following morn, at the sound of the horn,
The yell of the huntsmen arose,
And the clarion shrill shook every hill,
As if trod by a thousand foes!
O gay was the revel along the green,
When the quivered horsemen skirmishing join'd!
But never a chief of so gallant a mien,
Though many assembled, on that day was seen,
As Gilbert, whose bow hung behind.

* The river Yarrow flows out of St. Mary's Loch.

Ah many a hart from his hind shall depart,
And the dens of his love in the wood,
And the bristled boar shall welter in gore,
Far, far from his last night's abode:
But though all the beasts of the mountains fall,
Can the red tide atone for a ruddier stain!
A hundred antlers hung in the hall,
And the trophied tusks of the boar were but small,
For the life of a Chieftain slain!

Lo start the dun roes at the sound of their foes,
And the fear of the hunter's wile,
For with bugle and hounds the region resounds,
O'er many a copse-covered mile!
And a hundred coursers neigh'd in the wind,
On the green hills of *Henderland** sounding afar,
The lake of St. Mary the revelry join'd,
And thundered throughout to its mountains behind,
The shout of the woodland war!

Ere felt was the power of the noon-day hour,
Ten deer fell by Gilbert's hand,
And twice six more were pierced at the core,
By the rest of the hunter band;
When furious, and foaming his hungry teeth,
A bellowing boar rushed on thro' the dell,
A tempest of arrows, swift-ridden by death,
Discharged on the monster its ravenous wrath,
But more than a monster fell!

Sigh ye sons of the bow for the hunter laid low,
By the chance-erring arrow misled,
And bewail the sad hour, ye Dames of the bower,
And comfort the bride of the dead!

* A beautiful farm by the side of St. Mary's Loch.

For fallen is the fear of the southern race,
In the moon-light combats afar on the hill,
The boast of the Forest, and chief in the chace;
Whose stern eye of war, and whose love-soften'd grace,
Were the pride of fair Anne Morville!

And deep did you grieve, and your bosoms heave,
Ye Chieftains and Dames of the hall,
But the hapless bride, when she heard he had died,
She wept not—she wept none at all!
For the blasting news, like a bolt of the sky,
In a moment had dried up, and wither'd her brain,
Not a tear-drop remained to moisten her eye,
And the soul-moving spark of her reason did fly,
And never returned again!

Despair gnawed his prey in her bosom by day,
'Mid the darkest abode of the tower,
And she went to the grove, to meet with her Love,
At the blue and moon-light hour.
And thence, as the mood of her madness inclin'd,
She flew to the spot where the hunter fell,
Embraced each bush with a pressure so kind,
As though she believed, in her nerve-broken mind,
That her lover was yet in the dell!

Soon her body she gave to her Gilbert's grave,
That bloom'd in the beechen grove,
Where they breathed their soft vows, beneath the green boughs
While the cushat sat cooing above.
And the villager yet, while he points out the place,
Relates with a sigh their sad story of woe,
And adds, that they *woo'd* 'mong a mortal race,
But were wedded above, with celestial grace,
Which the children of earth cannot know!

ETTERICK FOREST.

PARAPHRASTIC VERSION

OF THE 46*th* PSALM.

BY T. PARK, ESQ.

OUR hope, our strength, our refuge is our God!
On *Him* reposing—Fear in vain annoys;—
Though from their solid base huge mountains nod,
And earth, unbalanc'd, lose her central poise.

Though Alpine mounds should in the sea be hurl'd,
While Ocean trembles with convulsive roar,—
Though one vast tempest desolate the world,
Still Faith may anchor on a tranquil shore.

For all the ravage of this finite sphere,
Can do the city of our God no ill:—
The holy place He plants his dwelling near,
Smiles at the storm that baffles human skill.

Though heathen nations in their strength rejoice,
And all the terrors of the earth array;—
Let but our God uplift his single voice,
And even Earth herself shall melt away.

The God of Jacob is our only God!
The Lord of Hosts is our Almighty Lord!
Fear then the wrath of his destroying rod;
And dread the vengeance of his two-edg'd sword.

Legions of warriors—in their proud career
He checks,—and makes them fearfully retire,
He snaps in sunder the uplifted spear,
And wraps their chariots in consuming fire.

With silent reverence then, obey his nod;
And let the heathen world exulting own
The God of Jacob is the only God!
The Lord of Hosts must be the Lord alone!

INSCRIPTION

For the Ivy Bower in the Grove near Dromore House.

Stranger, whose curious eye, delighted, strays
Around the little Glen's romantic maze,
Where Genius rising from the vale of years,
In venerable vigour still appears,
Pause *here!*—'tis meditation's fav'rite seat—
And as you enter with due rev'rence greet
The sober, silent, solitary power,
Whose sacred presence dignifies the bower.
Does worldly care or grief thy soul oppress?
Her soothing influence will relieve distress;
Her admonition teach thee to be wise;
Her sanction prove a passport to the skies.

DROMORE, AUG. 1805. HAFIZ.

TO MISS SEWARD.

FROM THE REV. DR. STEVENS,

With the present of his published Poems.

To Thee, whose magic all the Graces own,
While Pity sighs her soul into thy lay,
Fair Votaress of the Lyre! to Thee unknown,
I tremble to address this weak essay.

To wring from even hostile breasts a tear,
To consecrate the deeds of British Fame,
To bid stern Valour mourn o'er Andrè's bier
And gild the path of Death with Glory's flame

Be thine; O justly Thou of every Muse
Belov'd! O bid immortal Truth again,
By Fancy deck'd in all her fairy hues,
Create new wonders from thy charmful pen!

For me, low sunk in Life's inglorious shade,
Some meaner theme befits, some woodland air;
But by thy Genius my pursuits betray'd,
I pant the spirit of thy song to share.

In some short pause of Pleasure or of Fame,
If Fame one moment can thy breast resign,
Enough for me if my ambitious aim
May wake thy feelings with a verse from mine.

REPTON, FEB. 23, 1782. W. B. S.

EPISTLE

To the Rev. Dr. William Bagshaw Stevens, of Repton, Derbyshire, on his Poem RETIREMENT*.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

IF yet, unbless'd by Learning's guardian aids,
I rov'd the labyrinths of Aonian shades,
And in the gloomy and the silent hour
Wove the dun foliage of their cypress bower,
The ** oak-crown'd Chief, and laurell'd Warrior's tomb
Solemn to strew; and cropt their floral bloom
For a fair Votary's urn, my priz'd reward
Lives in the smile of Repton's classic Bard.

Yet not the letter'd smile's inspiring ray
When most its warmth shall gild my pensive lay,
Such intellectual luxury can impart,
Or pour such sweet sensations on my heart,
As when, ingenuous Lyrist, brightly shine
Thro' the clear medium of thy classic line,
On every hill and vale, and plain, and grove,
The Seraph Forms of BEAUTY, TRUTH, and LOVE.

Sing on, sweet Bard! for to thy happy lyre,
When beams the setting Sun with chasten'd fire,
And Evening clouds, half pierc'd with light, have spread
Their floating purple round his golden head,

* This poem will be found in the present volume, p. 259.

** Alluding to the Author's ELEGY ON CAPT. COOK, and to her MONODIES on MAJOR ANDRE, and on LADY MILLER.

High o'er their edge, as soft they sail along,
Shall bend the Spirits of congenial Song;
THOMSON, great Nature's darling Spirit, bow
The leafy honours of his placid brow,
And lofty AKENSIDE shall hail the strains
That Beauty decks, and Energy sustains.

Sing on, sweet Bard, when SPRING's gay Warblers cease
To celebrate the jocund Year's increase,
And SUMMER must no more his thirst subdue
In the expanding rose-bud's lucid dew;
But, with their fading hues, and closing bells,
The pale, shrunk flowers shall strew the whiten'd dells,
And AUTUMN's lingering steps, retreating, press
Their fallen petals down the lone recess,
Still may thy song, to every rising gale,
Sigh thro' the dim and melancholy Vale!

And when th' aerial Archer, as he flies,
Wings the red arrow thro' the gloomy skies,
And furious Trent, high o'er his banks shall pour
The turbid waters round thy favourite bower,
Ceaseless do THOU the rising strain prolong,
And hail stern WINTER with thy solemn song!
While for the Lyre, that erst to the soft days
Of bloomy SUMMER breath'd the lovely lays,
On thy nerv'd arm th' Eolian Shell be slung,
Full to the Tempest's angry wailings flung;
And he, whose strains, on cold Temora's hill,
Mourn'd o'er the eddies of the darken'd rill,
The fame resounding of the fallen brave,
O'er Erin's heath, and Ullin's stormy wave,
He, on his thin, grey mist descending slow,
Shrill as the frequent Blast is heard to blow,
'Mid the lone Rocks thy wandering steps shall find,
And lift thy Harp to WINTER's loudest wind.

O! when its tones fall murmuring on the Floods,
Deeply respondent to the groaning Woods,
Each lofty note, that hymns the rifled year,
With force impressive shall assail the ear,
As when thou call'st the shuddering Thought to mourn
O'er *Talents wither'd in th' untimely urn;
To grieve that Penury's resistless storm
Beat cold and deadly o'er the shrinking Form,
Where mighty Genius had those powers enshrin'd,
Whose reign is boundless o'er each feeling Mind;
To mourn that anguish durst the Heart invade
Beneath the regal Purple's aweful shade,
That steep'd in blood, at the Fanatic Frown
From Charles' pale brows shou'd fall the thorny Crown;
That England's Virgin Majesty shou'd close
A long illustrious life in bitterest woes;
She, who in wisdom firm, as vast in power
On grateful Millions shed the prosperous hour.
O! how unlike those Councils dark, that hurl'd
The torch of Discord o'er the Western World!

Whatever ills may to the past succeed,
Tho' lust of War may doom a World to bleed,
And bleed in vain, yet may no public gloom,
Nor private sorrow, blight thy classic bloom!
And to the Sons of Genius, whose sad fate
Thy mournful lines with sacred force relate,
O! may thy fortunes no resemblance bear,
Yet may thy rising fame their deathless laurels share

APRIL, 1783.

* Referring to Dr. Stevens' beautiful descriptions, in his Poem RETIREMENT, of the hard fate of those great Poets SPENSER, MILTON, OTWAY, COLLINS, and CHATTERTON.

THE COMPLAINT OF CORSICA.

INDIGNANT Corsica, the World's disdain,
And hardly notic'd amid Europe's train,
Scorn'd early by a poet and a sage
Whose name * immortaliz'd the injurious page
Harshly dictated by an exile's * rage;—
She who in modern times long groan'd the Slave
Of Genoa, mistress of the ambient wave;
And from her hands, all impotent to hold,
Pass'd to a Monarch's, for the dross of gold;—
Rous'd by a series of successive wrongs,
Thus claim'd the justice, that to *States* belongs;
And, at the foot of Jove's etherial throne,
Sued, not in vain, in this undaunted tone.

" Look'st thou not down with equal eyes on all,
" Both Men and States; and see'st them rise and fall
" Not by rude chance, nor left to Fortune's hand,
" But by thy just and merciful command?
" What then is Corsica, Immortal Jove,
" That She partakes not thy paternal love?
" Is there in all the dark decrees of fate
" No glory destin'd for so mean a State?
" Sprung from *my* loins, is never man design'd
" To lord it universal o'er his kind?

* Seneca.

" To wash in Europe's blood my servile stains,
" And rivet France and Genoa with my chains?
" O, from thy throne, amid the starry skies,
" Look down with juster and minuter eyes.
" Scorn'd, as I was, and as I am, oppress'd,
" Let me find favour in my Maker's breast:
" And bid thy thunder teach the unthinking States,
" Justice retributive on *Kingdoms* waits."

She spoke: and Jove with eye reluctant saw
Her pray'r was good; and that it must be law.
Then for the book he called, in which are told
Things past, and things the future shall behold:
His firm hand traced a long career of Fame,
And o'er the page inscribed Napoleon's name.

SC.

EPIGRAM.

To the Author of a scandalous Publication at Belfast.

Such *was* the pow'r of hidden worth
Within a stranger land,
A Serpent which the heat brought forth,
Dropt, harmless, from the hand.

Such *is* the pow'r of secret spite,
That had there been apply'd
To Thee the same envenom'd bite
The *Serpent* must have died.

D.

VERSES

Inscribed to a sorrowing Friend.

THERE is a sacred use in Poesy
Beyond its other aims; it has its praise,
When to surpassing excellence it breathes
Incense well-merited, and speaks aloud
The name of Virtue to the general ear.
It has its praise too, when at festive hours
It wakes the soul to pleasure, with sweet airs
And gay united; or at silent eve,
Mid Nature's lovely scenes, remote from men,
It soothes some generous amiable heart
With pleasing fancies. But it cannot boast
More sacred or more dignified employ,
Than when in accents mild it whispers peace
To suff'ring Worth, and lures the wounded heart
Of Sorrow from the grasp of cold Despair.
O could I breathe a strain so soft, so sweet,
So gentle, and so full of tenderness,
That, like the healing voice of Angels kind,
It might pour comfort in the afflicted breast
Of yon beloved mourner! But O how
Can I find solace for distress so keen?
Where is the charm in verse, that can seduce
The rivetted affections from the thought
Of Friends for ever lost, and bid the sigh

Be still, that springs from disappointed hope
And loveliest prospects faded. O what balm
Is there so sovereign, that it can allay
Sharp Memory's pangs, and with Lethæan pow'r
Drive from the storehouse of the busy brain
Each fondly-cherish'd image of past joy?
O there is none; nor will I, lovely Maid,
In rude unhallow'd strains profane thine ear
With cold and rigid themes of stoic pride,
That teach us to forget what most we lov'd,
Vain task! and rudely from the bleeding heart
To pluck at once each tender fond record
Of those we doated on. Too well I know,
For I too have felt sorrow, such are vain.
Mine be it rather those mild images
To paint, which soften, not extirpate grief;
The wildness of distraction that convert
To tender recollection, and soft pain,
With pleasure not unmingled; patience calm;
And resignation, with meek eye upturn'd
To Heav'n, and blessing him that gave the blow.
Mine be it to speak of tender-hearted friends,
In fondest pity watching the pale looks
Of her, who sadly mourns; and, tho' remote,
Oft smit with pangs of deepfelt sympathy,
And breathing purest wishes for her peace.
To waft in gentle and soft-whisp'ring notes
That healing voice, "Blessed are they that mourn;
"They shall be comforted;" and tell, that He,
The hapless object of her sore distress,
Was number'd with the Good (heart-soothing thought)
And full of blooming graces, ripe for Heav'n.
It is the penalty of all that live,
To suffer grief; there's none that doth escape.

Our utmost bliss is but a transient sun,
That for a moment gleams; the black'ning clouds
Roll on, and hide it from our cheated view.
The world is full of mourners. Gracious God!
What but the thought of Thee could bear us up
Amid so many pains; or who sustain
The terrors of thy chast'ning rod severe,
Didst thou not open to our anxious view
The blessed kingdom, where the virtuous heart,
From grief at length secure, may find repose?
Where sever'd friends will meet, to part no more,
And all the just receive their full account
For what they suffer'd here, in this dark road
Of mortal life. There all, who pin'd forlorn
In misery; all, who felt the chilling gripe
Of sore distress; who meekly bow'd the head
Beneath the tyrant's axe, and felt the scourge
Of taunting Villainy, shall rest in peace;
And tears shall there be wip'd from ev'ry eye.
There only love shall reign, love undisturb'd,
A long unceasing sabbath of delight,
In the bright kingdoms of unfading joy.
O my lamented friend, what waits thee here,
Ere yet escap'd the prison-doors of life?
Thou shalt have comfort, and thine heart, that throbs
In silent anguish, shall be hush'd to peace.
Thou shalt have Friendship's balm to heal thy wounds;
For we thy friends will watch around thy head,
And minister soft solace to thy pains,
Like guardian seraphs hymning songs of love.
And, when stern Duty calls us from thy side,
Our anxious hearts shall pour forth many a pray'r

In thy behalf, and call Heav'n's blessing down
On thee, our much-lov'd bleeding innocent.
O soothing balm of grief, howe'er severe!
That we are lov'd, that ev'ry pang, that rends
Our bosom, is not felt by us alone;
That sympathy with tender anxious look
In mute compassion watches ev'ry tear,
And sheds herself the drops she fain would dry.
This gives new courage to the fainting soul;
Our griefs are less, when shar'd; the wretch bereft
Of pity's comfort, is a wretch indeed.
Yes, thou meek sufferer! this pitying heart,
Whose doors were never barr'd to worth in tears,
Hath still one precious corner left for thee,
Where thy much-valued image shall be shrin'd,
And Friendship guard it there, till life be gone.
Thou wilt not ever mourn, beloved friend;
Thou yet wilt share the innocent delights
Of us, who cherish thee, and on thy lips
Still wear the smile of peace. We envy not
The temperate sorrow, that disturbs not life;
The precious tribute of a few warm tears
Pour'd from the sacred fountain of the soul;
These are but soothing, these to happier thoughts
Not uncongenial. The sweet song of morn
Shall cheer thee still, and Nature's lovely smile
Call thee to wander 'mid her peaceful scenes,
And tranquil Evening breathe her wonted calm.
But chief, thy well-instructed mind shall bring
Rich stores of consolation, as thou turn'st
The improving page, of taste full apt to choose
The best and wisest, such as the mild heart
Of woman most adorns, and blends the grace
Of sweetest knowledge with a lovely form.
For what is fairest beauty without that?

'Tis but a gilded snare, to lure the eye
Of Love without affection, love miscall'd;
An hour's poor plaything for a trifling heart,
That scorns the toy it covets, unsincere.
Thou too canst wander mid the fragrant blooms
That decorate the pure Castalian spring,
And to sweet numbers lend a willing ear,
Such as exalt the soul with moral themes,
Improve affection, and to virtue give
That sacred glow, which bids her to look down
On all things mean with scorn and high-born pride.
Nor wilt thou him despise, tho' poor his song,
Who now by winding Isis, far away,
Amid his lonely musings thinks on thee
With fond regret, and praying for thy peace,
Awakes once more his long-neglected lyre;
So best awak'd, if haply it may speak
A soothing note of comfort, and awhile
Allay the anguish of a sorrowing friend.
  Author of life and death, whose righteous hands
Dispense to thy poor creatures bliss or pain,
As fits them best! O hear the fervent pray'r
Of Friendship, pure and kind as brothers feel;
Send peace to her sad heart, and give her strength
In this dread trial; from her troubled spirit
Each dark and hideous image chace away;
Plant solace only there, and hope serene,
And pleasures mild, and tranquil pure content,
And all thy dearest blessings, that can cheer
Our mingled journey thro' this vale of woe.

FEB. 1, 1797. H.

LINES

On some Improvements in the Town of Belfast, superintended by the Marchioness of Donegall, Daughter of Edward May, Esq.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

DIRE was the magic, tho' the art was vain,
When Birnam Wood march'd forth to Dunsinane;
But here Delusion *seems* to cheat the view,
We look again, and find th' enchantment true.
With higher art our fair Magician grac'd,
Wields, at her will, the potent spell of taste;
In the charm'd circle, where she takes her stand,
E'en rooted trees obey her beck'ning hand;
Fast from their forest heights descend in file,
And, waving, wait the sanction of her smile;
Where the axe fell'd nor slacken'd in its toil,
Here, a new wood adopts the grateful soil,
Breathes health and fragrance thro' the ambient air,
And makes the Town reflect the Country fair;
Then wave again your branches, when you meet
This fair Enchantress with a whisper sweet;
Let ev'ry fibre strike a firmer root,
Let the green blood in swifter circles shoot;
To shape her name, strive ev'ry sportive spray,
Prepare ye Flow'rs, for her, your best bouquet,
And every leaf announce the radiant MAY.

LINES

To a Fly, on its first Appearance in my Room after the severe Winter of 1794.

BY MISS PEARSON.

HA! whence com'st thou, with wing so clear,
Thus soon to brave the chilling year?
Come tell me little wanderer tell
In what deep nest or dreary cell
Thou hast past the dark hybernal day,
Like me to keen despair a prey?
When first emerging from the night
Thou saw'st the warm, refulgent light,
Did'st thou not think thy lucid wing
Was made to fan eternal spring,
That but for thee the lily threw
Her silver bosom to the dew,
That blooms and fruits, and light combin'd
With verdure bright, and breezes kind
To charm thy little frolic mind?
Alas! too soon November's blast
Wou'd teach thee how to rate the past,
Whirl thee on frosty winds to mourn
The joys that never must return,
Clog thy transparent wings with damp,
And all thy tender organs cramp;

Bid thee detest the fragrant day
That woke thee in the breast of May,
And ask why heaven exerts its power
To form the insect of an hour.
" O no my friend," I hear thee cry,
Dare I a weak and tiny fly,
Dare I presume to grasp the plan
Which Men nor Angels e'er shall scan?
—My being has not useless been,
In me the Deity is seen—
These pinions which assist my flight,
Shew every tint of blooming light,
Blended by that Celestial hand,
Which paints the skies, and clothes the land;
And while thy pensive eye shall view
My form minute and beauteous hue,
Thou may'st derive more vigorous power,
To bear misfortune's piercing shower,
Convinc'd the God who car'd for me,
Will ne'er my friend abandon thee.
I ask not why the breath divine
Is for so short a period mine,
But every talent dedicate
To fill the circle mark'd by fate;
With grateful haste I spread my wings,
When bright and sweet the morning springs,
To thank the great benignant God,
Who call'd me from the senseless sod
To drink the dews of essenc'd flowers,
And glitter in the sunny hours.
My infant race I guard with care,
Till instinct bids them rise in air;
And when autumnal evenings close,
I sink resign'd to deep repose.

But not to rear an infant brood,
To revel midst nectareous food,
Or gay in elemental light,
To show my beauty to the sight,
Is all for which I have to give,
Praise to the power who bade me live,
Last year thy hand with eager haste,
Oft snatch'd me from the dazzling waste,
When lur'd to sip thy fragrant tea,
I've fallen in the milky sea—
That life thy great Creator gave,
Thy heart has felt delight to save.
Then shall I gracious heaven arraign,
Or dare to say I'm form'd in vain,
If I have call'd one virtue forth,
Or given one generous feeling birth?

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GUARINI.

Though chang'd to pens were all the trees;
To paper, Heaven; to ink the seas;
Still, still, they'd not suffice, I swear,
Thy countless beauties to declare.

Or though as many tongues had I,
As sands the shore—as stars the sky—
Still, still, too vast a task 'twould be
To name each charm I find in thee.

S. W. I.

TO MY LYRE.

THOUGH I, almost of hope bereft,
Am struggling with a world of ill,
I will not grieve; since thou art left,
O Lyre! my better portion still.

If now thy not untuneful strings
Rightly my trembling hand essays,
Fame yet shall bear, with gladsome wings,
The warbling of thy peaceful lays.

O Lyre! and should the world withhold
The meed to which thy strains aspire,
Can Beauty to thy warmth be cold,
Nor feel the flame, who fed the fire?

Friend of my best, my lonely hours,
Though never praise thy song repay,
On others lost thy soothing pow'rs,
Be thou the partner of my way.

I press thee to a bleeding heart,
O Lyre! which thou alone can'st charm:
Still blunt Misfortune's keenest dart,
And thus life's bitter foes disarm!

And, O! with Hope's transporting glow,
Still warm the landscape fading round;
Enough, if Fancy shall bestow
The only bliss by mortals found!

P. L. C.

ΕΙΚΩ-ΜΑΧΙΑ.

*Or war's resemblance, and of mimic sway
And sculptur'd armies form'd in dread array,
When two proud Kings (the one in armour white
In black the other) court the glorious fight
I sing: Assist me Muses: to thy praise
O Chess, I dedicate these sportive lays;
'Tis for the pleasing hours I've pass'd with you
A homage fit, a tribute justly due.

With hostile mind and fierce ambitious breast
Two Nations quit the peaceful cedar chest,
And issuing forth, a particolour'd train,
Stand rang'd in order on the chequer'd plain—
Their numbers equal, in a double line
From right to left the steely warriors shine—
†Some use the falchion, some the bow or lance,
These fight on foot, while those on coursers prance;
Nor are there wanting beasts on whose broad back
The turret fasten'd, joins the fierce attack.

* Ludimus effigiem belli, simulataque veris
Prælia, buxo acies fictas et ludiera regna:
Ut gemini inter se reges albusque nigerque
Pro laude oppositi certent bicoloribus armis.—Vida.

† ————Sunt qui pedibus certamina inire
Sueti: Sunt et equis qui malint, quique sagittis:
Nec deest, quæ feret armatus in prælia turres
Bellua:

Vida.

Full in the front the vassal pawns appear,
Their haughty Lords stand towering in the rear;
High in the midst the monarchs view with joy
The subject files impatient to destroy,
Tho' weak their arm and circumscrib'd their course,
Their wisdom regulates the powerful force.

* Now Jove assembling all th' immortal band,
Shows where in firm array the warriors stand,
Like Centaurs trusting in their brutal might,
Or Giants marshall'd for the impious fight;
Then sweetly smiling asks what Gods will dare,
Mix in the contest and its dangers share.
But chief of all Threician Mars addrest—
" Since hosts contending, fill with joy thy breast,
" Thou surely, Son, wilt yoke thine iron car,
" And seek with mad delight the gath'ring war."
Thus Mars replies: " I joyless view the field,
" Where art not valour must the laurel yield,
" Contests like these to Pallas I resign,
" Let Agincourt's or Cressy's plains be mine."

Then thus blue-ey'd Minerva: " Ne'er again
" Great Jove, will Pallas seek the chequer'd plain,
" When last I mingled in the glorious fight,
" My bands were scatter'd in ignoble flight;
" Returning from the field with toil opprest,
" In vain all night I courted balmy rest;
" Shame and disgrace, and schemes to rout my foes,
" Employ'd my thoughts and banish'd sweet repose;

* Ζεὺς δὲ θεὺς καλέσας εἰς ὐρανὸν ἀςερόεντα,
Καὶ πολέμυ πλησὶν δείξας, ηεσὶ ἔ μαχήλας
Οἷος Καπανέων ςρατὸς ἔρχεται ἠδὲ γιγάντων,
Ἠδὺ γελῶν ἐρέεινε, &c. &c.

HOMER. *Battle of the Mice and Frogs, line* 166.

" My head with tortures rackt, in pain I lay,
" Till Chanticleer proclaim'd the welcome day.
" But let no God in all the strife be found,
" Lest from a Mortal he receive a wound;
" From proud Olympus' top we may survey,
" Secure from harm the chances of the fray."
With accents wise thus spoke the heavenly Maid,
Jove prais'd her council, and the Gods obey'd.
*So Heav'n forsakes the fight: Th' immortals yield
To human force and human skill the field.

The eager Legions now with one accord,
Clashing their arms, demand the fatal word—
Nor wait they long: for see with threatening lance
And hasty step the royal guards advance,
Their fellow spearmen in a phalanx strong,
To aid their efforts swiftly rush along,
From either side assistant warriors spring,
Harsh sound their bucklers, and their helmets ring.

The battle rages: prodigal of life,
Each well-wrought hero joins the noble strife;
Here the fleet archer bends the fatal bow,
And horsemen trample on the prostrate foe;
There Tow'rs on Elephants defend the flanks,
And Queens resistless thin opposing ranks.
Tell now, O Muse, what chieftains first were slain,
By whom subdued, they bit the dusty plain?
Two furious Knights, whose crimson swords were dyed
With blood of spearmen (an ignoble tide)
Each with the other urg'd the work of fate,
By martial ardour fir'd and deadly hate:

* Pope's translation of the Iliad—Book 6th.

Long time they fought: The Ivory Chief at length
Fell victim to his foe's superior strength,
Nor perish'd unreveng'd: a hissing dart
Sung thro' the air, and found his rival's heart.

The sable Elephant a side-long blow
Laid prostrate next before the archer foe,
An arrow pierc'd his unprotected flank,
Where the Knight's vassal left a fatal blank;
The dark-rob'd Queen enrag'd, her falchion drew,
And swift as light'ning on the archer flew;
With one fell blow she cleft his helm in twain,
Th' avenging steel sunk deep into his brain.

The combat deepens: wedg'd in close array
The pigmy hosts dispute the hard-fought day;
Now to the black, the snowy Legions yield,
And now in turn they drive them o'er the field;
Again they fly, yet rally still again,
While dying Heroes cover all the plain.

At length the Heroine clad in milk-white mail
With force collected turns the doubtful scale;
Her studded falchion waving high in air,
Spreads all around her terror and despair;
In vain the moving Tow'rs stupendous height,
In vain the boldest Chiefs oppose her might,
Wide o'er the fields she flies dispensing fate,
Havoc and death upon her footsteps wait.

Meanwhile the gloomy Queen, with fell intent,
Approach'd the hostile King's unguarded tent,
An archer fierce, well skill'd with art divine,
To send the arrow from the sounding line,
Supports his leader in the bold design;
Yet vain their efforts prove: The cautious King
Foresees th' attack, and seeks his sheltering wing.

Resigning now each hope of bright success,
The daring Maiden sought the battle's press;
Now on the right, now left impetuous pour'd
The swift destruction of her slaughtering sword,
With novel ardour fir'd the sable force,
And checkt her rival in her deadly course.

Their loosen'd files the scatter'd warriors close,
Fiercer and fiercer still the battle grows;
Thick flights of arrows rush along the sky,
And hurl"d from nervous arms the lances fly;
The snorting courser with remorseless tread,
Crushes alike the dying and the dead;
Heaps fall on heaps: while tides of gushing blood,
Dye all the plain, and roll a purple flood.

At length a Knight, on whose refulgent cone,
Floating in air, a snowy plumage shone,
Attacks the Monarch and his Consort true,
Who rule the nations of the swarthy hue;
With full-orb'd shields, whole legions interpose,
And strive to guard their leaders from his blows:
Alas! in vain! as Destiny requires
To save her King, the warrior nymph expires—
How sweet a fate, how envied such a death,
With glory crown'd she yielded up her breath!

Nor did the Conqueror long survive the deed—
Spite of his prowess, and his vaulting steed,
Beneath the King's avenging arm he fell,
And snatch'd from triumphs, sought the shades of hell.

The sable host, dejected and forlorn,
Their chief defence, their mighty bulwark gone,

To hostile fury fall an easy prey,
As o'er the board in wild despair they stray;
Encompassing their Prince a chosen train,
*A dying kind of combat still maintain;
Like as when life has left each other part,
The blood yet rallies round the struggling heart:
On these the whole collected battle turns,
On every side an iron circle burns,
As when at fam'd Thermopylæ, the band
Of patriot heroes made their glorious stand,
Long they oppos'd proud Persia's countless might,
And long undaunted wag'd the desperate fight;
At length stretch'd lifeless on th' ensanguin'd field,
The contest only with their lives they yield:
Thus the dark Legions at their Monarch's side,
Like them fought nobly and like them too nobly died.

The haughty King, each faithful subject slain,
Flies struck with terror o'er the fatal plain;
†As when Aurora with her radiant car,
From heav'n's blue firmament has chas'd each star,
Venus still lingers with her circlet bright,
Then disappears, ‡last in the train of night.

Where'er he moves, the persevering foe
Hangs on his footsteps, and insults his woe—

* Shakespeare.

† Medio rex æquore inermis
Constitit amissis sociis: velut æthere in alto
Expulit ardentes flammas ubi lutea bigis
Luciferis Auroræ, tuus pulcherrimus ignis
Lucet adhuc Venus et cœlo mox ultimus exit.
VIDA, line 604.

‡ Milton.

With frantic gaze o'er all the chequer'd plain,
He looks for succour, but he looks in vain;
Each haughty warrior shines in armour white,
No sable banner glads his aching sight—
At length encircled round, 'tis vain to fly,
Check fills the valleys, Check the vaulted sky:
The Queen who long with secret joy had view'd
The fallen Prince ingloriously pursued,
Now rushes on him with unceasing hate,
And lays him prostrate with a stern Check-mate.

OXFORD, JAN. 31, 1805. ASIB.

MARTIAL AD LIBRUM SUUM.

In the bookseller's windows you long to be shewn,
Little book! tho' my desk is entirely your own.
You know not, our critics have nice-judging eyes;
And, believe me, the town is prodigiously wise.
Men are loud both their censure and scorn to disclose;
Young, and old, even children, all turn up the nose.
While you fondly expect on Fame's pinions to rise,
'Tis a Blanket, will toss you, my book, to the skies.
But you, that your master may cease to condemn,
Nor your sallies be quench'd any more by his phlegm,
Are ambitious to leave me, and largely to roam;
Go, fly; but you might have been safer at home.

V. D'A.

THE SPIRIT OF ALBION.

BY PROFESSOR RICHARDSON.

I saw, as in the times of old,
Albion's heroic Spirit bold,
And vigorous: And from afar,
Heard his loud summons to the marshal'd war.—
Skiddaw! between thee and the sky
The mighty Genius on thy summit stood:
I mark'd the light'ning of his eye
Flash on the fury of th' Atlantic flood,
That saw his navies speed their urgent way
Arm'd with the power of his imperial sway.
His golden tresses floating on the wind,
His purple raiment loosely flow'd behind;
Afar his shield's effulgent radiance gleam'd;
And wide his sable crest terrific stream'd.
The mountain trembled as his spear he shook:
And Gallia shrunk beneath his with'ring look.

The tumult of the briny main,
The golden culture of the southern plain,
And Scotia's mountainous array,
Around in ample prospect lay.

Nor less esteem'd green Erin's kindred isle
Met the mild rapture of his lenient smile:
A transient smile! for thund'ring from afar
Roll'd the black hurricane of impious war.—

I saw, as in the times of old,
Albion's heroic Spirit bold;
And heard, as with indignant pride,
" To arms! my gallant Sons!" he cried.

" With you what nation may compare
" For freedom and impartial laws?
" Ye know your rights, and knowing dare
" Be valiant in a righteous cause.

" Ye will, with ready heart and hand,
" Immediate to your shores descend:
" Ye will, your rights and native land,
" Your altars, and your roofs defend.

" From every hill and dale around,
" My Britons! heirs of endless fame!
" I hear your martial clangor sound;
" I hear with joy, your loud acclaim.

" My military ranks, behold!
" Whom no assailant shall dismay,
" How firmly-resolute, and bold!
" How graceful in their bright array!

" How graceful is the gallant Youth
" Whose heart with martial ardour glows!
" The champion of a nation's truth!
" Th' avenger of her wrongs and woes!

" On him shall expectation wait,
" His dear, dear country's hope and stay:
" A pillar in our peerless state:
" In glory's crown a brilliant ray.

" Now, while the martial clangor sounds,
" And wide the waving banners fly,
" How eagerly his bosom bounds!
" Extacy kindling in his eye!

" Awake, ye minstrels, wake the lyre!
" Loud let the mighty descant flow,
" For him who breathes heroic fire!
" And hurls defiance at the foe!—

" A gentler breath pervades the sky:
" And soft that beam of orient day:
" Was it a Maiden's tender sigh?
" Her melting blue-eye's humid ray?

" Cease, gentle Maiden, cease to mourn:
" Let no alarm your bosom move:
" Soon will the valiant Youth return
" Victorious, to your faithful love.

" Go forth, ye British Youth! and save
" Your country from a cruel foe:
" The rage of bloody conflict brave:
" And lay the proud oppressor low.

" Despise his menace; scorn his wiles
" And lay him spurning in the dust:
" For Heaven on your endeavour smiles;
" To Heaven for timely succour trust."

ELEGY

Addressed to the Rev. Thos. Sedgewick Whalley, on leaving his Seat, Mendip Lodge, in Somersetshire, Oct. 10, 1804.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

FAREWELL, my FRIEND, who 'mid thy lofty bowers
Hast sooth'd and cheer'd my soul, oppress'd by woe!
Thine many a potent spell to wing the hours,
And in Life's winter, bid the Spirit glow:

Yes, e'en tho' Sorrow aid the frost of Time
To blight the forms of Fancy as they rise,
Till all of Great, of Lovely, of Sublime,
Is view'd with tearful, tho' admiring eyes.

High on thy mountain-eminence I stand
Or range the lawny walk that zones its brow,
See vales and woods and lesser hills expand,
As in a map, the verdant steep below.

Pledges of Life, see Villas throng'd acquire
Sweet power to socialize the blooming plains;
Pledges of LIFE ETERNAL, many a Spire
Turn to the orient Sun its golden vanes!

While yonder, stretching far its amber line,
Dividing England from the Cambrian strand,
Wide in the blush of morning rolls the * Brine,
That bears our commerce to each distant Land.

These, view'd from the rich bowers, that deck thy hill,
Or from thy gay * Veranda's light arcade,
With thrilling transport must the bosom fill,
If hope and peace its secret sense pervade.

On me the various Landscape shines in vain,
Since the Grave's iron slumber seals those eyes,
Now that must never view thy bright domain,
Or meet thy rays of genius as they rise;

Each generous kindness, worth without alloy;
Meet them and blend with them congenial fires!—
O! in *that* thought my sensible of joy
Sinks in my breast, and, ere it warms, expires.

Nor yet the Tuscan splendors of thy walls,
Where all of elegance and art unite
To charm the eye, *that* vanish'd sense recalls;—
No, not one spark of its extinguish'd light!

But when I see thee, Friend, thus high uprais'd,
Above pale Envy's reach, on Fortune's shrine;
And when my eyes have on these blessings gaz'd,
Which for thy heart the wreaths of Comfort twine;

When all her soften'd emanations live
In the consoling sweetness of thy smiles,

* Milton uses Brine for the Sea.
" The air was calm, and on the level Brine,
" Sleek Panope and all her Sisters play'd."

* A Tuscan Colonade roofed.

Then from thy joys my joyless hours receive
Reflected peace, that transiently beguiles;

Beguiles to sweet forgetfulness the grief
That dim in deprivation shrouds my heart;
Mine, while life still is mine, be *that* relief
A Friend's dear bliss now only can impart!

Long be thy gentle Consort the mild light,
Shedding content o'er all thy waning days!
And may they stretch with long protracted flight,
And bear to HEAVEN thy grateful, pious praise!

And may Distemper's mist from thee and thine,
Thy lovely Frances, and thy faithful Wife,
Fly, like the rain when Summer mornings shine,
Nor stain with one pale cloud thy eve of life!

Edwy, farewell! to Lichfield's darken'd grove,
With aching heart, and rising sighs, I go;
Yet bear a grateful spirit, as I rove,
For all of thine which balm'd a cureless woe.

RURAL INSCRIPTION.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

HERE sleeps FIDELIA; she was humbly born,
And poor, but virtues of no common rank,
Such as might grace the proudest Monarch's dome,
A mind enlightened, and a feeling heart

Were her's—But most, soft PITY graced the maid,
And I have heard her oft caution the step
Of the unwary passenger, if chance
A worm lay in his path, in Mercy's name,
Not to tread on it. All the neighbourhood
Could tell how gentle, and how good she was
To all dumb creatures.
For her's were not affected sympathies,
Nor nerves like those of some romantic Miss,
That thrill not, but to well-imagined tales
Of *fancied* woe; to Misery's *real* pang
Callous. She had not learnt to exchange the pure
And warm affections of the untainted heart,
For modish sensibility—Her soul
Was simple Nature, and her teacher God.

Therefore she lived, and died, a sainted Maid,
Pure from contamination of foul sin,
And unpolluted by the world, through which
She passed, like some translucent stream, that winds
Through fields and fertile vallies; and her name
Is as the essence of the vernal rose
That scents to Heaven, when its soft hues are fled,
And all its beauties withered!

Blessed ye,
Children of innocence, whoe'er ye are,
Blessed are ye! For when at midnight hour,
The bridegroom cometh, ye shall then be found
With your lamps burning, ready to sit down
In company of those five virgins wise
With Him, at his high-marriage feast, and dwell
For ever, with the saints redeemed, in light.

THE DECAY OF FLOWERS.

BY PROFESSOR RICHARDSON.

Die, blooming Flowers! as if ye ne'er had been;
Die, and relinquish this empurpled scene:
Die, and in due succession, in your stead,
Others shall bloom, and equal fragrance shed:
Like you, bereav'd of every living grace,
Like you, in every clime, the human race
Shall perish in succession.—" No!" I hear
Reason announce, in accent soft and clear,
Tun'd to the warbling of those heav'nly strings
With whose sweet strain the sapphire region rings
When holy Faith, in pity to mankind,
Reveals the triumphs of th' immortal mind;
I hear, with mingled music from on high,
Reason announce, " Altho' they seem to die,
" Not like the blossoms of the woody glade,
" Shall the bright Flowers of Human-nature fade:
" Adorn'd with mercy, piety, and truth,
" They still shall flourish in immortal youth."—
Ye Flowers of Human-nature! at the time
We grieve for your decay, in orient prime,
Beneath the brilliancy of heavenly skies,
Ye bloom; while here ye seem to fade, ye rise
Gay in th' embellishment of recent hues;
Gales of more exquisite perfume diffuse,
Than ye could breathe amid the mists below;
And gilt with beams of conscious splendor glow.

THE HARVEST CROCUS.

BY THOMAS STOTT, ESQ.

When Ceres with a liberal hand,
Her bounty deals around,
And rural Labour's joyful band
Behold their wishes crown'd;

When Flora's gaudier beauties fade
That bore the bell in Spring,
And Silence holds the sylvan glade
Where Music wont to sing;

What time September's chastened beam
To rural walks invites,
Down the green margin of the stream
Or up the breezy heights;

When Swallows on the house-top meet
In council to prepare
For warmer climes, the voyage fleet
Through distant fields of air;

Meek Flowret then, we greet thy birth,
In yonder sheltered bed,
Where smiling on the lap of earth
Thou lift'st thy purple head.

Poor Orphan! no parental leaves
  Protect thy infant bloom,
Thee Fortune of that boon bereaves;
  They met an early doom!

Thy nakedness with pitying eye
  The gentle Cowslip sees,
And spreads her verdant mantle nigh
  To screen thee from the breeze.

Whilst Robin still at Evening's hour
  (As if respect to pay)
Perches beside thee in the bower,
  And chaunts his dulcet lay.

Thy vernal sister sprang to light
  The lengthening day to cheer,
But thou remain'st to charm our sight
  When Winter's gloom draws near.

O! could the Muse thy date prolong
  Beyond a Flowret's doom,
Then should'st thou flourish in my song
  Perennially in bloom.

DROMORE, SEPT. 1805.

EPIGRAM.

OLD George has a habit, from which he won't swerve,
  Of telling strange tales, when a school-boy at Oldham;
But I wish that this habit would now-and-then serve
  To make him remember how oft he has told 'em.

**

EVENING.

THE light breeze steals the vesper-dew
From golden clouds that burn on high,
Which fling o'er Heaven's transparent blue
The changing colours of the sky;

While o'er the distant waters pale
That glimmer on the aching sight,
They tinge the white unfurling sail,
With rosy wreaths of western light.

And as the Sea's cold bosom glows,
You isle in doubtful distance seen,
The waving shade of twilight throws
O'er the proud billow's pallid green.

And deep in Ocean's sparry caves,
The sea-shells to the Zephyr ring,
That fluttering o'er the silver waves,
Pours the first music of the spring.

Amid the waters mournful roar,
They soothe the Wanderer of the deeps,
Who turns to view the parting shore,
And o'er the well-known landscape weeps!

ADELINE.

EDINBURGH, JUNE 12, 1805.

ELEGY

On the Death of a favourite Horse, 12th April, 1800, who expired while under Exercise of a cruel Servant.

Poor, once-lov'd animal! Thou art at peace;
Thy labours all are o'er; thy race is run!
The lingering pains of wasting sickness cease;
And the last irksome task of life is done!

Yet scarcely can I check the starting tear,
That, stretch'd at length in clay-cold death's embrace,
My old companion lies, who many a year
Scarce rivall'd shone in field, or course, or chace!

Can I forget, when on the dusty plain
Thou bor'st me foremost mid th' applauding shout,
When e'en as the last point we seem'd to gain,
One faithful spring reliev'd the loitering doubt?

Can I forget, how oft with footstep strong
For thy pleas'd Master thou hast won thy way,
When hill and vale, the flat, the woods among,
The echoing hounds pursu'd the fleeting prey?

The long and weary march can I forget,
Still as we travers'd England's utmost bound,
When the proud courser crown'd with bays, could yet
E'en faithful to the plodding pace be found?

Can I forget thee, when the warlike crew
Met gay in arms, that glitter'd in the sun,
Oft as the charge the cheering bugle blew,
How swift, how bold, how firm thou led'st them on?

Methinks I see thee in the bloom of health,
Sleek in thy coat, and in thy trappings gay,
By sportsmen envied, and admir'd by wealth,
Fresh as in life before my fancy play!

And now I see thee bony, dull, and lean,
When fell disease thy vital strength consum'd,
Jest of the vulgar for thy meagre mien,
To sad neglect of the unfeeling doom'd!

Methinks on me thou turn'st the asking eye;
And, "Master, is it thus?" thou seem'st to say;
"Unfriended wilt thou leave me now to sigh?
"In the chill hour of need wilt thou betray?

"Ah, me! to cruel hands consign'd I die!
"See my limbs fail; my heart-blood ebbs its last;
"Cross my dim sight the clouds of darkness fly;
"Earth fades before me; and the conflict's past!"

Thou diest, old friend, far from thy Master's aid;
But not unfollow'd by the bursting tear:
And o'er the spot where thy poor bones are laid,
Shall fond Remembrance oft thy trophies rear!

THE GRAVE OF YOUTH.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

WHEN Life is hurried to untimely close
In th' years of crystal eyes, and burnish'd hair,
Dire are the thoughts of DEATH; eternal parting
From all the precious Soul's yet known delights,
All she had clung to here;—from Youth and Hope,
And the year's blossom'd April;—bounding Strength,
Which had out-leap'd the Roes, when morning suns
Yellow'd their forest-glade;—from Reaper's shout,
And cheerful swarm of populous Towns;—from Time,
Which tells of joys fore past, and promises
The dear return of Seasons, and the bliss
Crowning a fruitful Marriage;—from the stores
Of well-engrafted knowledge;—from all utterance,
Since, in the silent GRAVE, no talk! no music!
No gay surprise, by unexpected good,
Social, or individual!—no glad step
Of welcome Friend, with more intenseness listen'd
Than warbled melody!—no Father's councel,
No Mother's smile;—no Lover's whisper'd vow!—
There nothing breathes, save the insatiate worm,
And nothing *is* but the drear altering Corse,
Resolving silently to shapeless dust,
In unpierc'd darkness, and in blank OBLIVION!

MY FATHER!

BY DR. DRENNAN.

'Gaudeant Bene Nati.'

Who took me from my Mother's arms,
And, smiling at her soft alarms,
Show'd me the World and Nature's charms?
My Father.

Who made me feel, and understand,
The Wonders of the Sea and Land,
And mark through all, the Maker's Hand?
My Father.

Who climb'd, with me, the mountain's height,
And watch'd my look of dread delight,
While rose the glorious Orb of Light?
My Father.

Who from each flower and verdant stalk,
Gather'd a honey'd store of talk,
And fill'd the long delightful walk?
My Father.

Not on an insect would he tread,
Nor strike the stinging nettle dead,
Who taught, at once, my heart, and head,
My Father.

Who wrote upon that Heart the line
Paidia grav'd on Virtue's shrine, *
To make the human race divine?

My Father.

Who fir'd my breast with Homer's fame,
And taught the high heroic theme,
That nightly flash'd upon my dream?

My Father.

Who smil'd at my supreme desire,
To see the " curling smoke aspire †,"
From Ithaca's domestic fire?

My Father.

Upon the raft, amidst the foam,
Who, with Ulysses, saw me roam,
His head still rais'd to look for home?

My Father.

' What made a barren rock so dear?'
" My boy!—he had a *country* there."
And who then dropt a prescient tear?

My Father.

Who, *now*, in pale and placid light
Of Memory, gleams upon my sight,
And bursts the Sepulchre of Night?

My Father.

O teach me still thy christian plan,
Thy practice with thy precept ran,
Nor yet desert me—now a man,

My Father.

* Ἀληθέυειν και ευεργετεῖν.

The summary of education, and what ought to be inscribed on the door of her temples.

† καπνον εφιτροχουντα νοησαι.

Odyss.

Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice,
With charm of thy angelic voice;
Still prompt the motive, and the choice,
My Father.

For yet remains a little space
Till I shall meet thee face to face;
And not, as now, in vain embrace
My Father.

JUNE 27, 1804.

LINES

Written under Lady ——'s Portrait.

WHEN Age my throbbing heart shall tame,
And e'en my fair one's form shall change,
Youths, of my constant hopeless flame
Shall hear—and haply think it strange.

But when, bright Portrait, thou hast prov'd
What beauties did my heart assail,
They'll wonder—not that I have lov'd—
But that I've liv'd to tell the tale.

S. W. L.

STANZAS,

To the Memory of a Young Officer, who died in the English Camp before Alexandria, 1801.

THERE are who sink unheeded to the grave,
Yet sleep a blessed sleep, and wake in heaven;
There are o'er whom a thousand trophies wave,
To whom nor peace, nor rest, nor bliss is given.

There are o'er whom kind Beauty scatters flowers,
While Friendship rears the rural mound;
Where Pity sheds her evening rainbow showers,
And Honour plants the laurel'd fence around.

Where all is peace and rest and love and bliss,
And pleasing dreams till mortal sleep be past,
When Heaven herself shall stoop, and with a kiss
Awake to life, and joys that ever last.

Such is thy tomb, blest Youth!—A father's verse
Shall decorate thy grave with partial rhime,
And many a kindred eye shall trace thy hearse,
In fancy trace, thro' Egypt's distant clime.

Yet thou, nor hearse, nor holy ground dost share,
Borne on a soldiers's bier in Pagan land;
Yet Heaven shall find thee; for of Heaven the care
Stretches o'er every sea and every strand.

One pride I had—'Twas not the pride of wealth—
O pardon me this sin, offended Heaven!—
'Twas of a rising race of bloom and health,
Of sons and daughters to thy servant given.

But Time doth sweep them one by one away—
Thou art the fifth to meet his cruel power,
Seven sons, six daughters, still behold the day,
And wait the ruthless, reckless, scapeless hour.—

O City, nam'd of him surnam'd the Great,
The world's proud conqueror, hear a parent's prayer,
" Keep safe his duft."—So may thy throngest street,
Escape Heav'ns scourge, for this thy pious care!

Say, did he linger on thy burning sand,
Or did death seize him with a prompt embrace,
And wrestle with the stranger on the strand,
As tho' he came to harm thy Prophet's race?

Yet came he not to harm, or to enslave,
A free-born soldier from a free-born land;
And with his bold compatriots rush'd to save
Thy sinking state from Thraldom's iron hand.

They come—they save—and now a blest return
Awaits their hopes toward their peaceful homes—
Far other lot to thee, dear Youth, the urn
Of those remorseless sisters sternly dooms.

No more shalt thou retread thy native Isle,
Nor e'en thy bones be earthed on Britain's plain,
Nor shall thy dust 'mid kindred dust beguile
The grave's long sleep, till call'd to wake again.

Twenty and two were all thy number'd years;
Nay, scarce that sum did niggard Fate allow:—
A morn of joy—an early noon of tears—
Grief counts her cares by hours, as I do now.

From Death's cold bed toward thy native land
Say, didst thou cast a weary wishful eye;
Or to thy friend's stretch forth thy eager hand,
Then draw it back, to find no friend was nigh?

Thou did'st, I know thy kind domestic heart;
Prompt as the day-spring in the race of Fame,
Yet did it bear a manly, melting part,
Alive to Nature's every tender claim.

Son—Brother—Friend:—But now life's pulses cease;
And all thy charities of kind are cold—
Yet shall they spring afresh with proud increase,
In this immortal garden of earth's mould.

'Tis but the seed time yet of new born man;
The grave the seed bed of eternal day.
Myriad of Spirits their being here began,
And myriads still shall rise from mortal clay.

To reap the harvest of eternal time,
Anon th' Almighty Harvester shall come,
Gather the sheaves of every age and clime,
And to his garner bear the full grain home.

" Then—why this weary verse—can this brief span
" Of brittle earth engage our hopes and fears?
" Alas, this earth's our earth—and man is man—
" And all must pay life's debt of cares and tears."

" Yet—why this weary verse—can verse call back
" Past joys?"—" Time's treacherous mirrour scarce
retains
" Joy's flitting form—while deep pourtrayed in black
" Of stygian dye—it shews our griefs and pains."

" Still—why this weary verse—Will Death's dull ear
" Listen to Pity's cry, and yield his slain?"—
" To steal the rest ev'n now he crouches near,
" But never—never—brings back one again."

" Yet once more—why this verse?"—" Alas, it soothes
" At some short intervals a parent's pain:
" The tossing bed of Agony it smooths,
" And rocks the cradle of the feverish brain."

'Tis something still to sluice Grief's tide high penn'd,
To vent the sigh that rends the bursting heart,
To hold discourse with Woe, as with a friend,
Till weary Nature bids the mourners part.

* Rest, rest, poor Spirit!—Tomorrow shalt thou rise,
And feel the tide of grief and tears return.
Meanwhile † I go,—and with these closed eyes,
In fancy visit—Hapless youth!—thy urn.

1801.

* Apostrophe to Woe, personified in the former stanza.
† Poeta de se loquitur.

HYMNS.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

HYMN I.

O THOU, who from thy Heav'n of Love,
To Man, in mercy, came,
And took, descending from above,
His Nature and his Name,

HUMANITY—Thou sent of God
When Earth was heard to mourn,
To trace the steps our Saviour trod,
And wait—till his return.

Here, Angel Virtue! shake thy plumes,
Their incense, here, impart,
And wing the willing hand that comes
With succour from the heart.

Close, at thy side, see Faith attend,
And point her golden rod,
While Hope, still bright'ning to the end,
Here, seeks her parent God.

O God, may these three Graces bind
In one resplendent zone,
The Destinies of humankind,
And hang them to thy Throne.

HYMN II.

Why does the Will of Heav'n ordain
A World so mix'd with woe;
Why pour down want, disease, and pain,
On wretched men below?

It was the Will of God to leave
Those ills for man to mend;
Nor let Affliction pass the grave,
Before it found a friend.

It was by sympathetic ties,
The human race to bind;
To warm the heart, and fill the eyes,
With Pity for our kind.

Pity, that, like the heav'nly bow,
On darkest cloud doth shine,
And makes, with her celestial glow,
The human face—divine.

Where Mercy takes her custom'd stand
To bid her Flock rejoice,
'Tis there, with Grace extends the hand,
There, Music tunes the voice.

And He, who speaks in Mercy's name,
No fiction needs, nor art,
The still small voice of Nature's claim,
Re-echoes thro' each heart.

Where Pity's frequent tear is shed,
There God is seen—is found;
Descends upon the hallow'd head,
And sheds a Glory round.

But Charity itself may fail,
Which doth not active prove,
Nor will the Pray'r of Faith avail
Without the Works of Love.

HYMN III.

O sweeter than the fragrant flow'r
At Evening's dewy close,
The Will united with the Power,
To succour human woes!

And softer than the softest strain
Of Music to the ear,
That placid joy we give and gain
By Gratitude sincere!

The Husbandman goes forth afield;
What hopes his heart expand,
What calm delight his labours yield
A Harvest—from his hand.

A Hand that providently throws,
Not dissipates in vain:
How neat his field! how clean it grows!
What produce from each grain!

The nobler husbandry of mind,
And culture of the heart,
Shall this, with Man, less favour find?
Less genuine joy impart?

O no—your goodness strikes a root
That dies not, nor decays,
And future Life shall yield the fruit,
That blossoms now in praise.

The youthful hopes that here expand
Their green and tender leaves,
Shall spread a plenty o'er the land
In rich and yellow sheaves.

Thus, a small bounty well bestow'd
May perfect Heav'ns high plan;
First Daughter to the Love of God
Is Charity to Man.

'Tis He who scatters blessings round,
Adores his Maker best:
For Him whose life was mercy-crown'd,
The Bed of Death is blest.

HYMN IV.

In this fair globe with ocean bound,
And with the starry concave crown'd,
In Earth below, in Heav'n above,
How clear reveal'd that God is Love.

I seem to hear th' Angelic voice
Which bless'd the work, and bade, rejoice!
It vibrates still through ev'ry part,
And echoes through my grateful heart.

In God all creatures live and move,
Motes in the sun-beam of his love,
Vast Nature quickens in his sight,
Existence feels and new delight.

Through glad creation's ample range
Rolls on the wheel of ceaseless change:
The Phœnix renovates his breath,
Nor dreads destruction e'en in death.

From ashes of this World, sublime,
Beyond the reach of thought or time,
On wings of Faith and Hope he soars,
And Truth in Love eternally adores.

TO MRS. G.

BY THE SAME.

The Harp, our glory once, but now our shame,
Follow'd my Country's fate, and slept without a name.
The Angel Friendship brush'd it with her wings,
Surpriz'd by sudden life, the trembling strings
Faintly, to Thee, gave forth one grateful strain,
Then sought the quiet of the Tomb again.

THE ALTAR OF CLEMENCY.

IMITATED FROM STATIUS.

At Athens erst an Altar stood inscribed
To Clemency: no god was there invoked,
Nor vow preferred to deprecate his ire,
But there the unhappy met, and with chaste rites
Hallowed the chosen spot. Thither they came,
And thence, well-pleased, departed, for their prayer
Was ne'er rejected, and the placid form
Of the mild Power indulgent to their suit
Listened propitious. Simple were her rites
And pure. No incense fumed in clouds to heaven,
No pompous sacrifice, nor blood of kids
Profaned her modest altar, never bathed
Save with moist tears, nor incensed but with sighs.
Contiguous rose a grove whose umbrage brown
Engirted it around: the laurel there
And olive high o'er-arching, formed a shade
Of never-fading verdure. Here unseen
The Power presided, and her gifts alone
Bespoke the sacred inmate of the place:
O tender Pity! whose consoling voice
With gentle soothings heals the wounded heart;
O hallowed Altar, and O peaceful Grove,
My song shall ever hail you. Hapless they,
Who fostered by Prosperity, ne'er felt
The joy that thrills the heart, when some kind friend
Partakes our grief, and mingles with our own
The tear of warm affection!———

S.

TO ALONZO.

Too long, Alonzo, have I borne
The cold contempt, and silent scorn,
With which my love is paid;
The object of unfeeling jest,
Or in mock pity call'd at best,
A fond believing Maid.

But when with smiles you deck your face,
And ev'ry soft destructive grace,
That charms but to betray;
The strong delusion binds me fast,
I think not on the sorrows past,
Nor dread a future day.

Ador'd Deceiver! fondly priz'd
By her whom thou hast oft despis'd,
Attempt no more t' allure;
Ah! let me fly, nor view those eyes,
On which whoever gazes, dies,
Beyond an hope of cure.

There in some wild, secluded spot,
In secret will I mourn my lot,
And weep my life away;
My sighs shall heave, my tears shall flow,
In unexhausted streams of woe,
Till Nature's self decay.

And when this frame with anguish torn,
By white-wing'd Seraphs shall be borne,
To joy and liberty,
Ah! wilt thou drop one pitying tear,
And say, " an hapless Maid is here,
" Who liv'd and died for me."

NOVEMBER 30th, 1803. IÆRA.

LINES

Written previously to an expected Interview with a Gentleman.

——" Now heart
Be ribb'd with iron for this one attempt!"

DRYDEN.

'Tis come! the fatal hour appears
(Mark'd by a thousand hopes and fears)
Which Love of all his power disarms,
Or yields me trembling to his arms.

Reason perceives the conflict nigh,
And breathes the deep prophetic sigh;
She sees the tempest rolling on,
She hears the cry of conquest won.

But Hope that fickle power below,
Now Reason's friend, and now her foe,
Forsakes triumphant Cupid's train,
And bids the vanquish'd rise again.

She tells that Love no magic brings,
Diffusing from his purple wings;
Resistless but to those who yield,
And quitting a disputed field.

Desponding Reason hears the tale,
And trusts her terrors may prevail;
Her strength and pride she reassumes,
And drest with Heaven the Goddess blooms.

Yet doubtful and suspicious still,
She guards against impending ill,
Lest keen-eyed Love on watch should keep,
To seize her, careless or asleep.

This day the contest will decide,
This day their mutual strength be tried;
This fixes captive Reason's doom,
Or raises Love's eternal tomb.

IÆRA.

Though keen the pang that rends the heart
From friends or fortune doom'd to part,
Yet Time and Reason can restore
The banish'd seraph, Peace, once more.
One grief alone eternal lours!
For O! with more than magic powers,
What balm can soothe the bosom's pain,
That deeply loves, but loves in vain!

R. A. D.

EPITHALAMIUM.

WHEN wedlock joins the rich and great,
The venal sons of wealth and pow'r,
A thousand mercenary pens
Record the mercenary hour:
My Muse has found an happier day
To string her lyre and tune her lay.

No compact this where golden stores
The honours of a name must buy,
'Twas formed by vows of fondest truth,
And witness'd by a mutual sigh:
Love claps his wings exulting now,
And seals the hymeneal vow.

Thou, happy Swain, shalt clasp the Maid,
Who to thy first born hopes was known,
And boast, (a boast alas how rare!)
Thy heart has beat for her alone;
Her charms shall still thy cottage cheer,
And every toil her smiles endear.

And thou, sweet Maid, his ardent love,
Shalt meet with answering love imprest,
And not e'en he shall proudly own
A truer heart or happier breast;
For this thy pride and boast shall be,
That thou canst love as well as he.

Blest pair! whom each returning Sun,
With welcome ray shall call from rest,
And fervid noon, and milder eve,
Shall find as truly fondly blest:
Each night, the Angel Peace, shall shed,
Her tranquil poppies o'er each head.

O who would not to bliss so pure
Surrender all Life's transient hours,
Pass by the rankling thorns of state
And gather fair though humble flow'rs:
Let av'rice pause, let grandeur melt,
And sigh for joys they never felt.

Nor let the pride-elated heart,
Pass these plain cots and lowly cells,
For there the Nymph they seek in vain,
The meek-ey'd Nymph Contentment dwells:
'Tis hers to give the vivid health,
That mocks to scorn the dow'r of wealth.

For 'tis not wealth can dry the tear
That flows from hope for ever fled,
Or solace with one cheering ray
The mourner on affliction's bed;
As well might gold invade the tomb,
And banish thence its cheerless gloom.

For though each pageant pow'r bestows,
The Soul's supreme ambition meet,
Though either India's countless stores,
Were pour'd exhaustless at the feet;
Oh! how the heart, in vain, might sigh
For that which "gold can never buy."

For conscious peace, for virtue pure,
For all domestic bliss bestows,
Where wearied with eternal toil,
The anxious bosom seeks repose:
Twines fondly round the cherish'd dome,
And forms the paradise of home.

Such are blest pair! your heartfelt joys,
And time shall give them glad increase;
And when at length Life's closing hour
Consigns you to the realms of Peace;
My Muse e'en then shall bless the day
That strung her lyre and tun'd her lay.

A. N

EPIGRAM

FROM THE FRENCH.

Old John a bookseller, renowned in the trade,
By this traffic a fortune prodigious has made;
While young John, his son, who scrawls prose, Sir, and verse,
By the bookselling trade has quite emptied his purse.
Can you guess why so different a fate is assign'd
For a pair to the same occupation confin'd?
Old John speculates, like a shrewd one, alone
On the works of those authors for merit well-known;
But young John, alas! speculates on his own.

R. A. D.

LOST FRIENDS;

AN EPISTLE TO MRS. O——.

TO MRS. O——.

MY DEAR MADAM,

THE following little Poem, if I may be allowed to call it so, is entirely indebted to yourself for its appearance, and probably for its existence. For this reason, permit me to address it to you, as a mark of my best esteem and regard, to which I know you are so well entitled.

The trifling lines with which the Poem begins, will indicate to you the lively spirit with which I sat down to address you in the character of a Sylph—a title which I have ventured to assume to myself, with the hope of being acknowledged by the amiable and ingenious * " Sylph" of E—, as an admissible correspondent.

* Alluding to a very pleasing and ingenious copy of verses written by Mrs. O— in the character of a " Sylph." Note, the title of " Sylph" is appropriated indiscriminately to either sex:

" Her guardian " Sylph" prolong'd the balmy rest,
" 'Twas *He* had summon'd to her silent bed
" The morning dream."—

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

" As now your own, our Beings were of old,
" And once inclos'd in " Woman's" beauteous mould."

ID.

For conscious peace, for virtue pure,
For all domestic bliss bestows,
Where wearied with eternal toil,
The anxious bosom seeks repose:
Twines fondly round the cherish'd dome,
And forms the paradise of home.

Such are blest pair! your heartfelt joys,
And time shall give them glad increase;
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"Her guardian "Sylph" prolong'd the balmy rest,
"'Twas *He* had summon'd to her silent bed
"The morning dream."—

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

"As now your own, our Beings were of old,
"And once inclos'd in "Woman's" beauteous mould."

ID.

I had no intentions of exceeding the bounds of a short poetical Epistle when I began it—but the subject grew so fast upon me, and the Muse found so many dormant materials ready to engage her memory, sorrows, and attention, that I have been insensibly led to notice many remarkable and melancholy events in my life—and to describe the sensations with which the recollection of them is now accompanied.

I may be permitted also to add, that I have found relief in giving my complaints utterance, particularly as I know, that I communicate my feelings to a mind, which, from a perusal of its productions, I am convinced is in many essential respects congenial with my own.

I pay myself a great compliment by this comparison, and by thinking my verses worthy of your kind acceptance—for though I profess myself to be, I hope, not an undiscerning admirer of the Muse, yet I have no pretensions to be highly favoured by her in return. It is but very rarely that I indulge myself in committing my thoughts to verse, and then only I do it for the gratification of myself, and a very narrow circle of friends—in which number, give me leave, henceforth, to inscribe your name, as the "Sylph" or Muse of E—.

With every sentiment of sincerity and esteem,

Believe me to be,

My Dear Madam,

Yours most faithfully,

JULY 8, 1805. THE AUTHOR.

LOST FRIENDS.

DEAR Sylph,
And so this long-intended visit
Of 'Mine' to 'Your's' is settled, is it?
Well—I could wish with all my heart,
That I myself might bear a part;
But we're so busy with our hay,
I cannot, must not, come away:
For 'Master's eye' or 'Master's mind,'
We Sylphs well know, should stay behind.
Things being thus, I judge it better,
If possible, to send a letter:
(Of course, I fancy, you expect one)
To introduce my Friends to E—.
Indeed, the friendship which I bear
For *them who hourly claim my care,
Makes me more anxious yet to show you,
That *They* I wish so much to know you,
May, on acquaintance, haply prove
Not undeserving of your love:
And that †'Yourselves' may welcome too
The kind regard they feel for You.
Know then, with joy sincere they greet
The pleasure promis'd when you meet;
For, trust me, though but seldom seen,
They yet, long time, your friends have been.

They, who in Virtue's peaceful ways,
Have liv'd, like you, a length of days;

* The Author's Family.
† Mrs. O— and her Sisters.

Surveying, with discerning eyes,
The forms of Folly as it flies;
And conscious, that "ourselves to know,"
Is supreme Wisdom here below;
By ev'ry bond of worth approv'd,
May well be honor'd—and be lov'd!

The mis'ry which on life attends,
The loss of health—the 'Loss of Friends'
Ye too have felt—nor will deny
The tear of Sensibility.
Ah! there, dear Sylph, my sorrow leads,
And asks the balm my bosom needs;
For many years must yet return,
Before we here shall cease to mourn,
With sighs and tears beyond controul,
The * child—the darling—of our soul.
The Angel—lent us to excite
Foretaste of Heav'n's pure delight!
But this world's promises are vain;
Scarce have we labour'd to attain
Life's op'ning threshold, ere we find
The grave—the 'victory' of mankind!
Such have we found it here—and Age
Confirms the fatal pilgimage.
For oft in contemplation deep,
And taught by recent wounds to weep
Our dear-lost-child—the sorrowing Muse
Her mournful tales of grief renews:

"The hour," she says, "which gave † me birth,
"Consign'd my ‡ mother to the earth—

* The Author's eldest child, his dear Lydia, born July, 1795, died November, 1804.

† The Author, born Jan. 14, 1768.

‡ The Author's mother, born Feb. 1735; married Nov. 1760; died March 20, 1768.

" A Saint, indeed, she was, possest
" Of virtues that would make her blest!
" Fit spirit for the realms above,
" Full of benevolence and love.
" When lying on the couch of death,
" Life trembl'd on her parting breath,
" Angels of Light enshrin'd her bed;
" She own'd the hallow'd trance, and said:

" ' The glorious company of Saints on high,
" ' Invite my ling'ring spirit—ere I die
" ' Accept, dear friends, my blessing—lo! I rise,
" ' To share the bliss immortal in the skies!'"

" Light into air the holy vision stole—
" She sweetly smil'd—and yielded up her soul!
" Dear, honour'd, sainted mother! known
" To me, thy child, by name alone,
" And by thy virtues, yet rever'd
" With all the love which e'er endear'd
" A Mother's tend'rest cares, now blest,
" And welcom'd as a heav'nly guest;
" Full oft my rising mind will trace
" The raptures of that chaste embrace,
" Which, with the Angels, would restore
" Thy * brother's love—to part no more!
" Him, whom thy dying words record,
" ' A holy man, and loved of the Lord' "
" He was a holy man, and Fame
" In His recites an honor'd name:
" Granta in him beheld the birth
" Of rarest genius and of worth—

* The Rev. J. W. M. A. Fellow of C. C. C. C. born Sept. 1733, died, of a consumption, Dec. 1766. He was the first person who (with the most flattering preeminence) obtained the singularly high 'honours' of the "Senior Wrangler" and "Senior Medalist," at Camb. 1756. Only two other Gentlemen have since succeeded in uniting in themselves the same high honours.

" Him, first of all, the Muses nine
" Taught by rich talents to combine
" Their various arts, and Science smil'd
" To crown in him her matchless child!

" But lo! such honors often bloom
" To decorate a fav'rite's tomb—
" Ethereal minds seek purer bliss,
" Too perfect for a world like this;
" For he was good, as he was wise,
" His Virtues gain'd the highest prize;
" The prize of his just minist'ry to God,
" Sanction'd in Heav'n by a blest abode.

" And now behold! my * Father's bier
" Demands Affection's warmest tear:
" His kind endearments well would try
" A mother's fondness to supply;
" As oft, by conversation led,
" He mourn'd with us our mother dead—
" For ardently he lov'd—and few
" Could boast a heart so kind and true;
" O happy time! methinks I see
" Myself and Sister on his knee,
" Trying, as oft we did, to share
" The pledges of his love and care;
" While he, with zeal parental sought
" To plant and rear the gen'rous thought,
" We little dream'd how near the day
" When Death would summon him away.
" Life, spirits, strength, and active health,
" In him seem'd prodigal of wealth.
" Alas! too prodigal—they gave
" The blameless victim to the grave;
" And left his orphan'd family to tell
" How dear—how kind—how good—a father fell!

* The Author's father, born 1734; married Dec. 1760; died (of an apoplexy) Oct. 1779.

" And where's the *partner of my grief?
" My only solace, my relief
" In all afflictions, kind to bear
" Of all my woes the larger share?
" She, who would lend a willing breast
" To soothe my early cares to rest?
" Where is she gone? Ah! whither fled?
" Is she too number'd with the dead?
" She too is dead! and I am left,
" Of ev'ry kindred heart bereft!
" Lost, lost, in her beyond recall,
" A father—mother—sister—all!

" Dear guide of all my early days!
" Sweet counsellor of all my ways!
" Ne'er shall my grateful heart forget
" How vast, how just, to thee his debt!
" From youthful age to manhood's prime,
" Thou watch'dst with tend'rest cares the time
" When ev'ry threat'ning cloud appear'd,
" To blight the plant thy love had rear'd.
" If e'er with virtuous feeling warm,
" I shrunk from Vice's sensual charm,
" Or strong in honour could defy
" The foul remorse of infamy;
" From thee I caught it all, and own
" The impulse due to thee alone!
" Nor was thy gen'rous love confin'd
" To me, but wide as human kind,
" Say ye, who best can tell, did e'er
" Alone, ye shed the sorrowing tear?
" Sought she not anxiously to heal
" The wounds herself too well could feel?

* The Author's only sister, Lydia, born Jan. 1762; married July 1781; died at Matlock, Bath, May 1788.

" Or did ye ever yet rejoice,
" Or raise with grateful hearts the voice
" Of happiness and joy, that she
" Denied to join the mirthful glee?
" No! ye will say—her social soul
" Mingl'd its sweets in ev'ry bowl;
" Rejoicing with the happy few,
" Or weeping with such friends as you.
" But now, no more, her song shall greet
" Our longing ear with accents sweet.
" Mute is the voice which sung of Love,
" Lost are the tones which erst could move
" The soul to ecstacy supreme—
" Mute—lost—and vanish'd—as a dream!
" The hand once fraught with living fire,
" No more shall wake the magic lyre.
" The minstrel of the tuneful Nine,
" Who taught us harmony divine,
" In silence now resigns her breath—
" And sleeps in dust the 'sleep of death!'
" Scarce had I dar'd fond plans to lay,
" My debt of gratitude to pay,
" When fatal to the gen'rous flame,
" Consumption seiz'd her tender frame;
" Ah! who can tell the hopes—the fears—
" The ebbing—flowing—of our tears,
" When Matlock's groves our sighs receiv'd,
" As for our drooping charge we griev'd;
" The lamp of Life still paler grew,
" But her affection, ever true,
" Shone as the Stars of Heav'n bright;
" I felt its virtue; on the night
" I bore her to her dying bed,
" She left her choicest blessing on my head.
" Thanks to the Muse, whose art could trace,
" In faithful characters, her face

" In her mild portrait—taught to save
" E'en her faint image from the grave!
" Where pensive Memory may renew
" The form we ne'er again shall view,
" And own expressions which dispense
" Rich treasures of intelligence;
" Yet vain such mimic nature proves
" To soothe the loss of those one loves;
" Rather to heav'n my spirit ascends
" To hail once more those long-lost Friends,
" Waiting above, with open arms,
" To save their dying daughter's charms,
" Now enter'd in the ' Book of Life'
" ' An Angel blest, and sainted Wife!' "

I fear this long, this deep, distress,
Dear Sylph, your bosom will oppress;
More than enough hath met your ears,
To move your sympathy, and tears;
And hard the lesson to attend
The details of a mourning Friend!
But harder yet his hapless fate
Who hath such sorrows to relate!
Still must he seek his griefs to impart,
Or else they burst his breaking heart;
And kind, most kind, that feeling friend
Who will a faithful bosom lend!

One sorrow more, and then we close
This fatal catalogue of woes;
Not least in poignancy, though last;
More fraught with pangs than all the past;
For lo! where now Death's cruel dart
Still rankles in the Parent's heart—
Why mourns he thus? why droops his head?
Why point his footsteps to the dead?

Why starts he thus in gesture wild?
Alas! he mourns his darling * child!
His child, his second self, is gone!
And all his life's best hopes are flown!
Pity with me his sorrows deep,
And kindly deign once more to weep—
For see! where now in lonely dale,
He wounded sighs, and tells his tale!
" Child of my heart! (alas! no words can tell
" The grief which rends my soul, to say) farewell!
" Farewell? O Heav'ns! what gone? for ever fled?
" And is my darling shrouded with the dead?
" Her voice, her step, her face, her look, in vain
" I long to listen to, or see again!
" All the fair bloom, the charms, which Nature
" gave
" With lavish hand, are buried in the grave?
" The voice which stole like music o'er my ear,
" The step which brought my chearful herald near,
" The face which beam'd with innocence divine,
" And look which told me she was more than mine,
" The quick and just conceptions of her mind,
" Earnest of various worth and taste refin'd;
" (Delighted with a mimic hand to trace
" Each fancied form or blooming flow'rets grace,
" The while she warbled with sweet artless glee
" The "Red, Red Rose," or "Willow, Willow Tree,")
" All, all are gone! and life to me now seems
" A weary waste o'ercast with idle dreams!
" Oh! with what doating fondness have I prest
" The dear, pale suff'rer to my aching breast!
" Or with what rapture gaz'd, whene'er my child,
" Gay with returning health, exulting smil'd!
" Not all the wealth of Princes could bestow
" One moment's transports such as those to know.

* See note, p. 136.

" Now, all my fears confirm'd, my hopes deceiv'd,
" *Reft of my child, I am indeed bereav'd!*
" Pain, sickness, poverty extreme, were bliss,
" To me, compar'd with such a loss as this!
" O selfish man! 'tis not myself that bears
" This deep affliction—she who more than shares
" In all my growing pains or pleasures, wild,
" In mute distraction, mourns with me her child.
" Alike by day and night with grief opprest,
" The sad affliction loads her lab'ring breast.
" E'en the kind hours which Nature form'd for
" sleep,
" Forbid her rest, and summon her to weep;
" E'en in her happiest moments, when she seems
" To clasp her dearest Lydia in her dreams,
" She wakes to give a keener anguish birth,
" For lo! her Lydia slumbers in the earth!
" Oh! had it pleas'd indulgent Heav'n to spare
" Our child in health, quick as she was to share
" With us our joys or sorrows, with delight
" We'd toil'd from earliest morn to latest night:
" Or that denied, we'd begg'd from door to door
" Our daily bread with her, nor wish'd for more!
" Sooth'd by her dear attentions, all the hours
" Of life had pass'd as o'er a path of flow'rs:
" True, the inclement blast, the freezing air,
" Blowing on limbs like her's expos'd and bare,
" Had pierc'd us to the heart, and Charity denied,
" Had oft a sigh, and silent tear supplied.
" Yet He who clothes the flow'rs, the ravens feeds,
" Had giv'n to nature all that nature needs.
" More beauteous when array'd in Health's full
" glow,
" Than all the pride which purple can bestow!
" Thrice blest, allow'd e'en destitute to prove
" Such sweets of Sensibility and Love!

" O fatal hour! that summon'd us to part,
" Never shall Time efface it from my heart,
" For then I first beheld with fearful eye,
" The awful, happy thing it is to die!
" Happy to babes like mine, whose * spirits soar
" To blissful realms, to live for evermore!
" I mark'd the languid pulse, the plaintive tone,
" The patient murmurs, and the gentle moan,
" I mark'd the dawning smile which clos'd her
" breath,
" To me it seem'd soft slumber—lo! 'twas death!
" Oh! *may my latter end resemble thine!*
" And I, like thee, dear child! my soul resign!"

Thus doth he vent his stifled grief,
And e'en in Sorrow seeks relief;
For oft as musing thus he weeps,
He bends his steps to where she sleeps,
There wrapt in meditation sweet,
To his own breast he will repeat
His lost child's virtues, and rehearse
Her fancied epitaph, in verse:
" Reader! beneath this bank of silent earth,
" There rests a child of more than common worth,
" Mild, modest, playful, innocent, and warm
" With every gentle sympathy and charm!
" But as a flow'r in op'ning beauty gay,
" Chill'd by a blight, soon droops and fades away,
" So she, while yet in Life's first tender bloom,
" Untimely fell, and met an early tomb!
" Here sleeps her dust, the virtues of her mind
" Survive, and leave a fragrance sweet behind:

* See Matt. xviii. 10. which may be thus rendered—" Despise not one of these little ones" (speaking of children) " for I say unto you, that the Angels of such do behold for evermore the face of my Father which is in Heaven."
(M. R. Feb. 1805)—See also Matt. xix. 14.

" Her soul ascends a spirit pure to heaven,
" *The Lord hath taken, what the Lord had giv'n !*
" Reader ! excuse the verse, nor disapprove
" The lengthen'd murmurs of a Parent's love ;
" Think of my child, and kindly mourn with me,
" For had her hapless fate Thine chanc'd to be,
" Her little heart would now have throb'd for
" Thee."

But ah ! too tedious is the Muse
He feels, in vain would she diffuse
In numbers, half her sighs would say ;
Lo ! the gay traveller turns away ;
Condemns the Parent's silly pride,
And passes on the other side.
Rather the pensive mind affords
A tablet wrought with fewer words ;
Desirous but of simplest grace
To mark with truth the sacred place :
" With aching heart, and trembling hand, I write,
" Dear child ! the day which bore thee from our
" sight.
" But if, in tears, I trace the sad record,
" YetFaith, with Hope, confirms God's holy word
" And says, " Tho' lost to us, *thou livest with*
" *the Lord.*"
" Ere long, perhaps, beneath this selfsame stone,
" Shall rest thy Parent's ashes with thy own ;
" *God's will be done, and all our sins forgiven !*
" Then shall we live again,—with Thee,—dear
" Child ! in Heav'n !"

Yet deem not, that your mourning Friend
To Consolation's balm will lend
A dull, cold ear. No ! thanks to heaven
Who for a gracious boon hath giv'n

*Two other darling babes, to claim
Their sister's virtues with her name;
In ev'ry bud of blooming sense,
Dear emblems of her innocence!

And now, kind Sylph, farewell, excuse
These gloomy wanderings of our Muse;
Mean though they be, I know your love
Of Truth will lead you to approve;
For surely you had never known,
As now, your friends by sight alone.
Conceal with care this secret spell;
And till we meet again, once more farewell!

JULY 8, 1805. J. W. H.

MARY ANN AND JOHN.

BY THE SAME.

Addressed to Mrs. O—, in return for a New-Year's-Gift and Verses to the Children, Jan. 1, 1806.

THERE in my garden gaily tripping,
Behold my little darlings fly!
As blithe as any lambkins skipping,
And pleas'd like them, they know not why.

You wonder whence such pleasure flows,
Or what can smiles like their's dispense?
Know—'tis the sunshine Heaven bestows
On health, and spotless innocence.

* M. A. born June 1798. J. W. born July 1799.

If from the one the other bounding,
Be but perchance a moment gone,
Straightway my orchard is resounding;
" Here, Mary Ann!"—or " Come here, John!"

For ever may their bosoms beat
In unison and mutual love;
For mortal breast no balm so sweet
As that of Sympathy can prove.

Twitt'ring like swallows on the wing,
They chase the summer suns away;
Or, like our grateful robins, sing,
To cheer the gloom of winter's day.

Their hearts with rival glow sincere,
Gladsome the song of joy renew;
And now they hail the new-born year,
In strains of gratitude to you!

While thus in merry mazes racing,
One little girl pursues her brother;
Sad Memory my loss retracing,
—Sighs and says: " Oh! where's my other?"

And thus 'midst scenes of real bliss,
The Parent owns Affliction's rod;
Yet meets it with a trembling kiss—
For—'tis the chastisement of God!

JAN. 2, 1806.

SONNET.

BY S. E. BRYDGES, ESQ.

BLACK from the sky November fogs impend;
And drizzling mists enshroud the hill and vale;
While o'er the darken'd downs my course I bend,
And pleas'd, below, the shelter'd village hail:
With dangers compass'd round; beset with foes,
As on the daring steed I seek my way,
Methinks the scowling tempest suits my woes,
And soothes the cares, that on my bosom prey!
O lovely Muse, 'tis thine with heavenly power
To throw a charm on Sorrow's gloomiest hues,
And thro' the deepening clouds, that round us lour,
A piercing ray of golden light diffuse!
'h, generous Maid, amid the sable storm
d with brightest beams still shines thy fairy form!

SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

THOU must not be another's, O my Home!
Here, where my infant children's voices shrill
Thy spacious halls with constant echoes fill,
From the rude stranger sacred be the dome;
And should some upstart with rash heart presume
To fix beneath thy shelter his abode,
May nightly ghosts his guilty conscience goad,
And fiends by day around his pathway roam!
When all this numerous race, that sport around,
Shall, with their parents, low in earth be laid,
Still may their children's children here be found
To own this pile, and save yon growing shade!
"Here," may they say, "our grandsires dwelt of yore;
"And here they nurs'd the Muse's sacred lore!"

SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

With Life's unceasing tempests struggling still,
Onward I go; no interval of rest
To calm the troubles of my beating breast!
But thus perchance it is, that I fulfill
Th' allotted part, that is my Maker's will;
And thus hereafter, when his high behest
Shall call on trembling mortals to attest
Their labours here, some mercy for the ill
That I have done on earth, I may obtain!
Neglected, scorn'd, traduc'd, with threats pursu'd,
Which boldest minds have awed:—yet all in vain!
The Muse's rites no sufferings have subdu'd!
From paths her votaries haunt, I cannot swerve,
Careless of gaining praise, if I deserve!

SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

HIM, whom the Muse inspires, no vulgar cares
Should e'er molest, but calmly should he sit,
Like yon Æolian lyre, on which the airs
Of Heaven in many an undulating fit
Call forth melodious music; for the blast
Of worldly rudeness all untunes his strings!
Soft on his quivering mind the Sprite must cast
Th' unbidden movement of her hovering wings:
Then forth will flow the involuntary strain,
Like Inspiration's note, which feeble Art
With her cold efforts, imitates in vain;—
Faint to the fancy, languid to the heart!—
Ah! fondly cherish the rare child of Song,
And save his trembling breast from worldly wrong!

SONNET.

On receiving a Copy of his "Miscellaneous Poetry" from Edward Coxe, Esq. of Hampstead Heath.

FRIEND of my fancy!—since that name may well
Suit many a kindred spirit, priz'd by me,
Who ne'er was greeted in my studious cell,
Save by the fellowship of sympathy:
Thee do I hail, by that congenial mood
Which more than casual fortune can ally;
When the Creator in his works is view'd
With the rais'd rapture of a Poet's eye!
And I do hail thee by that higher claim
Mæonian Cowper bore in thy regard;
Cowper! whose virtues sanctified his fame,
As the World's monitor, the Christian's bard!
Nor to thy feelings will it strange appear,
That those who honour him, to me themselves endear.

MARCH 6, 1805. T. PARK.

SONNET.

TO A LADY.

ADIEU, my friend! in Grantham's distant bowers
May smiling Peace and Friendship on thee wait,
May bright-eyed Pleasure chace the lingering hours,
And thine be rosy Health of heart elate.
But, ah, at parting day, or blushing dawn,
Whether you wander by the tinkling rill,
Or press with footsteps light the dewy lawn,
Or breathe the pure air on the breezy hill;
Or if, when sleeps the tired swain, you rove,
In sweetest converse with the chosen pair,
Where the wan moon-beam gilds the fading grove;
Yet, sometimes, speed to heaven a silent prayer
For that dear band of friends far left behind,
Nor be forgot the youth to sadness long resign'd.

OCTOBER, 1796. R. A. D.

SONNET.

TO TWO FRIENDS.

BLEST pair! how fast the snowy-pinion'd hours,
  Fled, when Wit, Sense, and Harmony, combining
Beneath your friendly roof their witching powers
  Awhile my spirit charm'd from sad repining:
  O then! to pleasure all my soul resigning,
Too soon for me, the happy moments fled;
  Too soon alas! my transient bliss declining,
Again I bent to Earth my weary head.
Life's rugged pathway, woe-begone I tread,
  And, musing, tremble for my future years,
That hid in darkness fill my soul with dread:
  O never your's, may heart-benumbing fears,
Or stern misfortunes, with rude hand annoy,
But all be one fair day of harmony and joy.

JUNE, 1797. R. A. D.

SONNET.

ON THE SABBATH MORNING.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn
That slowly wakes, while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
And echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer sings the Linnet from the thorn,
The Skylark warbles in a tone less shrill:
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath-morn!
The Rooks float silently, in airy drove,
The Sun a placid yellow lustre throws;
The Gales, that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hush'd their downy wings in dread repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;—
So smil'd the day, when the first morn arose!

J. LEYDEN.

SONNET.

O DREAM of deepest horror! my scar'd soul
Sickens at thought of thee. If thou hast come
Sternly-prophetic, then indeed my sum
Of ills is full: then to my sight the whole
Of Nature's works is charmless! For bereft
By Death of her whose image from my heart
No chance, no change, no time, can ever part,
For wretched me what pleasure will be left?
To loath the light, and lingering life; to pine
In silent anguish; and recall with tears
Her angel sweetness that my gloomy fears
Oft hush'd to rest; must then alone be mine.
One only hope remains—that, press'd by woes,
My wearied spirit soon may find repose.

1799. R. A. D.

SONNET.

TO A CHILD FOUR YEARS OLD.

SWEET Boy! untaught to dread life's thorny way,
Clasp'd in a Mother's sheltering fond embrace,
Thy little heart is innocently gay,
And drest in winning smiles thy rosy face.
Thou sportive smil'st,—but *I*, in saddest mood,
Sigh, that with coming years those smiles must cease;
And shuddering meditate the hydra-brood
Of mortal ills, the murderers of thy peace.
For thee I sorrow: yet that thou may'st go
Thy destin'd path stranger to grief and pain
I cannot pray, since well, alas! I know
For man, predoom'd to mourn, such prayers were vain.
Then let me ask for thee a mind that still
In meek submission bends to HEAVEN's high will.

1799. R. A. D.

SONNET.

TO MISS MARY ANN ALDERSON.

MARY, though partial-handed Fortune showers
Her gifts on some who own no spark divine,
Brute clods of earth! while with an eye malign,
And frowning brow on thee she darkly lours,
Yet give not thou to grief thy lonely hours—
Ill suits it noble spirits to repine!—
Since, heaven-bestowed, such treasures still are thine
As well may grace Life's rugged path with flowers.
For thine is conscious rectitude; the glow
Of generous feelings; and a tender breast
That melts with pity for another's woe:
And taste and talent thine; and manners, drest
In winning charms, that Spleen might lull to rest,
And bid the rudest natures kindness know.

1805. R. A. D.

SONNET.

On the Preliminaries of the Peace being signed:

Composed at Day-break, Oct. 13, 1801.

ORION'S form, before the sacred eye
Of Phosphor, melting in cerulean light
Withdraws his waning splendours from the sight,
And scarce his glimm'ring falchion marks the sky.
Thus from fair Concord's lamp, the Foe of Peace
Seems to retire, and shun her gladsome ray
In dark reluctance: from his ransom'd prey
Frowning he sinks beneath the ruffled seas.
O may no Goblin, trick'd in borrow'd beams,
Of his infernal band, behind remain
Hiding in angel-mask his features foul,
From Infidelity's narcotic streams
(Source of misrule) dispensing to the train
His liquors, brew'd in Circe's magic bowl.

RATHFRYLAND. REV. H. BOYD.

SONNET.

ON MY GOING TO SCOTLAND.

Scotia! with sentiments of veneration,
I saw thy distant crags and mountains rise;
And as my barque drew near its destination,
And clearer op'd the prospect to my eyes,
Fancy her magic influence now supplies,
And o'er my brain with vivid coruscation
Effus'd her meteor light and rainbow dyes.
Sages and Heroes of high estimation
In Fame's bright annals rush upon my view;
And Bards whose strains of holier inspiration
Admiring Time's repeated plaudits drew.—
"Hail Land of Science and of Beauty too,
(My heart exclaim'd in secret exultation)
May Peace still dwell among thy mountains blue!"

HAFIZ.

SONNET.

ON MY RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

PLEASANT, but short, with thee was my sojourn;
For envious Care forbade a longer stay:
And SCOTIA! with regret the parting day
I saw arrive that warn'd my steps to turn,
(Ere I could half thy charming scenes survey)
And pass once more o'er yonder billowy bourn.—
But never till Life's pulse shall cease to play,
Till Fate consign me to Oblivion's urn,
Will I unmindful of the kindness be—
The cordial Friendship I receiv'd from thee.
Farewell, and if I ne'er should view thee more,
Accept this warm acknowledgment from me
Penn'd hastily upon my native shore,
Whence glimmering still thy distant cliffs I see.

DROMORE, SEPT. 1805. HAFIZ.

SONNET.

Poor Maid! that wander'st on the desert shore
Thy scatter'd tresses negligently thrown
Over thy snow-white bosom, and alone
Dost watch the sea's mad surge and angry roar;
Alas! some bitter sorrow thou dost own;
Thy straining eyes so piteously pursue
Th' horizon's utmost line, and at the view
Of each new-rising sail, with mutter'd moan,
So wildly thou dost start—What pang severe
Thus rends thy struggling bosom? dost thou mourn
A parent's loss, a sister's early bier?
No! from the pitiless waves, poor Maid forlorn,
Thou dost demand unheard thy true-love dear,
Gone many a ling'ring month, but never to return.

H.

SONNET.

I GRIEVE to think that lovely babe is gone,
Who like a sweet bud to the nipping air
Did shew her little charms, but now withdrawn
Is plac'd in kinder climes and scenes more fair
I grieve to think that lovely babe is dead;
But, when I call to mind Life's bitter woes,
I say—Ah me! from sorrow she is fled—
And cease to weep, and bless that calm repose,
Where slumb'ring sweetly she will ne'er endure
The numerous pangs, that riper age assail,
Sad loss of friends, and blighted love past cure,
Keen disappointment, and despondence pale;
Yes thou art gone, poor babe; nor wilt thou bear
Heart-gnawing grief, or comfortless despair.

H.

SONNET.

PETRARCH, SONNET, 246.

Sweet bird, that pour'st a melancholy strain,
Weeping perhaps thy joyous season gone,
When day and all the merry months are flown,
And round thee night and gloomy winter reign;
Ah! wert thou conscious of my bitter pain,
And tender sorrows, not unlike thy own,
Thou'dst seek this wretched bosom, as alone
I stray disconsolate, and there complain.
Perhaps unequal sorrow bids us weep;
Again thy little love may bless thy sight,
While mine is wrapt in everlasting sleep;
But dear remembrance of my past delight,
And the sad dreary hours, that slowly creep,
To share thy plaintive converse now invite.

M.

SONNET.

FROM TORQUATO TASSO.

SWEET gale, that evermore with fond delight
Dost wanton 'mid the leaves of myrtle bow'rs,
And laurels evergreen, from beauteous flow'rs
Stealing their sweetest odours in thy flight!
Ah! if sad pity for a lover's plight
Is wont to move thee, cease thy wand'ring way,
And hie thee, where Amanda loves to stray,
By yon clear stream, whose flow'ry banks invite.
And in thy bosom bear these gentle sighs,
And soft complainings, born of inward pine,
To where my tender torments first did rise;
Then from the roses of her lip divine
Sweet kisses steal, whose balmy extasies
May soothe love's bitter pangs, tho' fierce as mine.

H.

AN EPISTLE

TO ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

On receiving from him a Present of various Poetical Works.

BY WILLIAM PRESTON, ESQ.

WHAT light ethereal plays around my bower,
To chase the sadness of the studious hour!
What strains of various melody succeed,
The lyre, the shepherd's song*, the Doric reed!
While oft, at pauses, melting on my ear,
In liquid notes, a female voice I hear †!
'Tis He, the lover of the tuneful art,
With head unclouded, and with glowing heart,
'Tis He, whose cares departed genius guard,
Whose ardent friendship soothes the living bard;
Who boasts, in solid structure, to combine
The scatter'd gems that round Parnassus shine‡.
From healthful Scotia, brac'd by winnowing winds,
Land of heroic and of tuneful minds,

* Some of these Poems, by Mr. Macneill and Mr. Nicol, are in the Scottish dialect.

† Poems by Miss Bannerman.

‡ Edition of the Works of the British Poets, with Prefaces, biographical and critical.

Whose hills sublime with plaintive music sound,
Whose daring sons in every clime are found;
From wood-crown'd Tweed, from Clyde, and
wand'ring Quair,
And Roslin's ancient towers, the train repair!
Welcome, ye sons of song! to this green isle,
Where mountains tow'r, and fertile valleys smile,
Where fountains gush, and streams of crystal rove,
And beauteous scenes dispose the heart to love.
Bide, gentle guests! within my peaceful bowers,
Become companions of my lonely hours;
Nor cares, nor sorrows, nor the frost of age,
Can chill my bosom to poetic rage.
Yes, when the crowding past my bosom wounds,
I find a balm in concord of sweet sounds;
I feel the charm that rising hopes impart,
Again, their blandishments possess my heart:
And while I think, that, in this vale of care,
My fairest hopes have faded to despair,
A moment cheers me with illusions bright,
For years abandon'd in unvaried night;
My tender olives, rising fair, I see,
And feel that *Hope* has pleasures yet for me *.
I hail the happy race, the cultur'd plain,
Where fair *Refinement* spreads her golden reign;
And mind pursue, through many a rolling age,
From the rude hunter to the patriot sage †.
Again, I see the forms august ascend,
In visions bright, that Poesy attend!
With gay caparisons, and prancing steeds,
And shields of quaint device, a band proceeds,
Appalling flashes from their burnish'd mail,
Like meteors, bid the oppressor's courage fail;

* Alluding to the Pleasures of Hope, by Mr. Campbell.
† The Progress of Refinement, by the Rev. William Gillespie.

Along thy margent, Thames, sedate they wind
The human tiger shrinks, and is in chains confin'd*.
And now the mind, with hurried flight, I save
From hated *Melancholy's* witching cave† :—
Oh dread enchantress! well I know thy seat,
Thy snares entangled oft my wand'ring feet.
But now, appall'd, I see the *War-Fiend* lead
The blood-stain'd conqueror's foot thro' paths of dread :
He sinks, he sinks, to find his just reward,—
Not such the glories of the immortal *Bard*‡.
I hear a poet tell, in varied song,
The fates and duties of the tuneful throng ;
Now sportive, light, he comes with airy tread,
Now grave and moral, as the prospects lead ;
And calls the bards, from every age and clime,
To mix in social converse through the rhyme§.
The tuneful maid I hail from winding Forth,
Who female sweetness joins to manly worth,
And, while her muse the guilty laurel sings,
By blood-stain'd myriads wreath'd for frantic kings,
Humanely wise, beholds with temperate ray,
The dazzling things that lead the crowd astray‖.
Undaunted, now, she roams the wizard cave,
She scales the crag where deafening billows rave,
Or hears, at midnight hour, the mutter'd spell
Convoke the shrouded dead, and forms of hell ¶.

* Alludes to Runny Mead,—Professor Richardson's Poems and Plays.

† The Progress of Melancholy.

‡ The War-Fiend, and Bard,—Dr. Thomas Brown's Poems.

§ Alludes to Pictures of Poetry, by Alexander Thomson, Esq. intended as part of a View of the Progress of Polite Literature.

‖ Alludes to Poems by Miss Bannerman, particularly a poem on an illumination for a naval victory, admirable for the justness of thought and goodness of heart that run through it.

¶ Tales of Superstition and Chivalry.

If Heav'n will grant an idle poet's prayer,
May Sorrow shun the gentle, good, and fair,
The web of Poetry be round thee cast,
To shield thee from Misfortune's bitter blast.
That chord is silent,—and, in lively strain,
A bard with fancy frolics o'er the plain;
With artless grace he tunes the native song,
To joys and pastimes of the rustic throng *.
And now from pity genius learns the strain
Of moral warning to the simple swain;
And while it seems to flow devoid of art,
I hail the effusion of a patriot's heart;
The *scaith* of Erin and of Scotia mourn,
And sigh that *Will and Jeannie* sink forlorn;
Then drop a tear for those that wander far,
Thro' scenes of blood, and all the *woes of war* †.
Soft sounds the lyre, the tender notes I hear,
Domestic virtues lean a grateful ear,
And parted angels, from their spheres, approve
The verse to friendship given, and wedded love ‡.
To thee, my friend, be granted length of days
In social converse, and Pierian praise;
With serious elegance, or polish'd mirth,
The smiling circle, the domestic hearth.
Howe'er, at first, the embodied mental band
Flash into being from their Maker's hand,
Ere yet confin'd within this earthly frame,
Some spirits are allied in kindred flame;
Some spark congenial, some fraternal tie,
Attends the circumstance of birth on high;

* Alluding to Poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, by the Rev. James Nicol, particularly the Kirn Supper, &c.

† Alluding to the beautiful Poems, Scotland's Scaith, and the Waes of War,—Poetical Works of Hector Macneill, Esq.

‡ Verses, Social and Domestic, by Geo. Hay Drummond, A. M.

Tho' cloth'd in mortal weeds they wander wide,
Tho' fortune sep'rates, and tho' seas divide,
Still the primordial traces they retain,
The loves, the likeness, of a kindred train;
And when they meet, a moment will appear
Like the long intercourse of many a year.
By such alliance, I thy friendship claim;
I trace the pedigree of kindred aim;
And, when I seek that undiscover'd bourn,
Around my bier when weeping children mourn,
Shouldst thou survive, thou wilt not then refuse
Thy friendship to the children of my muse;
Thy care, a pledge of kindred, I demand,
And may they grow mature beneath thy hand.
Yet, what are rhymes? and wherefore should they share
An anxious moment, in a world of care?
Borne in the current of a mighty flood,
That wafts alike the vicious and the good,
Why should we catch at straws and leaves that flow
Along the surface, while we sink below?

GLOUCESTER STREET, DUBLIN, *August* 8, 1806.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MLLE SCUDERY.

THE stream as it glides softly-kissing the shore,
The rose that expands to the Zephyr its treasures,
The gale as it plays the light foliage o'er,
All say that to love is the sweetest of pleasures.

Oh happy the pair beneath Cupid's controul!
Of mutual affection the charm doubly-blesses!
The cold and indifferent have only *one* soul,
But *two* the fond lover triumphant possesses.

R. A. D.

ADDRESS TO THE RIVER TWEED,

On Mr. Scott having chosen his Habitation near its Banks.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

TWEED, thou wert charm'd by seldom equal'd strains
When tender *RAMSEY tun'd his Doric quills;
Or † HE, the Child and Glory of those plains
That hear the swol'n ‡ AYR thunder down the hills.

Since oft they left their native scenes to rove'
Where thy devolving waters wind the vales;
And pour'd, to consecrate each field and grove,
Lays of wild poesy on all the gales.

But now a BARD, whom loftier MUSES fire,
Loud, on the shores of thy cerulean stream,
Wakes as exalted and as sweet a lyre
As ever rung to youthful Poet's theme.

Inemulous of § LYDIA's boasted tide,
Thy hallow'd wave in Delphic light expands;
And thou, in purer glory, may'st deride
PACTOLUS, rolling o'er his golden sands.

* ALLEN RAMSEY, the famous Scotch Poet, whose pastoral Drama, THE GENTLE SHEPHERD, is so dear to every Reader of taste.

† BURNS, the Ayrshire Ploughman.

‡ The River AYR.

§ LYDIA, a Country of the lesser ASIA, the domain of CRÆSUS, who is supposed to have amassed exhaustless wealth from the bed of its celebrated River, PACTOLUS.

Not those bright sands;—not PLUTUS' shrines procure
Meed rich as waits the genuine POET's claim;
But transiently the flowers of WEALTH endure
While wreaths of *amaranth* are his wreaths of Fame.

And, TWEED, 'tis thine to bear, on thy clear course,
Thro' the recording rounds of fateful Time,
The echos of thy SCOTT's transcendent VERSE,
His high, * HEROIC SONGS, and † EPIC LAY sublime.

TO LAURA.

FROM THE FRENCH ‡.

LOVE speaks, my Laura, in thine eyes,
With soft seduction to ensnare;
Upon thy lip he laughing lies;
And sports among thy flowing hair:

The victor-god in every part
Appears, and shines with matchless grace!
'Tis only in thy cruel heart
He finds, alas! no dwelling place!

R. A. D.

* EVE OF ST. JOHN,—GLENFINLAS,—CADYOW CASTLE.—THE GREY BROTHER.

† THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

‡ The French itself is only an imitation of a poem by Cowley; a circumstance which did not occur to my memory till this translation was finished.

TO ————.

Oh! how the anguish of my heart
Canst thou, inhuman as thou art,
  Forbid me to reveal!
Sure 'tis not pity for my woe,
That makes thee struggle not to know
  The wounds thou wilt not heal.

Thou striv'st in vain, obdurate fair!
For though my *tongue* no more should dare
  My soul's distress to name,
My listless air would still be *seen;*
My grief-worn face, my pensive mien,
  Would still my pangs proclaim.

And say, that, loth a face to see
So mark'd with grief by love of thee,
  Away thou'lt turn thine eyes;
Yet whilst (forbad to speak my pain)
From prayer or murmur I refrain,
  Thou still must hear my sighs.

Nay though, no more to hear me sigh,
A wretch forlorn thou'dst bid me fly
  In distant lands to dwell,
Thy barbarous will might be obey'd,
But soon my death—too-much lov'd maid—
  The fatal truth would tell.

IMITATION OF COWPER'S TASK.

A Walk in Snowy Weather from the Town of ———, to the Town of ———, in the North of Ireland, on the Market-day of the former.

How slippery is my footing in the crowd
Of market-men, who, bent on worldly pelf
And prone of mind, with trudging feet profane,
Defile the virgin element, congeal'd
By Eurus in its fall—so hard it seems
Safely to pass the Terræ-filial breed,
And scape the frequent lapse; example-caught!
—But now, the clear white o'er the sullied brown
Gradual predominates, and, rarely seen,
The solitary passenger along
Picks his nice footsteps thro' the new fallen-snow
With planted heel secure. O grateful change!
Over the crimp expanse I pace along,
With nothing to offend mine eye or ear,
Or stint my meditations. Lo! the mist
Long hovering o'er the hills, settles at last,
An awful canopy, involving wide
The various face of things in dusky gray.
* Yet all uncomely as ye are, ye Fogs
Bland is your influence o'er the dewy sod;
Yon hills will soon proclaim your kindly care,
Vested by you, and not in *Kendal green.*

* It is to be observed, that Cowper indulges sometimes in a pun. The calamity here alluded to, is too common in the places mentioned above.

Not so the petty-fogger. Where he comes
The region rues, for, worse than mildew hoar
Or Sideral blast is he. The poor man pines
There, and the wealthy sink to penury,
Till, press'd to earth by debts unjustly claim'd
He seeks protection in the Marshalsea.
* Not fell Napoleon, when he bade the sons
Of rough Liguria slip their dogs of war
At the Sardinian Lord, more keenly ply'd
The arts of strife, or with more skilful hand
Scatter'd the coals of discord o'er the plains.
Where is the landscape now, that chear'd so late?
All seems like chaos, ere the infant world
Its lineaments disclos'd; forest and stream,
Wide wilderness, enormous range of hills,
Vast plains, and vaster ocean pour'd around.
Misfortune thus its solemn curtain flings
Over sublunar scenes, that the mind's eye
May heavenward point its beam.
This hill, which now with lab'ring step I climb,
Seems the last refuge of the human race,
Mid yon gray billowy ocean circumfus'd.
Oh! how it calls me to survey *within*
The microcosm of man! with thought reflex,
To range at large the regions of the mind,
And search what traces of divinity
Are there, when all above, and all around
The various pictures of Almighty Power
And Goodness, are obscur'd.—Yet no—I see
Even thro' yon misty veil's aerial folds,
The jocund hamlet shew its sloping roofs.
Their dark profiles appear, as the road winds

* The arts of Bonaparte to foment a quarrel between the Ligurian Republic and the King of Sardinia, with its effects, are well known.

In grateful variation. Hark! within,
The busy engine, that supplies the loom,
Ply'd by the Virgin's hand! how grateful seems
The whirling spindle's hum: a softer sound
Than ever Hybla o'er her fragrant vales
Heard in the van of summer! sweetly flows
Yon rustic melody in unison
With the revolving rim, and flying spole!
All hail Ultonia's Nymphs! the winter bees
Of Erin, like in sweetness and in toil:
Never may Gaul disturb your tuneful hives,
Or ruffian hand with sportive malice fraught,
Snap your fine threads, nor dislocate your wheels!
Yet there's a subtler foe, a lamb-like foe;
A wolf in heart, that, in the friendly guise
Of *love*, nay oft of *sanctity* invades
Your minds, unfortify'd by timely care,
And poisons all within. The profligate
Allures you to your ruin; then forsakes
The hapless victim of his blasting spells.
And oft the hypocrite infects your minds
With Antinomian visions, mystic rants
Of *Faith*, that needs not *Work's* ignoble aid,
And fairly scolds good morals out of doors,
Inventing Talismans of various name.
O guard you from the fiend. Believe him not;
He mines your virtue in the name of Faith.
Not a more baleful savage prowls the waste,
As well the annals of the Foundling House
Can shew; for Asmodai is ever found
Most frequent *there* to raise his Cyprian fanes
Where the dire * fatalist has preach'd before.

* This at least is the case in that part of Ireland where the scene is laid.

—I met a man, upon the snowy path,
Pacing along, right swarthy was his hue,
A moving contrast to the dazzling scene—
" Good time of day! 'tis a white world," said he.
" It is, my friend, and thou becomest it well,
For thou art dark, but comely." " Ne'ertheless,
Said he, " if I be rob'd with righteousness
Imputed, white from Zion, I am safe:
It covers all, and I may rest secure."
" It may be so—but mark me well, my friend,
Heaven gives both warp and woof, but thou must weave
The stuff thyself;" he frown'd, and stalk'd away.
But now a Bacchanalian din is heard,
And yonder fumes the temple. See the mists
Disperse, and show to philosophic eyes,
Sad sight! another, and another haunt
Of riot in my ken, deserted late,
When hideous Want o'er all the region scowl'd,
Bringing Despair and Anguish in her train,
And rescu'd from the cauldron of the fiends
The golden grain that fed the venom'd bowl;
Or dash'd the madd'ning mixture to the ground.
O Famine! all unlovely as thou wast,
Thou didst possess the charm of soberness
At least. The fiend *, whose medicated lymph
Dizzies the brain, and the slack nerves untwines,
Walk'd thro' dry places then. No more was heard
Cotytto's lay sonorous, none profan'd
With blasphemies the pure and limpid air
Fanning their burning lungs. But now again
On holt and hill, as Comus waves around,
Waves o'er the region, these unholy founts

* During the years of famine in 1800 and 1801, the stores of grain designed for the distilleries, were converted into food for the poor.

Burst forth amain, and scare the Naiad Nymph.
His temples all are garnish'd, and he leads
Seven * imps from Phlegethon's enfuriate wave
More deadly than himself. I pass them by
Devoting them to Hades, whence they came.
But now my weary limbs some respite need:
I reach a cot; the friendly latch upmoves;
I sit and light the incense-breathing tube
With aromatic plant Virginian fill'd;
" Grateful Composer, Parent of Day-dreams,
" Balm of hurt minds, kind Nature's second course."
I cast my eye around, intent to learn
On every thing I see to moralize.—
Yonder the besom on the dresser leans;
The kitten, in her gambols, tries to climb
The uncouth escalade, and now her feet
Gain the mid osier which the bundle binds;
When lo! it nods a little, like a tower
At a commencing earthquake; her quick sense
The awful warning feels; and down she goes,
Steadily anchoring in the woven twigs
Her piercing claws at every step she takes.
O Maximilian! Orleans! fell Marat!
Thus had you, when Ambition's ladder shook,
Timely retreated, you had scap'd your doom;
Nor led by scorn of danger, dar'd with crimes
On crimes accumulated, to secure
A tottering seat of empire, soon o'erturn'd
By Cordé's poniard and the guillotine!—
In yon calm pool the gander and his mate
Amid their family in converse bland,
Promise themselves a merry carnival,
Solac'd with sweet repast and sound repose.
Ah, much beguil'd, much failing, hapless goose,

*These are seven dram houses on this road, in less than six miles.

Thou never more, when a few weeks are gone,
Shalt meet with sweet repast or sound repose!
Yon wanton boy, with snow-ball in his hand,
Shall, on a trumpet of thy windpipe, soon
Play most discordant notes. Ah! how unlike
Thy welcome evening lay, or mattin song!
Yet partly thou shalt live, thy bony breast
Shall featly frisk it o'er the cottage floor,
A strange automaton, by village hinds
A *Skip-jack* nam'd, whilst thou, on Lethe's stream,
A naked wailing miserable goose,
Shalt join the shadows of Cäyster's swans,
And sing in descant sad thy prospects lost.
—Such are the windy hopes of all below,
By the pure light of Wisdom unillum'd!
—Yon turkies perching on the corny pile,
How they disdain the tenants of the sty,
Prowling and grubbing, with industrious snout,
The turn'd up soil beneath! Unthinking birds,
Mindless of that alliance, which ere long
The butcher and the cook, dire plenipos,
Shall make between you and the bristly kind
Now objects of your scorn. The savoury ham
Plac'd on the board in dread proximity,
Shall welcome you, and ask you how you lik'd
The guillotine and spit. Such is the doom
That Pomp must feel, when mixt with peasant-clay
It slumbers with its brethren in the mould.
Let not the fleeting pageantry of state,
Ye sons of earth inflate your hearts with pride,
But know your common origin, and learn
With Sympathy's sweet glow to melt the ice
Which else would cake around your callous hearts,
And make you scorn the man in doublet gray.

B.

FAIRY ANECDOTE,

Relative to the Birth of Her Royal Highness AUGUSTA FREDERICA, *Reigning Dutchess of Brunswick and Lunenberg, &c.*

ONE day, when Sol by Leo led
Had mounted o'er the reapers head,
Oberon with his Mab had been
To see the sheaves were bound up clean,
And with fresh liquor to supply
The failing jug of Industry.
They past a grove, a bank, a brook,
When thus his leave the Monarch took:
" Adieu, dear Mab! how great's my sorrow!
" Adieu, our revels, till to-morrow!
" To night I trip o'er land and sea,
" The Moon my only company.
" Great is my charge, alone consign'd
" To Oberon of Elfin-kind.
" A royal babe is born this night,
" If Oberon conjecture right,
" A British Prince, of Brunswick's line,
" Britain I love, her Prince is mine:
" 'Tis mine to watch his natal hour,
" And bless with all my Elfin pow'r,
" Gift him with all my favour can,
" To grace the Hero, or the Man,
" From pole to pole extend his reign,
" Unite both worlds in his domain."
Mab curt'sy'd with a silent sneer,
Knowing a sweet revenge was near.

From Fairy-land at close of day
The Elfin Monarch trip'd away,
And o'er the *Park's* moist blade he run,
As the *Horse Guards* was striking one:
With a light bound he bent the blade,
And, thro' a crevice swift convey'd,
Among the gossips took his stand,
With globes and scepters in his hand:
When sudden pop'd in laughing fit
Mab thro' the key-hole opposite!
He saw a triumph in her air,
He look'd, and lo! *Augusta* there!
" For others keep, the Fairy cry'd,
" Your empire spreading far and wide:
" No doubtful blessing shall be hers:
" Who knows, but it may prove a curse?
" She's mine, and shall from me inherit
" All female grace, and female merit:
" Talk not of " giving all you can,
" " To grace the Hero, or the Man:"
" By me all that shall be supply'd:
" I give her—to be *Charles's* bride."

BRUNSWICK, AUG. 12, 1782. JAMES SIX.

I CANNOT trust to common ears
The name that I adore;
I have a thousand tender fears,
Though *she* should love no more!

May happiness her steps await,
Where'er intent to go;
And may she never feel the weight
That I am doom'd to know.

P. L. C.

EPISTLE,

To the Author of ******** ********.

THOU literary HARLEQUIN,
Whose *mask* brings safety to thy skin,
With patch'd, and parti-colour'd dress,
Made up of shreds of languages,
A Tailor's hell of common-places,
Hoarded for all convenient cases,
Remnants, and rags from 'hole of glory'
And lumber of the *attic* story,
The critics' cheap applause to win
By treasure of an asses' skin.
Thy pocket Mem'ry serves to quote,
Thy wit enough to point a note,
Thy learning to make school-boys stare,
Thy spirit to lampoon a play'r.
Resolv'd to vent satiric spite,
But pre-determin'd not to fight,
This *Teucer* of the *Pigeon-Hole*
Seeks a dark place to save his poll,
Then darts his poison'd shaft below,
With little vigour in the bow.
Without one manly, gen'rous aim,
Thine is an *effervescent* fame:

Pungent, and volatile, and smart,
Distill'd from vitriol of the heart,
Thy verse throws round its spitter-spatter
The acid flash of soda water.
No juice divine—no racy drop—
That flames, and mantles in the cup,
That shows the soil from whence it came
Warm'd with the pure Phœbean beam.
Will the soft wing of flying *Time*
Drop odour on such stinging rhyme?
O not for such the hallow'd bays,
To *Mem'ry* dear when life decays;
Not such the verse of taste and truth,
The vi'let sweet of primy youth,
Youth, that with flag of Hope unfurl'd,
Walks forth amidst a garden world,
Beholds each blossom of delight,
Fair to the sense, and full in sight,
While pleasure flows from ev'ry part,
And genial Nature swells the heart.
Such scenes our youthful Bard annoy,
He blights each bursting bud of joy;
The laurel round *his* temple strays,
To drop its *poison*, not its praise:
Such venom in the early page,
What will the virus be in *age*?
A Sat'rist, in his vernal years,
Like the first foe to man appears,
When, on the tree of life, he sate
And croak'd out Eden's coming fate,
Her blossoms to be tempest-tost,
And Paradise for ever lost.
Trust me, thy marriage with *this* Muse,
Not long will drop hyblean dews;

Swiftly must change his honey'd moon,
Who woos and weds the low lampoon:
Swift shall this moon decrease and fall,
Succeeded by a moon of *gall.*
The bile, tho' *splendid*, by degrees,
Becomes the Cynic's sore disease,
Works to the heart, corrodes unseen,
And makes his breast a cave for spleen,
Till by a sort of moral trope,
The coxcomb turns a misanthrope,
His ruling maxim, and his fate,
Hated by all, and all to hate.
  Where'er he comes, his atmosphere
Turns the sweet smile into a sneer;
The quick and ardent spirit of love
Congeals, and can no longer move.
Chill'd to the source of genial heat,
The Pulse forgets its mirthful beat,
The flush of pleasure leaves the cheek,
The palsy'd tongue wants pow'r to speak.
The Graces quit their mazy dance,
And stand appall'd in speechless trance.
The voice of music, at its height,
Its airy wheel, and circling flight,
Drops, disconcerted, and distress'd,
And sinks into its silent nest.
All Nature dreads the caustic power,
And Beauty closes up her flower.
  Take then, in time, the wiser part;
Pluck this ill habit from thy heart;
Cast off thy wreath of Aconite;
From Cynic change to Parasite;
In velvet sheath conceal thy claws;
And, with soft flatt'ry, pur applause;

Employ thy pen in prittle-prattle,
And still be snake, but drown thy rattle.
The Satirist still, with all his cant,
Has more or less of sycophant.
Come forth, and dare the searching sun,
Nor like the base assassin run,
Nor still remain, as now thour't seen,
The monster of a magazine:
(That grand menagerie of wit
For all uncleanly creatures fit.)
So shalt Thou rise to worldly fame,
And borrow a sublimer name
Than now you share with *******'s Wife,
A POISONER of the BREAD of LIFE.

IRELAND. D.

ANACREONTIC.

ONE woman, they peevishly tell us, will do
Through life—then, our frailty deplore:
One woman, indeed, at a time I pursue,
And ask, for the moment, no more.

But vain is the effort of words to controul,
Where Nature and Beauty assail;
So apt are the eyes to bewilder the soul,
And matter o'er spirit prevail!

P. L. C.

TO SLEEP.

I.

Oh! gentle God of soft repose!
My wearied eyes vouchsafe to close;
For sure 'tis sad, whilst others sleep,
That I alone must watch and weep,
And think of former hours, so blest,
When joy alone disturb'd my rest;
Then, gentle Sleep, thine aid bestow,
For thou, or Death, must calm my woe.

II.

Yet, gentle Sleep, be sure to bring
Soft dreams upon thy downy wing;
Be sure in visions of delight,
To keep Louisa in my sight;
For if by thee her form could fly
One moment from my fancy's eye;
For, if by thee my mind could lose
Her lov'd remembrance, I'd refuse
Thy fatal aid—for then there'd be
No choice, Oh Sleep, 'twixt death and thee!

S. W. I.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN.

*** The exploits of our Naval Commanders, performed in the last and present wars, are with great justice considered as unrivalled; yet as the memory of former merit is ever consecrated in the hearts of Britons, it is presumed that the following Stanzas may not even now be unacceptable. They were found among the papers of a gentleman who is no longer among the living: and it is supposed that they have never till now, been presented to the public.

I.

THE tuneful descant flows around:
Britannia's sea-beat cliffs resound
With gratulating song:
The British Muses strike the lyre:
While Victory, with eye of fire,
In triumph moves along.

II.

But whence that unexpected gloom?
Alas! by her Boscawen's tomb,
With tears, and many a sigh,
Britannia smites her bosom bare;
And sorrowing rends her laurell'd hair;
And lifts the wailing cry.

III.

Where now is Triumph's gorgeous form?
How oft the desolating storm,
With winds, and beating rain,
Invades the golden-vested day,
That wak'd the shepherd's early lay,
And gilt the dewy plain!

IV.

Ye whom th' Aonian Nine inspire,
Heirs of the everlasting lyre,
To you the power belongs,
Deeds that immortal fame deserve
From deep oblivion to preserve,
In your impartial songs.

V.

And duly, at Boscawen's urn,
In plaintive melody ye mourn;
And with fit honour, crown
His gallant deeds: ye thus impart
Ardour to many a noble heart,
And longings for renown.

VI.

Invested in a robe of flame,
Valour on eagle-pinion came
From her celestial bower;
Gave him a portion of her fire;
Bade him to might in arms aspire;
And hail'd his natal hour.

VII.

Hence dawn'd that memorable day
When Gallia heard, with sad dismay,
Along th' Atlantic deep,
Britannia's awful thunder roll;
And saw, with agony of soul,
Her drooping genius weep.

VIII.

In vain she sorrow'd, rag'd in vain;
For wide along the western main,
Her scatter'd navy fled:
Iberia's agitated shore,
Stain'd with the foam of kindred gore,
Shook with prophetic dread.

IX.

Old Ocean heard, and with a smile
Complacent hail'd his favourite isle;
What time, with conscious pride,
Their wild notes warbling in the breeze,
"The Queen of Isles shall rule the seas!"
His green-rob'd Nereids cry'd.

X.

While billows roll on Albion's coast,
And Albion's gallant offspring boast
The empire of the main,
Th' exploit shall live in every age,
Recorded in th' historic page,
Or by the tuneful strain.

ODE,

BY R. A. DAVENPORT, ESQ.

O WAVING woods! ô hills!
O springs and warbling rills!
O far-spread wilds, and sun-excluding bowers!
Where, stung with anguish deep,
I wander'd oft to weep,
And waste unseen the slowly-lapsing hours!

Once more from cities proud,
Tir'd of their moiling crowd,
Soon shall I come, my former paths to tread;
But not, as erst, shall I
Amid your beauties sigh,
To all but pain and hopeless sorrow dead.

Fair to my gladden'd eyes
Will every object rise,
As through your well-known haunts I rove along;
For I shall not deplore,
Nor teach your echoes more
Of fruitless love the melancholy song.

Sad were indeed those days,
When flying Man's rude gaze
A host of woes my sicken'd soul alarm'd;
Then, nor the woodland strains,
Nor verdure-vested plains,
Nor gales odōrous, nor bright landscapes charm'd.

Then, Misery's chosen child,
I sought your loneliest wild,
Where stole the brook, scarce heard its murmurs faint,
And, stretch'd on dewy earth
I curs'd my hour of birth,
And pour'd to winds my unavailing plaint.

Sad were those days indeed!
But soon my pastoral reed
To songs of joy awak'd ye glad shall hear:
For now the clouds are past,
That long my life o'ercast;
The forms are fled of anguish and of fear.

Yes, here your gloomy reign
Ends, ô long-cherish'd train
Of moody thoughts and soul-depressing cares;
For me Ianthe wreathes
A myrtle crown, and breathes
Soft, rapturous sighs, fond vows, and tenderest prayers.

She, she, divinest maid,
Blooms in such charms array'd
As opening roses on their sunny beds!
Her accents might beguile
Despair, her look, her smile,
On all around delicious influence sheds.

But not her smiles alone,
Her voice of melting tone,
Nor bloom, nor grace, my willing heart controul;
For in her form enshrin'd,
Resides the radiant Mind,
That crowns, illumes, and animates the whole.

By her belov'd, new born
Am I to bliss; the morn
More sweet appears; more blue the' expanse above;
More mild the passing gale,
More verdant seems the vale;
And all is gladness, harmony, and love.

Now, to my unfilm'd sight,
O Sun! thy golden light,
From which I wont disgusted to retire,
Once more I feel is dear,
Once more my breast can cheer,
And ardent hopes and thoughts sublime inspire.

Dian, more fair meseems
Thou art, than when thy beams
Saw me retreat in solitude to pine;
And ye, aye-burning stars,
That guide your emerald cars
Mid boundless space, with nobler lustre shine.

Now, joyous as I rove,
Each cool and whispering grove,
Not less to Bliss than to "pale Passion" dear,
Shall bid its feather'd throng
Awake a sprightlier song,
And pour delight upon my tranced ear.

Nor thou, my Lyre, that oft,
In numbers sweetly-soft,
Hast plain'd the story of thy master's woes,
Now, while his heart beats high
With extacy, shalt lie
Unstrung, and sunk in indolent repose:

Now, from thy vocal wires,
While Love, while Beauty fires,
And rosy-pinion'd Pleasure hovers round,
No strains of mournful fall
My rapid hand shall call,
But bid thy boldest harmonies resound.

Yes, glowing be the song!
Such raptures well belong
To him who sings the blest Ianthe's praise.
And lo! more mildly-bright
Than Vesper's beamy light,
She comes, the queen, the glory of my lays.

She comes! ye Zephyrs bland
Your purple plumes expand;
Ye blooming flowers your balmy breath diffuse;
Ye birds, with warbled air,
Salute the peerless fair,
Sacred to Love, to Beauty, and the Muse.

1800.

Sweet was the dream of love
In which my senses lay:
And sad the hour which drove
That pleasant dream away!

O had I, still misled,
Ne'er found my slumbers fly!
Or, when those slumbers fled,
Had only woke to die!

R. A. D.

THE HARP OF SORROW.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY,

*Author of the Wanderer of Switzerland.**

I GAVE my Harp to SORROW's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command,
They warble only to *her* song.

Of dear departed hours,
Too fondly loved to last,
—The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
That died untimely in the blast;—

Of long, long years of future care
Till lingering Nature yields her breath;
And endless ages of despair
Beyond the judgment-day of death;—

The weeping Minstrel sings,
And while her numbers flow,
My Spirit trembles thro' the strings,
And every note is full of woe.

* Mr. Montgomery is known to the readers of the Poetical Register by the signature of ALCÆUS. This poem has before appeared in print; but deformed by errors of the press.

Would GLADNESS move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones,
The chords, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet to soothe the mind
With luxury of grief,
The Soul to suffering all resign'd
In SORROW's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre,
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire
And on its magic pulses play;

Till all the air around,
Mysterious murmurs fill,
—A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet,—yet mournful still.

O snatch the Harp from SORROW's hand,
HOPE! who hast been a stranger long:—
O strike it with sublime command,
And be the POET's Life thy song!

Of vanish'd troubles sing,
Of fears forever fled,
—Of flowers, that hear the voice of Spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead!

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
Serene delights, while years increase;
And weary life's triumphant close
In some calm sunset hour of peace;—

Of bliss that reigns above,
Celestial May of Youth,
Unchanging as JEHOVAH's love,
And everlasting as his truth;—

Sing heavenly HOPE!—and dart thine hand
O'er my frail Harp, untuned so long;
That Harp shall breathe, at thy command,
Immortal sweetness thro' thy song.

Ah! then this gloom controul,
And at thy voice shall start
A new Creation in my Soul,
And a new Eden in my heart!

SHEFFIELD, SEPT. 29, 1806.

LABOUR IN VAIN.

IN vain you strive by every art
Once more to lure me to your arms;
For know my freed, indignant heart
Defies the magic of your charms.

There was a time when all your oaths
That fond, undoubting heart believ'd;
Now, wisdom-taught, the past it loaths,
And scorns to be again deceiv'd.

My foolish love was doom'd to die:
'Twas *you* the fatal shaft that sped;
And now, capricious girl, you try
With fruitless care to wake the dead!

R. A. D.

ADDRESS

To the Audience at the Theatre, Tunbridge Wells, spoken by Mr. SMITH, *of that Theatre, at his Benefit, on Monday, September 20th,* 1802.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

WHEN wintery winds prevail, and lowering skies,
Bereft of power the torpid insect lies,
Enveloped slumbers in the gloom of night,
Scarce owned by life, and stranger to delight;
But when returning Summer's genial hours,
Feel the bright Sun's invigorating powers,
With airy forms endued, and glittering wings,
To life and light the countless nation springs,
Sucks fragrant flowers, or flits around the trees,
Sports on each stream, and sails on every breeze,
Enraptured hails the warm reviving ray,
And basks, exulting, in the blaze of day.

Thus we, the creatures of your fostering power,
Who "strut and fret," each through his short-liv'd hour,
(Howe'er inspired by Virtue's sacred cause)
Scarce live, scarce breathe, till warmed by your applause;
But *such* applauding friends new life impart:
Your generous smile is sunshine to the heart.

How vain each moral lesson of the stage,
If what should mend fatigues a listless age!

To pity moves not, nor with fear alarms,
Nor bids fair Virtue shine in Beauty's charms,
Or truth, by powerful eloquence impress'd,
Strike with resistless force the feeling breast.

Yet who, alas! can charm by mimic woes,
Till, nursed by hope, fond emulation glows,
Till, ranged around a favouring group appears,
Prompt, at his call, to rage, or melt in tears;
While active sympathy, at his controul,
Spreads, like th' electric fire, from soul to soul.
Such sympathy they find, who seek the prize,
Dramatic fame, before a nation's eyes;
Whom all the great, the gay, the fair, attend,
Their hopes inspirit, and their toils befriend.
We (far more arduous task) aspire to please,
'Midst scenes of rural gaiety and ease,
Where, sick of public sports, th' inconstant mind
Spurns joys resembling those it left behind;
And, still to varied dissipation used,
Fastidious pride disdains to be amused.

But let not Taste's more humble vot'ries fear!
True Genius* long has fixed its empire here:
Allied to Genius, Candour spreads her wings,
Constant as health, at these perennial springs.
Take then the thanks which gratitude inspires,
Long, long as life, shall live her wakeful fires.
Cheer'd by your smiles, we seek, in grief or mirth,
No other patrons 'midst the peopled earth;
Our fondest hope, to please a chosen few,
Our proudest boast, to be approved by you.

* Alluding to the residence of Mr. Cumberland at Tunbridge Wells.

ELEGY

ON THE LATE

RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT.

BY THE REV. T. MAURICE *.

O'ER VALOUR, slumb'ring in its marble tomb,
Beneath majestic PAUL's imperial dome;—
O'er the most lov'd of all the dauntless train,
That bear her thunder o'er the boundless main;—
Scarce has fond ALBION ceas'd her tears to shed,
Those tears that best embalm her virtuous dead;—
Scarce hush'd the boist'rous storm whose fury gave
The NILE's fam'd HERO to the rav'nous grave;
When, lo! new scenes of added horror rise,
And darker tempests cloud the low'ring skies!
With louder still and more terrific swell
Why rolls the solemn curfeu's deep'ning knell?
What blacker train of aggravated woes
Does the dark register of fate disclose?
What direr plagues offended heav'n prepare,
To plunge a groaning nation in despair?

* Mr. Maurice has in the press a descriptive poem of considerable length, entitled "Richmond Hill," for which subscriptions are now receiving.

Resounded, PUTNEY, o'er thy lonely heath,
Loud and prolong'd, are heard the shrieks of death;
While plaintive Echo, to AUGUSTA's fanes,
O'er yon rich valley wafts the dirge-like strains.
What kindred offspring of a brighter sphere
On this dark ball hath closed his short career?
Like NELSON's, bursting from the bond of clay,
Impatient for the dazzling realms of day,
What awful spirit bends its rapid flight
Through yon ethereal fields of orient light?
'Midst Virtue's, Britain's, Freedom's mingled sighs,
Immortal PITT ascends his native skies;
Seeks the bright fountain whence his genius flow'd,
The daring genius in his breast that glow'd;
And pure in soul as the seraphic quire,
Mounts with their wing and kindles with their fire.
Again its vows a sorrowing nation pays,
Again on high the banner'd trophies blaze;
EUROPE's loud voice laments her SAVIOUR gone,
And kings the BULWARK of the tott'ring throne;
While with rekindled fires her altars burn,
And richest incense feeds the flaming urn,
Those fires, those altars, rescued from the foe,
Whose rage forbade the sacred flame to glow,
RELIGION's self, whose high and hallow'd cause,
While crowded senates thunder'd back applause,
Thy voice sustain'd,—RELIGION, o'er thy bier,
Heaves the deep sigh and sheds the grateful tear.
Enlighten'd STATESMAN! whose expanded soul
Pervaded Europe to the frozen pole;—
Her empires in thy mighty balance weigh'd,
And propp'd the sinking with thy pow'rful aid;
Whose tow'ring, bold, and comprehensive view
Grasp'd all LOCKE thought and letter'd BACON knew;

What daring pencil, what unbounded verse,
Shall the proud story of thy fame rehearse?
Thy throbbing heart beat high for BRITAIN's weal,
And BRITAIN lov'd thee with a parent's zeal;
For her in toil was past thy anxious day,
And sleepless roll'd the midnight hour away;
Till wasting cares at length in death repose,
And everlasting sleep those eyelids close!
Shall Parian marbles, shall the breathing bust,
Still rise majestic o'er ignoble dust?
Still shall the sculptor's, still the painter's fire,
The herald's trophied pomp, the poet's lyre,
To blazon crimes afford their guilty aid,
And snatch the worthless from oblivion's shade?
Ye venal Muses, cease your warbled lays;
Hide, blushing Science! hide thy tarnish'd bays,
Or let your centred beams on GENIUS shine,
And glow round buried VIRTUE's hallow'd shrine.
If ever MERIT claim'd a gorgeous shrine,
Where science, talents, might their pow'rs combine,
Thine, SON OF CHATHAM, is that lofty claim,
In whom concentred burn'd their two-fold flame.
Sublime EXAMPLE to a thoughtless age,
Firm mid contending faction's fiercest rage!
Like Abdiel, *faithful* mid the *faithless* found,
And *poor* though countless millions blaz'd around!
But, radiant in its own immortal fame,
No foreign splendours can exalt thy name;
Though grateful BRITAIN o'er thy lofty tomb
Rear the proud arch and swell the marble dome;
Though GRANTA round thy urn her treasures pour,
And bid to heav'n her tow'ring statues soar;
Though some new PHIDIAS all his skill bestow,
Or RUBENS bid the breathing canvass glow;—

Still, PITT, a prouder monument remains,
And on our hearts engrav'd thy memory reigns!
Thine are the brightest palms that ever shed
Their hallow'd lustre o'er the mighty dead!
Palms that shall live when sculptur'd brass shall fade,
And marbles crumble to the dust they shade!
Of fervid eloquence, what raptured age,
Sublimer, heard the classic torrent rage?—
Not Greece, when blasted Philip felt its ire,
Not Rome, when fearless Tully launch'd its fire,—
Than struck with awe the senate's wond'ring throng,
When thy bold strain impetuous rush'd along.
That on the vanquish'd heart resistless wrought,
While glowing language cloth'd the burning thought.
Thy strenuous voice, for truth and freedom bold,
In such a tone of manly vigour roll'd,
Gaul's hateful tyrant shudder'd at the sound,
While ev'ry hostile nation trembled round;
Its thunder dealt a more decisive blow
Than fleets and armies on th' astonish'd foe!
With genius born beyond this dark *terrene*,
With pow'rs too mighty for this bounded scene,
Thy high, thy arduous race with glory run,—
Thy *setting* radiant as thy *rising* sun:—
Through boundless space now roves th' unfetter'd soul,
And views beneath it worlds unnumber'd roll;
Or, haply, soaring on archangel's wing,
Thou MINISTREST to heaven's eternal KING;
And, guardian of imperial *thrones* below,
Delight'st around the *jasper throne* to glow;
While, veil'd from mortals, to thy raptur'd gaze
His vast designs th' Almighty Sire displays;
Of all that to thine eye mysterious seem'd,
Or on this darkling sphere but faintly beam'd,

Unfolds the vast, sublime, connecting chain,
And all the dazzling wonders of that reign,
Which through eternity's bright day extends,
And the bold stretch of angel-thought transcends.
  Whate'er in those bright realms thine high employ,
To saints gives pleasure, or to angels joy;
Whether mid rolling orbs thy spirit stray,
Or roam the galaxy's refulgent way;
Where'er it ranges through the blue profound,
As Time's vast cycles roll their mighty round;
Oh! from those bright abodes of bliss look down,
From fiend-like rage protect the British crown,—
And, till the last dread century expire,
Stars turn to dust, and planets melt in fire,
O'er thy lov'd isle thine ample pinions wave,
And GUARD that empire which THOU DIEDST TO SAVE!

BRITISH MUSEUM, 10th JUNE, 1806. T. M.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FABIAN PILLET.

WHEN I call'd you a blockhead, I candidly own
It was hastily done, for I could not have shown
  Such proof as would warrant conviction:
But, thanks to the anger my boldness has rais'd,
You're an author become, and now, Fortune be prais'd!
  I've proof that defies contradiction.

R. A. D.

PARENTAL VERSES,

Presented with a Copy of the NEW TESTAMENT *upon Christmas Day.*

BY T. PARK, ESQ.

NOT for its outside, daughter dear,
Will you this parent-gift revere;
Not for its current cost on earth;—
But for that high and heavenly worth
Which stamps its doctrines, rules, advice,
Above all value, past all price.
For 'tis our Saviour, CHRIST the LORD!
Whose hallow'd life these leaves record;
Who was the bright and morning-star,
That eastern sages from afar
Beheld and worship'd!—Be it ours
With all the soul's collected powers,
Duly to pay, at morn and even,
Meek homage to the Lord of Heaven;
Whose sacred word this truth supplies—
(A golden truth to Christian eyes)
The pious only are the wise.

TO A LADY IN SICKNESS.

LANGUID and weak thy frame appears,
And sad and sunk thy spirit seems,
No mirthful thought thy fancy cheers,
Thine eye no ray of pleasure beams.

In vain thy anxious friends contend
To chase away th' obtrusive tear,
While in their troubled bosoms blend
Reviving hope and chilling fear.

Yet why does grief my bosom press?
Why throbs my heart with pain for thee?
For others' love thy tear-drops fall,
Thy smile in health beamed not on me.

Through life how eager had I sprung
To soothe thy bosom's every sigh;
Had kissed, as tremulous it hung,
Each tear of sorrow from thine eye.

The lenient hand of Time again
Will give thee back to health and glee,
And thou wilt banquet, free from pain,
In sportive mirth and revelry:

But I shall labour to " beguile
The thing I am," and hush my breast,
Shall flutter " yet a little while,"
And shortly be with them that rest.

STAMFORD. O. G.

EXPOSTULATION.

WHERE is the smile with which thine eye
Used when we met of joy to speak?
And where the blush of deepest dye
That quickly rose upon thy cheek?

No more our parties heard among
Thy lively mirth-creating jest,
The laugh with which the table rung,
And without thee 'twas scarce a feast.

No more is heard thy tuneful song,
The cheerful lay, the plaintive air,
The strain pathetic pour'd along
That won the bosoms of the fair.

" In mercy, oh! my Friend, no more
" Of pleasures past the thought renew;
" Of days the memory you restore
" When life was young—and Fanny true!"

STAMFORD. O. G.

A DRINKING SONG.

BY W. R. SPENCER, ESQ.

When the black-letter'd list to the Gods was presented,
The list of what fate for each mortal intends,
At the long string of ills the kind angel relented,
And slipt in three blessings, Wife, Children, and Friends.

In vain angry Lucifer swore he was cheated,
That Justice Divine could not answer its ends;
The scheme of man's fall he maintain'd was defeated,
For Earth became Heaven with Wife, Children, and Friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund, ill-secured, oft in bankruptcy ends,
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of Wife, Children, and Friends.

Though Valour still glows in his life's waning embers,
The death-wounded Tar, who his colour defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers
How blest was his home, with Wife, Children, and Friends.

The Soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory,
For one happy hour with Wife, Children, and Friends.

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,
And round him Arabia's whole fragrance descends,
The Merchant still thinks on the wood-bines that cover
The bower where he sat with Wife, Children, and Friends.

The day-spring of youth, if unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends,
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No charms from the smile of Wife, Children, and Friends.

Let the breath of the Muse ever freshen and nourish
The laurel, which o'er her dead favourite bends,
Over me wave the willow, which only can flourish
When dew'd with the tears of Wife, Children, and Friends.

Let us drink! for my song growing graver and graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
Let us drink! Pledge me high! Love and Virtue shall flavour
This glass which I fill to Wife, Children, and Friends.

And if, in the hope this fair island to plunder,
The tyrant of France to invade us pretends,
How his legions will shrink, when our arm'd freemen thunder
The war-cry of Britons—"Wife, Children, and Friends!"

Fugitive Poetry.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

TRAFALGAR.

What is to come, shall come: and in swift time
A Prophet of the Truth shalt thou confess me.

ÆSCHYLUS.

WHO is he of Monarch mien,
In the mail of warrior seen,
Flashing from his ruthless eye
Savage faith of victory?
Pants his heart with pride elate,
Low'rs his brow with gloom of Fate:
At distance Austria's lances glare,
And Russia's sable eagles float in air:
Yet hark!—Earth trembled as He trod,
And shudd'ring nations own'd the SCOURGE OF GOD!

Austria! like the lightnings flame
Those victorious legions came:
Austria! Treach'ry quell'd thy host,
And thy gen'rous hope was lost!
Shall the hardy Northern Band
Shrink beneath that ruffian hand?
Still shall the many-fated year
Arise in paleness of prophetic fear?
Dark instrument of IRE DIVINE,
Urge on thy furious course—this hour is thine!

Ha! what livid horrors rise!
What stern furies fix thine eyes!
Heard'st thou? did the dreadful sound
Bid ev'n thy firm heart rebound?
As the thunder sullen broke,
In that voice Th' Eternal spoke:
Scarce o'er the long-expectant flood
Thy sails proud-swelling dar'd the strife of blood,
Ere the Destroying Angel gave
The sign of wrath—and whelm'd them in the wave!

Yes, Blasphemer! thou shalt start,
Anguish with'ring at thy heart:—
Be the scene of death display'd
In its broadest, blackest shade!
Let the troubled waves aspire,
Echoing thunder, surg'd in fire!
Let the wild tempest's awful breath,
The tidings bear of chains and shame and death!
While on Trafalgar's arid strand,
Dash'd are the wrecks by an Almighty Hand!

Boaster! in thy triumph speed—
Bid the fated nations bleed!
For to Thee awhile is giv'n
Thus to wreak the wrath of heav'n.—
When shall thy unsated spear
Turn in promis'd vengeance here?
Lo! to thy mem'ry-blasted eyes
The conqu'ring cross upon the whirlwind flies;
And He that shook the source of Nile,
Triumphant greets thee with a dying smile!

Arrogant of hope! beware—
Thine is frenzy—thine despair!
Yes, that glorious head is low;
But in vain the deadly blow:
Yet another shall arise
Arm'd with Albion's destinies!
When midst the death-shrieks of his foes
The sainted spirit of our NELSON rose;
To whom the doom'd revenge is giv'n
On him th' inspiring mantle dropp'd from heav'n!

Nations, that in bondage bow,
Lift the head indignant now!
Austria! lift thy hope on high
Vengeance smiling in thine eye!
Where the keels of Albion pass'd
Dreadless of the whelming blast;
An utter'd voice in ev'ry wave,
In ev'ry wind, th' Eternal Fiat gave:
" Proud Gaul! on Britain's saviour shore
Thy baneful star shall set—to rise no more!"

SIDMOUTH, NOV. CHARLES A. ELTON.

LINES

On the Death of Charles James Dickson.

LOV'D be thy mem'ry, dear respected shade!
With joy we heard thee, and with pride survey'd,
We ask no amaranths to deck thy tomb,
No roses glowing with poetic bloom.
More genuine honours have adorn'd thee dead,
The heaving sigh, the tear sincerely shed;
Tears are more precious than Castalian dews,
And sighs of sorrow than the sweetest muse.

REV. J. STERLING.

CYNTHIA.

BY THE LATE REV. R. POTTER.

HIGH o'er the Gods, revolving in his mind
What most might benefit, most please mankind,
Sate Jove enthron'd; on golden couches lie
Beneath his feet the synod of the sky.
To these th' almighty Sire, hear and approve,
Ye sons of heav'n, the fix'd decree of Jove.
All that is good or fair to man be giv'n,
Till we exhaust the bounty of our heav'n.
By my command the lucid fountains flow,
And in soft gales the vernal zephyrs blow;
I crown'd th' aspiring hill with verdant bow'rs,
And painted ev'ry smiling vale with flow'rs;
I bade the ruby's fiery lustre shine,
And call'd the blazing diamond from the mine;
Still to bestow what these bright gifts outvies,
Is worthy of the ruler of the skies.
Engag'd is my full pow'r to form a fair
Grac'd with each charm that wakens raptures here.
Let the bright ringlets wave her neck around,
Such as the starry Berenice crown'd.
Sol, form her eyes with thy own radiance bright,
And point them with the quintessence of light;
The lily's soul exhale; where fair it blows
Extract the blooming spirit of the rose;
With just proportion and the nicest grace
Unite them in the soft tints of her face;

To form her breath collect the sweetest gale
That pants on Tempe's aromatic vale.
Venus, to mould the swelling breast be thine,
And round her waist let thy own cestus shine.
Ye graces, your free elegance impress,
Direct the curious happiness of dress;
Breathe all the soul of motion in her air,
And melodize each accent of the fair.
Thou, smiling Cupid, ev'ry grace improve,
Arm her with all th' artillery of love.
Teach her, ye tuneful Nine, to strike the strings,
Let your own music ravish when she sings.
Give, lov'd Minerva, in her soul to meet
Thy force of wisdom, and thy fire of wit.
He spoke: applause rings thro' the courts of heav'n;
And Cynthia to the wond'ring world is giv'n.

THE ORACLE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A NYMPH was deserted, a youth was deceived,
To the priestess of Delphos they posted in haste,
She cried, 'Should a lover be ever believ'd?'
He asked if a damsel could ever be chaste?

These questions her Holiness turn'd in her mind,
Then issued the infallible sentence of truth,
"No youth will deceive, if no damsel be kind,
Each damsel is chaste, if belov'd by no youth."

WEIMAR. J. LAWRENCE.

ODE

ON LORD MACARTNEY'S EMBASSY TO CHINA.

Swift shot the curlew 'thwart the rising blast,
As eve's dun shades enwrapt the billowy main;
Hoarse broke the waves against the sandy waste,
And dim and cheerless swept the drizzling rain:
When, bending o'er the briny spray,
Stood thy genius, old Cathay;
Her vestments floating on the gale,
With angry glare, her eye-balls roll,
Horror shakes her inmost soul,
As thus along the strand swells her portentous wail:

Athirst for prey, what ruffian band
Dares approach this happy land?
Glimmering thro' the glooms of eve,
What canvas flutters o'er the wave;
Plunging thro' the swelling tide,
What prows the whit'ning brine divide?
—'Tis Albion's bloody cross that flouts the air,
'Tis Albion's sons that skirt this peaceful shore;
Her cross—oppression's badge—the sign of war;
Her sons that range the world, and peace is seen no more.

Insatiate spoilers! that with treacherous smiles,
In wreaths of olive hide the murderous sword:
Ill fare the tribes, unconscious of your wiles,
Whose honest candour trusts your plighted word.

Hence! ye harbingers of woe—
Too well your deeds of blood I know;
For 'mid the thickening gloom of night,
Oft as I speed my watchful flight,
A monitory voice I hear—
Keen Sorrow's thrilling cry awakes my list'ning ear

A cry resounds from Ganges' flood;
There Oppression's giant brood
Wide the scythe of ruin sweep,
And desolated districts weep;
Terror waves the scourge on high;
Patient Mis'ry heaves the sigh.
Lo! meagre Famine * drains the vital springs,
And points from far, where yawns the darksome grave;
Her gifts in vain profusive Plenty flings;
—Stern Avarice guards the store, nor owns the wish to save.

From Niger's banks resound the shrieks of woe,
There, inly pining mourns the hapless slave;
Fraud proudly braves the light with shameless brow,
And floating charnels plow the restless wave.
Behold, in desolate array,
The captives wind their silent way;
Amid the ranks, does Pity find
A pair, by fond affection join'd;
Fell Rapine, reckless of their pain,
Blasts Misery's final hope—denies a common chain †.

* Alluding to the ever-memorable Bengal famine, in which 3,000,000 of the Hindoos perished, for want of rice (their customary food) at a time when the warehouses of the British merchants were crammed with that commodity.

† Mr. Falconbridge being sent to choose some slaves at Cape Coast Castle, objected to one that was meagre, and put him aside. Mr. F. observing a tear steal down the man's cheek, enquired of

Hear, O my sons, the warning cry,
And while you breathe the pitying sigh,
Deep on Memory's tablet trace
These triumphs of Britannia's race;
From age to age, from sire to son
Let the eternal record run:
And when, with hollow hearts, and honey'd tongues,
These slaves of gold advance their blood-stain'd hand,
Shrink from the touch—Remember India's wrongs—
Remember Afric's woes—and save your destin'd land.

W. SHEPHERD.

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WITHIN these sacred bowers
The wretch shall find repose:
No gloomy vengeance lowers,
Soft pity heals his woes.—
While friendship's hand his steps shall stay,
And hope shall point to brighter day.

Here, far from noise and folly,
Fraternal love presides;
And sweetest melancholy
A hallow'd guest abides.
If scenes like these thy heart can share,
Then bide a welcome pilgrim here.

BERLIN. B. BERESFORD.

him the reason, upon which he said, "that he was going to be parted from his brother."—Abstract of the evidence delivered before a select Committee of the House of Commons, p. 91.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON LEAVING A SCENE IN BAVARIA.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

ADIEU, the woods and waters' side,
Imperial Danube's rich domain;
Adieu the grotto wild and wide,
The rocks abrupt and grassy plain!
For pallid Autumn once again
Hath chill'd the breath of every gale,
And swell'd each torrent of the hill:
Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
And watry winds that sweep the vale
Grow loud, and louder still.

But not the Storm dethroning fast
Yon monarch oak of maſſy pile,
Nor river roaring to the blast
Around its dark and desert isle,
Nor Curfew tolling to beguile *
The cloud-born thunder passing by,
Can sound in discord to my soul:
Roll on, ye mighty waters, roll—
And rage, thou darken'd ſky!

* During thunder storms in the Catholic countries of Germany, it strikes the imagination, in addition to the sublime horror of the scenery, to hear the pealing of bells from the adjacent monasteries, which are sounded as a religious ceremony to deprecate the effects of lightning.

Thy blossoms, tho' no longer bright,
  Thy wither'd woods no longer green;
Yet, Eldun shore, with dark delight
  I visit thy unlovely scene;
  For many a sun-set hour serene
My steps have trod thy mellow dew,
  When his green light the firefly gave,
  When Cynthia from the distant wave
Her twilight anchor drew;

And plough'd, as with a swelling sail,
  The billowy clouds and starry sea:
Then, while thy hermit nightingale
  Sung on her fragrant apple-tree,
  Romantic, solitary, free,
The visitant of Eldun's shore
  On such a moon-bright mountain stray'd,
  As echo'd to the music made
By Druid harps of yore!

Around thy savage hills of oak,
  Around thy waters bright and blue,
No hunter's horn the silence broke—
  No dying shriek thine echo knew!
  But safe, sweet Eldun Woods, to you
The wounded wild deer ever ran,
  Whose Myrtle bound their grassy cave,
  Whose very rocks a shelter gave
From blood-pursuing man!

Oh, heart-effusions, that arose
  By nightly wand'rings nourish'd here,
To him that flies from many woes
  E'en homeless desarts can be dear!
  The last, the solitary cheer

Of them that own no earthly home,
Say, is it not, ye banish'd race,
In such a lov'd and lonely place
Companionless to roam?

Yes, I have lov'd thy wild abode
(Unknown, unplough'd, untrodden shore!)
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar!
For man's neglect I love thee more;
That art nor avarice intrude
To tame thy torrent's thunder shock,
Or prune thy vintage of the rock
Magnificently rude!

Unheeded spreads thy blossom'd bud
Its milky bosom to the bee,
Unheeded falls along the flood
Thy desolate and aged tree!
Forsaken scene, how like to thee
The fate of unbefriended worth!—
Like thine her fruit dishonour'd falls,
Like thee in solitude she calls
A thousand treasures forth!

Oh, silent Spirit of the place,
If, ling'ring with the ruin'd year,
Thy hoary form and awful face
I yet might watch and worship here;
Thy storm were music to mine ear,
Thy wildest walk a shelter giv'n,
Sublimer thoughts on earth to find,
And share, with no unhallow'd mind,
The Majesty of Heav'n!

What, tho' the bosom-friends of Fate,
Prosperity's unwearied brood,
Thy consolations cannot rate—
Oh, self-dependent Solitude!
Yet, with a spirit unsubdued,
Tho' darken'd by the clouds of Care,
To worship thy congenial gloom,
Like Pilgrim to the Prophet's tomb,
Misfortune shall repair!

On her the world hath never smil'd,
Or look'd but with accusing eye:
All-silent Goddess of the Wild,
To thee that Misanthrope shall fly.
I hear her deep soliloquy,
And mark her proud but ravag'd form,
As stern she wraps her mantle round,
And bids, on Winter's bleakest ground,
Defiance to the storm!

Peace to her banish'd heart at last
In thy dominions shall descend,
And, strong as beechwood in the blast,
Her spirit shall refuse to bend;
But, bearing life without a friend,
The World and Falsehood left behind,
Thy votary shall bear elate
In triumph o'er afflicting Fate
Her dark inspired mind!

But dost thou, Folly, mock the Muse
A wand'rer's mountain-walk to sing,
Who shuns a warring world, nor woos
The vulture-cover of its wing?
Then fly, thou tow'ring, shiv'ring thing,

Back to the fost'ring world beguil'd,
To waste in self-consuming strife
The loveless brotherhood of life,
Reviling and revil'd!

Away, thou lover of the race
That hither chac'd yon weeping deer:—
If Nature's all-majestic face
More pitiless than man's appear;
Or, if the wild winds seem more drear
Than man's cold charities below,
Then search, around his peopled plains,
Where'er the social savage reigns,
Exuberance of Woe!

His art and honours wilt thou seek,
Emboss'd on grandeur's giant walls?
Or hear his moral thunders speak
Where senates light their airy halls?
Where man his brother man enthralls,
Or sends his whirlwind-warrants forth,
To rouse the flumb'ring fiends of war,
To dye the blood-warm waves afar,
And desolate the earth!

From clime to clime pursue the scene,
And mark, on all thy spacious way,
Where'er the tyrant man hath been,
That Peace, the Cherub, cannot stay:
In wilds and woodlands, far away,
She builds her solitary bower—
Where none but Anchorets have trod,
Or friendless men to worship God
Have wander'd for an hour.

In such a far forsaken vale
(And such, sweet Eldun vale is thine)
Afflicted Nature shall inhale
Heav'n-borrow'd joys and thoughts divine—
No longer wish—no more repine
For man's regret, or woman's scorn—
Then wed thee to an exil'd lot,
For if the world hath lov'd thee not,
Its absence may be borne.

TO MISS SEWARD.

On her Runic Poem, *HERVA AT THE TOMB OF ARGANTYR.

BY THE LATE †DAVID SAMWELL, ESQ.

SWEET MUSE OF ‡EYAM, thy excursive mind,
By judgement temper'd, and by Taste refin'd,
Might well have scorn'd the Runic path to tread,
Where §HICKS oppos'd impenetrable lead;
But, like the SAGE, who, in auspicious hour,
Of transmutation found the wondrous power,
Thy happy genius, luminous and bold,
With magic fire, hath turn'd his lead to gold.
1797.

* It was published with LLANGOLLEN VALE AND OTHER POEMS, in 1796.

† Mr. Samwell, whose death in 1799 was a loss to the literary world, made the grand Southern Voyages with the illustrious Capt. Cook, and was his chosen friend. He had become, in his later years, a distinguished patron of the compositions of his native country, WALES, in their original tongue, and was himself, occasionally, an elegant Poet.

‡ EYAM, in Derbyshire, where Anna Seward was born.

§ Dr. Hicks' literal and bald translation in prose of that ancient Norse Poem from the Saxon, in his Thesaurus Septentrionalis.

THE FOUNTAIN.

An Eclogue from the Spanish of GIL POLO.

DIANA AND ALCIDA.

Time—*Noon.*

ALCIDA.

Now, while the sun pours wide his arrowy beams,
And Nature sickens in the blaze of noon,
Faint, and more faint, the labourer plies his toil,
Or wearied sleeps beneath the pine's tall shade.
The languid Nymphs within impervious dells
Seek refuge from the dazzling eye of day,
And, ſtretch'd supine upon their mossy beds,
List the low tinkle of the falling drops,
That slow distil adown the rocky floor.
Now drooping silence pensive reigns around,
Save where the grass-hopper's sharp note is heard;
Or languid song of shepherdess reclin'd
In the cool shade, beside her fleecy care.
—Lead where yon fountain sparkles thro' the glade,
O'er whose clear brink the fragile hare-bell bends,
That loves to trace its beauty in the waters:
There, Zephyr whisp'ring thro' the trembling leaves,
Dips his light pinions in the current clear,
And sprinkles freshness o'er the languid flowers.
—There shall our songs the noon-tide hour beguile
And each soft gale Diana's accent bear.
Child of the mountain! dweller of the rock!
Sweet Echo! answer from thy secret cell.

DIANA—(*Sings.*)

Hail to thy waters! gentle fountain,
That shedding health and freshness flow;
Thy sparkling tide, whose plaintive murmur
Might sooth all pain but hopeless woe.

Oh! ever on thy turfy margin
May rosy laughing Spring reside;
Her freshest tints, her sweetest odours,
Enrich the flowers that deck thy side!

And still may boist'rous Auster, passing,
Revere the bright abode of Spring;
No wild blast tear thy willowy bowers,
Or sweep thy bud with blighting wing!

Here may the lily breath its fragrance;
The violet here its perfume shed,
And to each passing frolic Zephyr
The primrose bow its lovely head!

ALCIDA.

Here ne'er may listless heifer straying
To shun the scorching noon-tide hours,
Disturb thy clear pellucid waters,
Or trample on thy new-born flowers!

Oh! ne'er may hapless lover languish
Reclin'd along thy willowy side;
No bitter tear of hopeless anguish
Pollute thy clear, thy crystal tide:

But ever on thy mossy border
May Love and Peace delight to rest;
And cherub Innocence gay carol,
And cull thy flowers to deck her breast!

LA GIERUSALEMME SOGGETTITA*.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH STERLING.

To old Belgard, Sir Claribell
Relates his doleful tale;
How Sion's sacred fort is ta'en,
And Sarzan fone prevail.

O MORTAL man! how vain thy notions are,
Who ween'st on earth to find stability;
On earth all things for ever changing were,
And all are subject to infirmity:
Decays each thing that wonneth under sky:
Jerusalem! thou city of our Lord,
How many various chances didst thou try!
Once held by men, who highest God adored,
But now enthralled art by Paynim's ruthless sword.

Hail, Colinet†, thou blythest of the train,
That woo'd the muse by Heliconian spring;
With thee may laurel girlond ſtill remain,
And on thy grave may rosy-bosom'd spring

* The author is aware, that the great battle between Saladin and Guy de Lusignan was fought near the Lake of Tiberius; but he chose Jerusalem, as being more poetic ground.

† Spenser.

Her incense scatter from dew-dropping wing:
In thy Nepenthe let me steep my quill,
And with thy finger touch the trembling string,
When thrown beside the wildly-murmuring rill,
I view the evening shade descend from Arlo hill.

Whylome in Erin wonn'd a gallant knight,
Well was he vers'd in ev'ry martial deed;
Oft guided he the raging storm of fight,
And oft he launc'd the spear and rein'd the steed;
And oft he made the prowest Paynim bleed,
Thrice did he combat in the holy lond,
And captive pilgrim from vile thraldom freed;
And thrice on Indian shore unsheath'd his brond,
And dy'd with faithless blood the rich Egyptian strond.

But now the summer of his life was past,
And rigid winter cloth'd his head with grey;
His mighty limbs and sinews strong were brast;
And to his valiant heart his hand said nay;
Nor strove he now in honourable fray;
His long-try'd arms of adamantine mould,
Whose glorious lustre dimm'd the radiant day,
And all his war-like trophies manifold,
The strong and stately pillars of his hall uphold.

Three sons he had, three gallant sons they were,
And like their sire in field of Mars renown'd;
High deeds achieved they, most passing rare,
In European and in Asian ground;
Yet still with splendid conquest were they crown'd:
Now did they combat 'gainst the unbaptiz'd,
And were in Palestina to be found;
Their deeds of hardiment all men surpriz'd,
And by their chivalry themselves they eternized.

Large and expanded was their father's soul,
Ne once by sordid narrow thought confin'd;
Ne could base avarice his will controul,
For still to bounty-head he was inclin'd,
And on fair honor ever set his mind:
The passing knight was still his welcome guest,
And courteous entertainment still did find,
When the broad moon illum'd the crimson east,
Unfolded were the gates, and spredden was the feast.

In Arlo Glynne this baron's castle stood,
The loveliest Glynne, of lovely Innisfail:
In stateliest pride here frown'd the dark'ning wood,
Here streamlets murmur'd down the vernant vale;
Here harvests wav'd beneath the evening gale,
Here stags high-bounding roam'd the wild Gaulteès,
Along whose sides the sheets of vapour sail;
Where deep entraunc'd the lonely hunter sees
Ideal forms to mount the pinions of the breeze.

But, Arlo Glynne, thy glories are no more,
Fell'd are thy foreſts by the ruthless hand
Of wild extravagance, still craving more
To lavish idly on his scoundrel band,
In sottish pleasures, which the fool had plann'd:
Ev'n now some traveller of curious eyne,
All o'er thy rev'rend ruins takes his stand,
Sighs o'er the spot where once in fortune's shine,
Belgardo, good and brave, with errant knights did dine.

Old night ascended had her starry wain,
And with her russet veil the landscape clad;
When tow'rds Belgardo's castle thwart the plain,
A stranger knight advanc'd of semblaunce sad,

And mournful arms of sable hue he had;
Strong seem'd his arm to stem the battle's rage,
Upright his portaunce was of nought ydrad,
His steed did seem of stately carriage,
And by his master's side there ran his tiny page.

With glorious wounds the warrior's face was scarr'd,
And honour's badge was scored on his breast;
Both shield and habergeon were foully marr'd,
And well their owner's martial mind exprest:
The shining helmet and the waving crest,
By dint of ruthless sword were rudely shent;
A soaring hawk was on his shield emprest,
Which tow'rds yon azure arch her journey bent,
And clang'd her sounding wings as thro' the air she went.

From lofty sell the stranger knight descends,
And many 'squires and pages round him wait;
By those conducted to the hall he wends,
Where old Belgardo sate in princely state,
Who rose from couch to do him court'sy great,
And him saluted in most lovely guise;
Heap'd was the table with most dainty meat,
Such as shrewd cook could by his art devise,
And the clear crystal vase with purple, Bacchus dyes.

Now sated hunger was, and sated thirst,
And ready servants tables mov'd away;
Then old Belgard his guest addressed first,
Kind courteous Sir, one boon I craven may,
Of thy proud deeds and lineage the display;
For well I ween that noble is thy strain,
And strong thy hand in fierce Bellona's fray,
Thy port and countenance aread thee plain,
To be in knightly thews an honourable swain.

Then bowing low the stranger knight reply'd,
Most noble host, thy will be quickly done;
My name is Claribell, myself I pride,
Ne high emprize, ne danger dread to shun;
But spread my fame from tone to tother sun;
Where the broad Shannon pours his echoing wave,
There Bravadore, my father, held his wonne,
Whilome in deeds of war a champion brave,
Now freed from toil and care he sleeps in silent grave.

When thrice five summers I had fully seen,
Myself I furnished with shining shield,
And cas'd my manly limbs in armour sheen,
And with my thund'ring courser beat the field;
And 'gainst dismay my haughty courage steel'd:
Tow'rds fair Jerusalem I ſhap'd my road,
Where cruel Infidels in battle yield;
Where frowning war in all his horrors glow'd,
And stain'd with human gore discolour'd Jordan flow'd.

Now royal Luſignan high feats achiev'd,
And smote the Arab with relentless blade;
The mighty Saladin was sore aggriev'd,
That to the Sar'zans such despight he made,
Inflam'd with rancour thus he sternly pray'd:
" Great Macon, hear from thy celestial shrine,
" O let me be for ay a damned shade,
" By Stygian ſtrond in endless bale to pine,
" If thou be not aveng'd of those fell fone of thine."

Thus vow'd the Caliph, and thus felly rag'd,
Eftsoons to wagen war he did provide:
A thousand kings are in his pay engag'd,
Whose thousand hosts before his city bide,

Imperial Memphis, Egypt's sov'reign pride:
The tawny Indian from the farthest east,
Where Phœbus rises from th' empurpled tide,
The Mauritanian from the steepy west,
Where in th' Atlantic wave his burning car is kest.

The black Caffrarian from the stormy Cape,
Incessantly by waves and tempests beat;
The Ethiopian * with his sceptred ape,
And Guinea's sons, of hue more black than jet,
The Scythian from Riphœan mountains wet,
Where dreary winter holds eternal reign,
Where shines the bear in ocean ne'er to set;
The Sar'zan bands of Afric and of Spain,
And the redoubted sons of utmost Taprobane.

This mighty host great Saladin review'd,
The banner'd nations pass'd in fair array;
Then tow'rds Jerusalem their march pursu'd,
With the first beamings of the springing day;
The fame of this did nought our prince affray:
His num'rous levies he collects in haste,
That he his regal crown defenden may;
Strong tow'rs and engines on the walls he plac'd,
And many an hardy band in arms of proof ycas'd.

Now evening spread her dusky mantle round,
And veil'd the prospect with her shadows dun,
When lo! we heard a dreadful rushing sound,
As when to battle armed myriads run;
The horrent clangor did our senses stun.
Now well we ken'd th' Egyptian host was nigh,
Ne mightier host beneath the circling sun,

* See a note in the ancient part of the Universal History, Vol. xvii, p. 502. Octavo edit. Dublin, 1745.

Their steeds and camels terribly did neigh,
And shouts of barb'rous nations rent the vaulted ſky.

That night our walls were lined with a band
Of hardy soldiers to confront our foes;
The bright spear glitter'd in each martial hand,
The burnish'd targets gleam'd in shining rows,
And wide around a ſtream of radiance flows;
The wakeful sentries kept strong watch and ward,
And rugged smith still heaped blows on blows,
And with extremest cark and labour far'd,
And polish'd shields and spears yfram'd of iron hard.

The hours unbarr'd the gates of day above,
And Phœbus seem'd to rise in mournful mood;
Pale were his beams to gild the court of Jove,
His angry coursers loath'd their heav'nly food,
And wish'd to plunge again in ocean's flood:
Portentous clouds surcharg'd th' horizon o'er,
And their dark skirts distained were with blood;
The late green fields a sanguine aspect wore,
And from the trees distilled drops of crimson gore.

The city gates were then unfolded wide,
In length'ning lines the marshall'd armies came;
Far o'er the plain was pour'd the burnish'd tide,
And to the winds our gorgeous pennons stream;
With gold and precious stones they richly flame:
The glitt'ring arms a glorious prospect yield,
Shedding around a keen refulgent gleam;
Resplendent was the horror of the field,
Gay shone each plumed helm and fair-emblazon'd shield.

Great Lusignan was arm'd in coat of mail,
Of steel transparent like to cryſtal glass;
And in the centre must himself avail,
Where all his footmen he arranged has,

Of hardy wights a well compacted mass:
His wide-extended wings the horsemen form
Whose neighing coursers paw'd the deep green grass,
And seem'd more fleet and fell than boist'rous storm,
Which rusheth from his cave and doth the skies deform.

Our gallant leader darts from file to file,
To every band, to ev'ry squadron goes;
He greets each warriour with a gracious smile,
Upon his cheek youth's purple splendour glows,
And from his eye assured conquest flows:
Meantime the mighty Sar'zan host advanc'd,
With ensigns spread to ev'ry breeze that blows,
Sun-shiny beams upon their harness danc'd,
And from their helms and shields the mimic lightning glanc'd.

Like the Colossus plac'd at Rhodes whylome,
Before his host high-tower'd proud Saladine;
So Neptune heaves himself above the foam,
And with his mace controuls the ocean's brine,
And thro' his empire darts his flaming eyne;
His habergeon was rough with scales of gold,
And silver crescents on his baldric shine;
It eke was starr'd with diamonds manifold,
The which in darkest shade a wondrous day might yold.

The bright broad sun in full meridian blaze,
Was the vast orbit of his mighty shield,
When vertical he flings his burning rays,
And to his heat both man and beast must yield;
Depainted plainly in that ample field,
Was a grim giant of enormous size,
Who seem'd in strong right hand the sun to wield,
And 'gainst the stars to aim his high emprize,
His foot on solid earth, his head enshrin'd in skies.

Upon his helmet was a serpent pight,
And many a lengthen'd fold his tail unwound;
His sparkling eyes emit a flashing light,
And seem to hurl the levin-brond around,
His crashing jaws grate thunder's harshest sound:
Tall was the courser that this Paynim rode,
For very pride he seem'd to spurn the ground;
He champ'd the foamy bit, his eye-balls glow'd,
Adown his shining sides the sweat in torrents flow'd.

The brazen trumpets gave a dreadful blast,
A blast which well mote rend both earth and skies;
Fierce Saladin against our right wing past.
Him Philibert, a German knight, espies,
And boldly tow'rds the prince of Paynims hies;
But vain the high essay of lofty breast!
To shend the Sar'zan was too high emprize:
Stern Saladin with couched launce in rest,
Good Philibert to ground from sell most rudely kest.

Now show'rs of jav'lins hurtled thro' the air,
And clouds of arrows 'thwart the welkin flew;
A thousand glitt'ring blades unsheathed were,
Which flam'd amazement on the gazer's view,
And o'er the battle dazzling splendours threw:
Full in the front tremendous Mavors rag'd,
And Discord storm'd amidst the warring crew;
Stern Slaughter frown'd where madd'ning hosts engag'd,
Where knights of highest fame the deadly combat wag'd.

Close by the Soldan's side a warriour fought,
White was his courser as the fleecy snow;
His radiant arms with silver were enwrought,
Which like the wave of Neptune seem'd to flow,
When west winds gently on his surface blow.

Upon his crest rich plumes of scarlet shine,
And in his shield pourtrayed is the bow,
That gorgeous bow, which decks yon azure skyne,
Brighter than Juno's bird bestarr'd with Argus' eyne.

Now a fierce blow unluckily was sped,
From a stern Saxon's desolating hand,
Full it descended on this Paynim's head,
Ne can his plated helm resist the brand;
Nought can prevent what rigid fate has plann'd:
Soon as he felt the ruthless biting sword,
Before death seal'd his eyes with ebon wand,
He cast one long look tow'rds his honor'd lord,
Whom living most he lov'd, and dying now ador'd.

O wretched Caliph! what avails thy boast,
That thronging nations own thy lordly sway!
See! the dear mistress of thy soul is lost,
Fair Saphadina, fair as flow'r in May,
Opening its beauties to the morning ray.
Let the pride wither of Idume's palm,
And o'er her grave let virgins hymn the lay;
Let it be deck'd with od'rous nard and balm,
O fair may be her fame! O may her soul be calm!

Where rich Damascus rears its stately walls,
And the clear Pharpar rolls his golden wave;
Where Abana from tow'ring Leb'non falls,
Dwell'd this fair lady fam'd for bounty brave,
To her their choicest gifts the Graces gave:
Her Asia's mighty sov'reign saw and lov'd,
Nought could his heart from Cupid's arrow save,
His flame by Saphadina was approv'd,
And both their souls did seem by equal passion mov'd.

When wild ambition fir'd the Caliph's mind,
To stretch his sceptre o'er the Syrian land;
Ne would his Saphadina stay behind,
Vain were his prayers and his entreaties bland,
Beside her lord she took her desp'rate stand:
O'er her pale face the mournful prince now hung,
Now press'd the coldness of her lily hand,—
Then by disdain, and love, and sorrow stung,
Into our thickest ranks most furiously he flung.

As when a raging torrent thund'ring down
From some steep mountain, deluges the plain,
Its swelling waves the subject valley drown,
And sweep away the labours of the swain,
His flocks, his herds, his crops of golden grain:
So the fierce Soldan rush'd amid the throng,
And urg'd his fiery steed o'er hills of slain;
Like the wing'd whirlwind's blast he pour'd along,
And look'd Briareus fierce, or Adamastor strong.

The great Enceladus you might him deem,
Or grim Typhœus fellest of the fell;
Ne mortal being mote you him esteem,
But some curs'd sprite escap'd from deepest hell;
So strong and firm he sat in lofty sell,
A thousand swords, a thousand spears him smote;
Myself beheld, ne forged tale I tell,
Albè around him burn'd the battle hote,
Ne once empierced was his target or his coat.

Now half our host this Pagan had o'erthrown,
With giant hond and mighty puissaunce,
When three brave youths in fighting fields well known,
For high exploits of fairest chevisaunce,
Against the Caliph did themselves advaunce;

Their angry courage they did bravely whet,
And boldly rushed on with couched launce;
Fierce Saladin they furiously beset,
And in his wild career they did him somewhat let.

Like some tall rock which overhangs the deep,
Projecting horrour on the surge below;
'Gainst which the waves eternal combat keep,
'Gainst which the stormy winds unceasing blow;
But strive in vain to work its overthrow:
Thus mighty Saladin unmoved stands,
And mocks the fury of his angry foe;
The flaming faulchion lightens in his hands,
And seems Jove's thunderbolt to crush the giant bands.

The first he smote so hugely on the crest,
That his bright burgonet was cleft in tway;
Nor here did ruthless sword of Paynim rest,
But in his brain did deep itself embay;
Nor can the second stony death gainsay,
The thrilling point is at his bosom bent,
And to his throbbing heart it finds its way;
The third, tho' certes he was knight most gent,
Was cloven down to waist, O grievous monument!

So have I seen three poplars young and fair,
By winding stream their leafy branches spread,
Gayly they flourish'd to the gladsome air,
And in the pride of youth they bourgeoned,
In spring's own liv'ry all apparrelled:
Lo! sturdy woodman comes with treach'rous steel,
Ne friend to beauty, ne to bounty-head,
His keen relentless weapon they must feel,
And be transmew'd to mast, or spoke of circling wheel.

Here for a moment paus'd the stranger knight,
New breath to take; meantime the silent tear
Stream'd down Belgardo's cheek; a strange delight
Mingled with horrour, and remembrance dear
Of those he loved best and held most near,
Gleam'd on his brow; his colour went and came:
Certes the good old man was pleas'd to hear,
His sons had found a never-dying name,
And flourish'd from their graves an honourable fame.

Long had he known the heroes were no more,
Their ghosts had told it in the hollow blast;
And as he trod the river's willow'd shore,
The youths before him in bright vision past,
They couch'd the lance, and airy javelin cast:
His trusty sword with drops of blood was stain'd,
His faithful dog howl'd o'er the dreary waste;
And to the night and silent moon complain'd:
And now Sir Claribell, once more, his speech regain'd.

At this the Soldan waxed wondrous proud,
And shook his bloody faulchion in the air;
Again he mingled in the fighting crowd,
And flash'd dismay even to our farthest rear,
Where'er he went, him followed wan despair;
He seem'd grim Mars by Hebrus' echoing shore,
Such his fierce cheer, and stern deportment were;
He seem'd Achilles, stain'd with Trojan gore,
Or Nimrod, first of kings, who chac'd the tusky boar.

With high disdain, great Lusignan beheld
His glorious ensigns all to earth o'erthrown;
With gen'rous rage his manly bosom swell'd,
And his vex'd sprite most grievously did groan,
Which sure mote move an heart of hardest stone;

Himself resolv'd to prove this Caliph's might,
And try the prowess of his arm alone;
Then did he soon address him for the fight,
And ran with beam-like spear against the Paynim knight.

The Sar'zan king was arm'd from top to toe,
In plated armour all of temper sure;
Nathless the shock of his outrageous foe,
Ne mote himself, ne mote his steed endure;
But low on ground they lay, without recure.
How fell, and furious, then was Saladine!
Fierce frown'd the visage of this angry Moor;
A proud disdain inflam'd his stormy tine,
Disdain and rage both flashed from his blazing eyne.

Swiftly from earth upsprung the Hagarene,
And seem'd in strength and courage to encrease,
Like huge Antæus, on the Lybian plain,
Who from the earth deriv'd his boasted race;
In both his hands he hent an iron mace,
And on Lusignan strokes so strongly laid,
Did not high God compassionate his case,
Ne thing he e'er again had thought or said,
But had enwrapped been in death's eternal shade.

In deep astoundment on the plain he fell,
An heavy corse of lifeless clay he seem'd,
The joyful Pagans rais'd an horrent yell;
For him or dead, or captive, they esteem'd,
And conquest sure unto themselves they deem'd:
Him from the field the shouting victors bore,
Each christian eye with pious sorrow stream'd;
Now battle they darraign (what can they more?),
And mountains heap of dead, and float the plain with gore.

The radiant arms that erst so brightly shone,
And with fictitious lightnings daz'd the eyne,
And seem'd to vie with Phœbus' noon-tide throne,
Now like the clouded moon do dimly shine,
Or like rude ore extracted from the mine:
They all defiled are with blood and dust;
The quaint devices and impresses fine,
Most sorely marred are by cruel thrust,
But suffer by mischaunce all earthly matter must!

The gen'rous courser and his haughty lord,
In glorious bleeding low on ground do lye;
The fellest fone their bitter strife accord,
And seem forgetful of their enmity.
Beside the vanquish'd does the victor die:
Now in slow circles wave the swords around,
In thinner show'rs the languid jav'lins flie;
Winds thro' the air a dull confused sound,
As when the winds and waves their murmurs hoarse confound.

With shiver'd launces and with cloven shields,
And riven helmets was the earth dispread;
Ensanguin'd torrents stream'd along the fields,
And the green grass now blushed rosy red,
With blood of slaughter'd knights envermeiled:
Now ebbing honour flow'd from christian veins,
Now the fierce Turk and haughty Persian bled;
An undistinguish'd carnage loads the plains,
Blank Horrour stalks around, and Desolation reigns.

Our highest prowess was no avail,
Gay conquest crown'd the hardy Saracine;
How did each faithful christian weep and wail!
To see the crescent in full splendour shine,
Exalted high above the cross divine.

Our yielding squadrons fled on every side;
Nought could resist impetuous Saladine,
Still did he rage with unremitting pride,
And still with slaughters new he swell'd the crimson tide.

O Claribell! how troubled was thy sprite!
When Christ's own army was discomfited;
Thy glorious day how quickly chang'd to night!
And the bright sunshine of thy life how fled!
Yet, was thy soul withouten coward dread.
Fell Saladin in combat I withstood,
Tho' deadly terrours o'er his brow were spread;
His thigh I deep empierc'd, out spun the blood,
And stain'd his radiant armour with the rushing flood.

Once more my heavy hond I rear'd on high,
And smote most hugely on his ample targe;
Swifter descends the blow than glaunce of eye,
And fairly took away its utmost marge,
And in his left-side made incision large:
Then with dread mace, which none resisten may,
Eftsoons most rudely gan he me to charge,
Till on the plain in heavy trance I lay,
And from my swimming eyes was snatch'd the radiant day.

Ne did I waken from my drowsy fit,
Till stars had kindled heav'n's refulgent blue;
An icy cold my bruised members smit,
Death spread around his wings of pallid hue,
And scant could life the ghastly fiend eschew.
At length upon my limbs myself I rear'd,
But horrour and distraction were the view;
Jerusalem enwrapp'd in flames appear'd,
And melancholy groans of dying men I heard.

The burning ruins blaz'd upon my eyne,
And seem'd to add new horrours to the dark;
Their glare was like the baleful comet's ſhine,
Or like the flash of Jove's etherial spark,
Which dreadful paſſage thro' the ſkies doth mark:
In me what grief, what high disdain was bred!
How sore oppress'd was I with painful cark!
How oft I wish'd myself among the dead!
At length into the woods I slowly, sourly fled.

Now thrice mild Cynthia, with her silver wain,
Yon ſtar-bespangled concave did surround;
And thrice to men her full-face shewed plain,
And thrice descended to infernal ground,
Yet still in lonely forest I was found;
At length on me kind fortune deign'd to smile,
And thro' the wilds my toilsome road I wound,
Then roam'd the track 'tween Ganges and the Nile,
And hardy deeds achiev'd befitting knightly stile.

From the Italian of FULVIO TESTI.

HAPLY my friend, beneath the Cœlian height,
Or Aventine, 'tis thine, with pensive pace,
Rome's spacious ways and pompous wrecks to trace,
While moss and weeds obstruct thy curious sight.

With pity-mingled anger, whilst thine eye,
Where temples once and theatres arose,
Sees the plough cleave, the lowing herd repose;
Deep from my breast I heave with thee the sigh.

Ours is the fault, that 'mid the wreck of time
Rome's glorious fabric mould'ring thus decays,
Ours—that no son of these degen'rate days
Knows in his great forefathers' steps to climb.

The lofty arch and trophied column claim
The honour due to ancient valorous deeds,
But none of living virtue now succeeds
On arch or column to inscribe his name.

Latium! the gen'rous soul that once did breathe,
Expires in luxury's deceitful arms;
Seest thou not, wretched! by her baneful charms
Thy laurel dwindled to a myrtle-wreath?

Forgive my words! 'twas once thy youth's delight,
In hardy sports to brace the active frame,
To bend the bow, the warlike steed to tame,
To rear the shield, and poise the lance in fight.

Now, by the crystal mirror's friendly aid,
Thy copious locks in artful ringlets flow;
And, strown with gold, thy costly garments show
Thy ancient wealth, in idle pomp displayed.

To thee, her richest sweets Assyria sends,
Snatched from Sabea's odour-breathing bloom;
To grace thy haughty neck, Batavia's loom
Its finest webs of filmy texture lends.

In golden cups, thy festal board around,
The foreign juice of rocky Scios shines;
And frozen waters tame Falernian wines,
When burning summer cleaves the thirsty ground.

To swell thy sumptuous banquet's wasteful pride
Afric and Phasis send their feathered store,
And finny tribes, from many a distant shore,
In massive gold, 'mid liquid odours glide.

Such wast thou not when Rome's young empire saw
The ploughman Consul, nor disdained to own
The poor Dictator on his humble throne,
His rustic fasces, and his simple law!

Yet, those rude hands, behind the lab'ring wain
That urge the weary oxen's tardy tread,
Thy glory raised, thy conquering ensign spread
From Austral climes to Boreas' wintry reign.

Now, scarce the mem'ry of thy lofty state
Survives; and, trampling on extinguished worth,
And ancient valour crumbling low in earth,
Barbarian rigour triumphs o'er thy fate.

Friend! if Italia rouze not from her dream,
(False be my words!) ere long the Persian force,
Or Thracian armies, in victorious course,
Shall pitch their hostile tents by Tiber's stream!

L. A.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

Soldier! the bones these blood-stain'd trophies hide,
Were *Bosville* yesterday—his country's pride.
Fate, in a few short weeks of one campaign,
Thought fame like his was quite enough to gain.

R. B. HALHED, ESQ.

STANZAS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATHISON.

If in the sympathetic hour,
When Evening wears her sober gray,
A form should glide to yonder bower,
And fondly smile, and pass away,
It is my spirit: I foretel
The joys our love deserves so well.

And when the moon enthroned on high
Shall animate thy waking dream,
And breezes through the willow sigh,
The willow weeping o'er the stream;
Then shouldst thou feel a starting tear,
Ah think my spirit hovers near.

Or when thy memory paints the bliss,
Which made the world a fairy land;
If something like a zephyr's kiss
Should seem to touch thy lip, or hand;
Or should thy fluttering lamp expire,
My spirit trembles for desire.

And if, while many a twinkling star,
Shall in thy conscious chamber shine,
Like the Æolian harp from far,
A voice should whisper "Ever Thine,"
My spirit bids thee softly rest,
Sustained by Hope, by Fancy blest.

WEIMAR. J. LAWRENCE.

ODE

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES, NEAR ETON.

By the Rev. J. HOLDEN POTT.

WHAT voice of low and solemn sound
Comes wafted down the silent stream?
Oh gentle Sleep, still hover round,
If now the Poet should but dream.

It murmurs still, with secret power
To penetrate and melt the heart,
Ah, let an humble bard implore
One bleſſing, and in peace depart.

'Tis past—and on the evening air
Calm silence floats, and reigns again,
Yet still the deep tone fills my ear,
And runs through every secret vein.

" Fond youth, it said, whose anxious eyes
" Still turn with pensive sad delight,
" Where yon fair spires which seek the ſkies,
" Mark long lov'd Eton to the sight:

" Let Gratitude diſſolve thy breast;
" Yes, hold those seats for ever dear,
" But let the sigh be still suppress'd,
" Nor stain these waters with a tear.

" For though you left content behind,
" You gain'd some gifts of nobler use,
" A heart above the world, a mind
" No power can awe, no bribe seduce."

O Father of the winding stream,
For surely thine this voice must be;
Those tears which you so fruitless deem,
Bring peace and sweet relief to me.

Yet warn'd by you my willing heart
The debt of gratitude shall pay,
For Eton form'd her better part,
And wash'd at least some stains away.

If base dependance I despise,
If, scorning names by birthright got,
To fair applause I strive to rise,
Anxious to grace an humble lot;

If still to nobler motives true,
My Muse contemns the flatterer's part;
If Pomp and Power unaw'd I view,
And pay my homage to the heart;

If from these springs my actions flow,
If these opinions prompt my tongue,
My gratitude for all I owe
To this fair source, for hence they sprung.

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

BY THE SAME.

Sweet is the dewy close of day:
The hour of pensive thought is come.
O fairest light! no more delay
Thy mild approach, but dart thy ray
Along the gathering gloom.

Some anxious lover waits thee now
To bless with all he loves his bower,
Thankful for this, yet more when thou,
Propitious to his frequent vow,
Shalt bring an happier hour.

Blest spirit! whose fair beams lead on
The dim and feeble age of eve;
Alas! too soon, when thou art gone,
Foul Darkness, where thy footsteps shone,
No lightsome trace will leave.

Thy voice is on the evening air
Too soft, too gentle to alarm,
Calm Silence, shedding every where,
With cautious step and listning ear,
Her still and sacred charm.

Short is thy hour, sweet child of light!
Yet leave Tranquillity behind;
Bid Peace attend the coming night,
With every air that breathes delight,
And hush each blustering wind.

For now perhaps her steps may stray
Through Evening's calm, whose cold disdain
Rejects the Poet's humble lay;
Ah, teach her eyes a kinder ray,
Though Love should plead in vain.

Ah, bless with peace her pensive hour,
And gently, from thy tresses bright,
Thy welcome dews refreshing pour
On every soft reclining flow'r,
And check encroaching Night.

Slow steering through the falling gloom,
Each to his lofty waving nest,
The rooks, with thickning clamors come,
From distant flights returning home,
Warn'd by their hour of rest.

Each bird that cheers the softer hours,
That lead the gladsome day along,
Now seeks his mate, whilst darkness low'rs,
And yields to sleep his tuneful powers,
'Till morn renew the song.

But I, whom grief returning meets,
Delight unseen alone to stray,
Seek the dark wood's obscure retreats,
Or musing Sorrow's pensive seats,
And watch the close of day.

SONG.

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

WHILE I hang on your bosom, distracted to lose you,
High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears flow,
Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you,
Did I ever upbraid you? Oh! no, my love, no!

I own it would please me, at home could you tarry,
Nor e'er feel a wish from Maria to go;
But if it gives pleasure to you, my dear Harry,
Shall I blame your departure? Oh! no, my love, no!

Now do not, dear Hall, while abroad you are straying,
That heart, which is mine, on a rival bestow;
Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying,
Do you think I suspect you? Oh! no, my love, no!

I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
Or plant in a heart which adores you such woe;
Yet should you dishonour my truth, and deceive me,
Should I e'er cease to love you? Oh! no, my love, no!

ADDRESS

To the Subscribers to the Literary Fund, at their Anniversary Meeting, April 3, 1805.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

As the fond mother, who has long caress'd
Her darling infant smiling at the breast,
Rejoic'd, yet fearful, sees his youth presage
Wit, valour, wisdom, in maturer age;
But rapt in bliss, beholds his manhood shine,
The grace, the glory, of her favour'd line;
So this fair offspring to her heart endear'd,
The Muse beheld by liberal bounty rear'd;
So fir'd by Hope, yet trembling 'midst delight,
She mark'd its progress to a nobler height;
So views, enraptur'd views, its strength mature,
By friends encircled, and of fame secure.

No fears, too prone on anxious minds to prey,
Blend with the joys of this distinguish'd day.
Here Learning, Virtue, on our labour smile,
All that adorns or guards this favour'd Isle;
Chiefs the brave champions of Britannia's laws,
Whose swords ne'er wav'd but in their country's cause;
" Statesmen, yet friends to truth," our deeds approve,
Statesmen, still cherish'd by their country's love:

And, first in bounty, as the first in grace,
The princely brothers of the Brunswick Race.
Behold, Britannia's hope—Britannia's pride,
Your bounties animate, your councils guide!
Lo! chas'd, as phantoms by th' approaching day,
Doubt yields at last to Truth's enlight'ning ray!
While sacred Sympathy exerts her powers,
With transport heard in academic bowers:
And, as her Isis glides in silver streams,
To form, augmented, the majestic Thames;
So * Rhedecyna's choicest sons have sped,
To share the triumph which Augusta led.

While thus, with ev'ry virtue in her train,
Divine Benevolence extends her reign,
Shall that fair region, great in arts and arms,
Where Glory stimulates, and Goodness charms:
Where Freedom's voice inspires her patriot host,
Shall Britain dread a tyrant's empty boast?
No: though his plundering myriads far and wide,
Spread wild dismay, and war's ensanguin'd tide;
Britannia's call shall nerve each arm, to chace
These dire destroyers of the human race;
Shall wake a gen'rous zeal, too long unknown,
Till the *proud Upstart* trembles on his throne:
Till Justice triumphs, sacred Order reigns,
And fell Ambition groans in adamantine chains.

* This passage alludes to the circumstance of several eminent literary characters from Oxford, having been Stewards at the Literary Anniversary, 1804.

ADDRESS ON THE SAME OCCASION.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ.

POET LAUREAT.

When the brave warrior in his country's right
Falls in the glorious vaward of the fight,
Dear to his parting breath each social claim,
Of parents, children, consort, dear the name,
Yet dearer still, the dying soldier's fame.
But short the fame that Memory's records give,
'Tis the recording Muse that bids it live;
By her to time remote is valour shewn,
The warrior's laurel twining with her own;
Patriots in Freedom's cause who firmly stood,
Or seal'd her sacred charter with their blood;
Monarchs, and legislators who design'd
Codes to protect and civilize mankind;
Warriors on field or flood, whom honour draws,
Victors or martyrs in her glorious cause,
Soon would Oblivion's sable waters hide,
Their glories buried in her torpid tide;
Did not the Historian's pen, and Poet's lay,
Snatch from the swelling wave its destin'd prey.

In scenes where Science never threw her light,
While deeds of Virtue sink in endless night;
Of Greece and Rome, the warrior, patriot, sage,
Through every climate live, and every age.
Nor, Albion! shall Time's envious wing display'd
Wrap thy heroic sons in deathlike shade,
Thy Alfreds, Edwards, Henrys, Hambdens shine,
Blazon'd in glowing prose, or song divine.

The gallant youth, and veteran chief, who died
On Abraham's heights, and by Canopus' tide,
Victors in death shall shine, and endless Fame
Record thy Wolfe's, thy Abercrombie's name.

Nor does the Muse alone in seraph strain
Shout the celestial hymn to virtue's train:
Her's too the task, in Gorgon terrors clad,
To shake the scourge of Justice o'er the bad;
The traitor's, tyrant's, murderer's, hated name,
Damn by her aweful breath to deathless fame.
For fame, of virtuous deeds the noblest prize,
The hallow'd guerdon of the brave and wise,
Glares a fell dæmon to the guilty train,
And awes when Death and Danger threat in vain.
Crimes in the secret breast that lurk conceal'd,
Stand in her lucid page to light reveal'd.
Deeds of oppression, that with patience meek
Sorrow in silence bears, and fears to speak,
Swell'd by her clarion float on every wind,
And draw the curse vindictive from mankind.
Though pomp and power to conscience opiates bring,
Smother awhile her voice and blunt her sting,
Yet moral Truth, in vengeance proudly dight,
Shall flash her awful mirror on the sight;
From the remorseless heart its armour tear,
And plant the venom'd scorpions of despair;
The blazing pile of flame and torturing steel
May bid the labouring sinews anguish feel,
But Guilt and Fear, with agonizing breath,
Speak horror to the trembling ear of death;
Bid the dim eye in pangs convulsive roll,
Harrow the throbing breast, and rack the soul.

Far be it from the Muse, with partial voice,
To lure from useful toil the public choice;

Earth's genial lap who teaches to unfold
A richer store of vegetable gold;
Who knows in union's closer bond to draw
The opposing powers of Liberty and Law;
Who dares in Freedom's holy cause to brave
The embattled legion and the adverse wave;
Shall gain from Virtue's breath a prouder fame
Than all the poet, all the sage can claim.

Yet, led by Science, they whose steps explore
Each deep recess of Nature's hidden store,
Shall surely there some treasur'd secrets find,
Parents of good, and useful to mankind;
And while the Muse now chears with heavenly lay
Virtue's firm march through Life's tempestuous way;
Now checks Oppreſſion in her mad career,
And teaches ruthless Tyranny to fear;
Tears from the brow the specious maſk of art,
And bares to public view the vicious heart;
Her garlands Fame shall bind round Science' head,
Revere her living, and lament her dead.

But to her sons this generous circle pays
Not merely fruitless tears and barren praise;
If sordid Poverty and deep Distress,
The living votary of the Muse oppress,
Through dark Misfortune's gloom your active care
Traces his silent step, and soothes him there.
To Worth deceased, for the funereal show,
The plume and bust, the pageantry of woe,
With kinder offerings you adorn his bier,
Drying with liberal hand his widow's tear;
And to his offspring clear the thorny road,
Which leads through toil and pain to Fame's abode.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

FAR from Ambition's selfish train,
Where Avarice rules the busy day,
And patient Folly "hugs his chain,"
Enslav'd by Custom's ruthless sway,
Lead me, calm spirit! to some still retreat,
Where Silence shares with thee the blooming mead,
Save when at distance heard, in cadence sweet,
The village minstrel tunes his simple reed.
There, free from cares, from jarring passions free,
Oft may I strike the lyre, sweet Solitude! to thee.

When orient Morn, in blushing pride,
Profusely sheds the glist'ning dew,
Oft let me climb the mountain's side,
And raptur'd mark the varied view.
When Noon directs on earth his parching ray,
Then let me find the cool, the peaceful shade,
Form'd by embow'ring oaks, in firm array,
O'er some small stream that rustles through the glade:
Thither let Fancy lead her magic band,
And o'er my senses wave her soul-entrancing wand.

But when at eve the curfew's knell
Winds slowly thro' the dusky grove,
Pensive I'll seek the rural cell,
Or midst the gloom in silence rove;
And when from village spire the solemn toll
Yields it's sad tribute to the breathless clay;
As calm Reflection steals upon my soul,
The tear unmark'd shall take its silent way;

And mournful oft I'll cull the violet's bloom,
Heave the sad soothing sigh, and dress the clay-cold tomb.

When Midnight spreads her blackest robe,
And shrouds in sullen mists the sky;
When Terror rules the silent globe,
And phantoms mock the fearful eye;
Parent of all! whose voice the winds obey,
The raving ocean, and the black'ning storm,
Yet stoop'st to guide the sparrow on his way,
And shed'st thy mercy on the struggling worm!
To thee, great God! to thee my voice I'll raise;
Trembling I'll strike the lyre, and hymn thy boundless praise.

NORWICH, 1796. A.

TO MISS GRAHAM, OF GARTMORE.

ON RECEIVING FROM HER SOME PERFUMES.

WHY bribe with fragrant gifts the languid muse?
Cast but a glance—what poet can refuse?
The glorious lustre of your eye prevails,
More than the sweetness of Arabian gales:
Soon will Arabia's odorous breezes die,
But beams immortal sparkle in your eye.

REV. J. STIRLING.

RETIREMENT.

BY THE LATE REV. W. B. STEVENS.

"WEAVE o'er my brow, ye shades, your amplest gloom;
Deepen your murmurs at my feet, ye waves,
Precipitately plung'd; ye snow-crown'd hills
On whose high front the unstooping moon may rest
Her wearied car; and ye that wildly spread,
Vallies, your verdant bosom to the sun,
Rich with his genial ray, my druid step,
If due invok'd, receive; if now a strain
Loose from the check of art may hope to charm
Your mute attention, wave ye awful shades."
Such were the strains that from the pensive breast
Of old EUGENIO, smarting with the wrongs,
And sated with the vanities of life,
And now retreating from the haunts of men,
Not without rapture tho' unbidden flow'd.
Awhile he paus'd—and o'er the sylvan tracts
Of lonely Nature cast a long survey,
Silent, yet pleas'd; upon his tranquil soul,
As on a mirror, the expansive scene,
Rich in variety and greatly fair,
New images imprest: their native charm
Work'd on each sense, till his admiring thought
Burst from its silence. Muse, record his thoughts!
And, if that grace be not denied thy claim,
In just Simplicity's proportioned phrase,

Not rude, not tasteless, not to passion weak,
Such as may win the approaches of the heart
Beyond the strutting pomp of giant words.
" For you, ye blue-ey'd Genii of the woods,
(Thus he renewed the ardor of his strain)
That wake the unfolding Spring, that bless from cold
The infant plants, and train the leafy scene
To full maturity of verdant life!
Naids, for you, and all in shells that haunt
The evening stream, to your romantic shrines
I now should bend, your votary; but the dreams
Of classic days, and ye are of their train,
Are fled—then with me better may I bring,
Nor fabulous be they deem'd, nor obsolete,
Fit deities to guard my sylvan reign
And glad these solitudes. What atheist heart
Shall scorn Integrity that knows no ill;
Courage that fears none; or the Briton power
Of Independence? She was wont to bless
Our fathers' footsteps: our effeminate age,
Effeminate and selfish, has exiled
Her liberal spirit from the palace roof,
To search for Freedom in these forest shades.
These are my household Gods. Within their fane
Peace shall be priestess; in their leafy dells
Silence may sleep; along their secret paths
With calm security RETIREMENT rove,
Veiling her step. Me too, ye holy choir,
Admit me to your train! The turbid walks
Of man, in meditative mood, I leave;
Leave, yet resign not or to drear despair,
Or dumb oblivion, the sweet social love,
That linking thought to thought, and heart to heart,
In golden concord, gleams from soul to soul,
And sheds divinity on human breasts."

Again he paus'd—for stealing o'er his soul,
The sad remembrance of his former days
Hung, mist-like, on his thought. One natural tear
He dropt, due tribute to the friends he lov'd,
The loves he lost, the venal friends that fled
His plaintive hours, when smit with penury—
But indignation on his cheek permits
No second tear: collected, he resumes
The rigid tone of VIRTUE's stoic lay.
" O ye loose Bacchants! ye whose low delights
Disgrace your day; that share with wine and lust
The night; or, sunk in sloth, the social hours
Consume; ye, whose mir'd appetites obstruct
The light of reason, oh, approach not here!
Here Riot raves not—the lewd warbling lute
Stirs not the tingling blood—the sensual thought
Withers—the Passions wild and ill-inflam'd
Faint in the shades of Solitude, and gasp
For the lost nourishment of absent vice."
" O ye, that softly thro' the mazy dance
Of fashion float, in silken luxury fair,
That sip, in vanity, the virgin bloom
Of beauty, tasteless to the enervate sense!
And ye, whose venal toil, from day to day,
Plods its unceasing round, who steal from night
The sleepless hour, Love's due, to gaze on gold,
Recede! nor the sweet breath of solitude
Taint with disgust and fear, that freshly blows
To the pure sense. The self-supported breast
Defying Penury, and with Virtue's pride
Glancing contempt on wealth-puff'd Insolence,
Or fairer yet, beyond an earthly ken
That daring looks,—Religion-lifted thought!
" Suit these the relish of degenerate souls?

" Thou in majestic glory crown'd by Heaven,
Imperial Nature! at thy woodland shrine
My votive verse receive; before thy throne,
In sweet vicissitude of service, stand
The New, the Beauteous, the Sublime:—fair forms
Shap'd to the Poet's eye! thy vernal path
Thro' groves and gardens, or in wilder scenes,
Wilder, yet such as rural Pleasure loves,
Tenderly fair, *May*, blushing Grace! adorns:
She, gay attendant on thy roseate reign,
Breathes her ambrosial spirit in thy gales,
Greens ev'ry hill, relumes the languid sun,
And guides his doubtful lustre to disclose
Thy woodbine foliage, peeping into bloom,
Fair bower of Beauty! kind retreat of Love!
Lead on, bright nymph—enchanted in thy realms,
On the green summit of some mountain site,
High o'er the extremest verge, with lifted hands
And rapture-straining eye, in speechless joy,
Wild in sublimest grandeur, *Wonder* stands.
Playful beneath, o'er ev'ry May-blown flower
Varying the scented hue, from shade to shade
Chasing the sunny gleam, in tremulous dews
With diamond lustre kindling purer grace,
Delighted Fancy roves, in fond pursuit
Of airy pastime; now, with bolder aim
Mingling the seasons, chills the Summer noon
With rush of sudden storm; now checks at will
The dark career of Winter, and o'erspreads
His sullen front with her all-cheering bow;
Then, as its shadowy splendor melts in air,
Catches its falling colours, and entwines
The bright illusive dyes, braiding for Hope
(Such the reward of ev'ry earthly aim)
" A fairy wreath to crown his pilgrimage.

" Not all the scanty portions of delight
That Heaven allots to man, with outstretch'd arm
AMBITION grasps; nor he who, falsely nam'd
Voluptuous, rifles ev'ry sickly charm
That Vice obtrudes upon his cheated sense;
She, as their moment of possession meets
His rising rapture, with insidious hand
Shifts their gay robes, and lo, his shudd'ring breast
Starts from the loath'd embraces of Disgust,
Or foul Remorse! Sincerity of bliss
" God meant not for the turbulent and vain.
" Deem ye the modest heart in shades retir'd,
Loose from the low contagion of the world,
Must pine in thought, or wearily benumb'd,
Count the dull hours, till flippant Folly comes,
Intrusive visitant! from whose mien, uncheck'd
By sense, by Humour's festive hand unpush'd,
Leaps the loud laugh! an independent joy,
That leans not on the languid form of things,
By Art's deceptive pencil colour'd gay,
Blesses the ingenuous mind; a virtuous joy,
That, while it charms, corrupts not. Such the sense
Harmonious of consenting truths; fair ease;
Fair exercise of mind; domestic peace;
Disdain of slavery; Reason's temperate rule;
Contempt of folly; conscious worth; and Faith,
" That dares with eagle eye the thrones of Heaven.
" Who on his soul that feels this angel train
Of bliss descend, tho' rudely from his thatch
Cold ice-drops hang, would spurn from silent life
Her fair-ey'd joys! or, with the fretful spleen,
" Groan at the oppression of a tranquil day?
" Who by sear'd habit to each kinder sense
Not grossly dull, nor hopeless to obtain,
Who for his soul but meditates to woo,

Tho' in some distant hour that never comes,
" These heavenly ministers of human joy?
" Him that neglectful of their love, in thought
Untasted yet, his idle fancy bathes
In masques, and pageant pomps, and revelling courts,
Or, with lewd Comus dancing, thirsts to drink
Circæan pleasures, from the charmed cup,
Him, hapless youth!—ah, save him e'er he fall!
" Error shall lead or Guilt usurping rule.
" Save him! ere dissipating rage exhaust,
Or from his bloom the rust of lucre eat
The core of joy; ere, pale in palsied age,
Wealthy too late, not wise, from virtuous bliss
Too long estrang'd, without an offering laid
On the fair altars of domestic peace,
" To Vanity's delusive shrine he bow.
" The voice of Wealth shall never woo unheard
Her selfish aid: with quick regard she comes,
Gloats on the sculptur'd roof, the georgeous plate
Dazzling the eye; and rich illumin'd strokes
Of TITIAN's breathing art; in gay alcove
Proudly reclines, and kindles at the smile
Of marble Loves and leaden painted Gods.
To those (while obelisks and streaming vanes
Emulous of fame, aspiring from the shades
Slop'd to admit his view, the Traveller's haste
With envious wonder check) she, proud in thought,
Kind in pretext, to Flattery's echoing eye
With curious finger points, lest unobserved,
Unprais'd, a ray of grandeur fall in vain.
Lo, all her aid and boast—tho' trimly wreathed
By polish'd art, tho' gemmed, supplies the crutch
Youth's steely nerves to age? or can the shroud,
Fring'd with a golden hem, pride mixed with woe,
" And foppery with corruption, charm the dead?

" Pensively fair, within her hazle shades,
At noon when all the liberal airs of Heaven,
Fresh'ning the valley's violet sweetness, fall
In faint subjection to the eager heat,
RETIREMENT musing sits: Pleas'd by her side,
Smoothing her bosom softness, Peace extends
A breathless calm of soul; the distant din
Of tumult scares not her divine repose;
Anger is silent; from the hallow'd scene
Envy, the bosom hell, to selfish breasts,
Hissing, retreats; Fear to the ambush flies
Of secret guilt; and sad unsated Care
Feeds on the vitals of mean drudging Vice.
Mute is the hour—the inward light of thought,
By passion'd blasts unruffled, clearly hangs
Its life-discerning lamp; the mental world
Unfolding gleams; the imagery of soul
A genuine shape and due complexion wears
Chastened beneath its beam; hence sacred Truth
And Virtue hence their deathless orbs illume.
Let Avarice, mounted on his yellow heaps,
Fretting his anxious eye with sleepless dread
Of fraud or theft, his dark enjoyment claim
Unenvied and unpitied; let Conceit,
In proudest folly, at her mimic glass,
Elaborately sleek her scented locks,
And deeply studious of attractive airs,
Creating charms and curtesying at the view,
Worship her shadow; and let loose-rob'd Lust,
Sighing or smiling, as it seems her best,
In all o'erstepping Nature and the grace
Of modest Love, with lure of artful looks
Urge her dishonest aims, and to her breast
Constrain tir'd Pleasure panting; shall thy soul,
O meditate a moment, shall thy soul,

Breathing immortal hopes and wrought in Heaven,
Her sacred ardor check, in sensual mire
Wallowing with shame? the God within thy mind
Shrinks from the ghastly sight, a human soul
" Quench'd in the dregs of earth, and dead to Fame.
" Envy not thou in honourable shades
Bosom'd, and virtuous peace, the laurel leaf
That veils the sternness of the warrior's brow,
While o'er the desolation of mankind
Nature and Pity mourn. Thou hast thy aims,
Of grandeur, thou thy glory; thou canst boast,
While Nature and applauding Virtue smile,
Conquest o'er life: the appetites enchained
Bow to thy will; and not a struggling wish
O'erleaps the limits of thy modest leave;
Here is thy pride, thy bliss; the ills of fate
Soften'd recede; the spirit of thy mind,
Genius of noblest thoughts, elate and fair,
In virtuous freedom breathes; the equal love
Of Heaven she claims; and conscious of her right
Bends not to man her sphere-aspiring worth.
Just to thyself, at the commanding voice
Of lacker'd Wealth, degrade not thou thy soul
Awfully shivering! nor in supple haste
Trip at the beck of Pride, to catch the smile
That low'ringly descends! To others just,
Thou never, the fair fence of order torn,
With rudest obloquy and cynic pride
Bark, envious, at the footsteps of the great."
Here, while his bosom panted with disdain
Of the base arts that sadden life with woe,
And the dark services that worthless men
Administer to wealth, again he paus'd,
And for a third time check'd his glowing strain;
Not long he check'd—Not yet the roseate morn

Resign'd its dewy lustre to the noon,
While his free footsteps rang'd along the glades,
Or climb'd each airy peak of steep access.
Warm with the love of nature and of truth,
Again he sung: the tenor of his lay,
Still in a plaintive, yet indignant air,
Rebuk'd the vices, mourn'd the woes of Life:
To vales and rocks his solitary song
He pour'd, nor human audience wish'd nor fear'd;
While thus, in prelude soft, and milder tone,
He hail'd the sylvan Goddess of his choice.
" Awake, ye western airs, with rosy breath
Favouring the youthful year, awake! invite
(Pleas'd with the kindly task) her devious step!
Ye airs of Heaven, awake! and on her bloom
Of soul your life-inspiring spirit shed!
Broke by your whispers her ambrosial rest
She quits her mossy couch; to woo the smile
Of Nature, bright'ning every rural charm,
Retirement comes: still at the lov'd return
Of eve and morn, day's orient path and fall
Bright-purpled, the divine recluse shall come.
Wreath'd from the mountain's side, in billowy way,
Ye mists recede! nor to the forest skirts
Darkly adhere! nor linger o'er the edge
Of reedy stream! smit with their vernal charms,
Thro' their wild sweetness, her enchanted step
Retirement leads; and winding thro' the maze
Of sun, and shade, of wood and hilly heights,
With unremitted love, in mind pursues
" The silent track of nature-breathing thought.
" Meanwhile the beauteous-handed Spring unfolds
The azure grace of Heav'n; and earth beneath,
Loosening her veins to joy, looks up and smiles.
Retirement in her walk, enraptur'd, marks

The bounty-blessing scene. The tender bloom,
Wak'd from its annual death, salutes her eye,
Waving in triumph to the passing air
Its thousand colours; even the lowly herb
Wreathes its impatient head, of richer life
Ambitious, proudly struggling from the earth.
The air breathes music; and the chearful voice
Of Melody, untutor'd, unconfin'd,
From field to fountain wings its warb'ling course,
The solace of the groves: the wond'ring herds
Pause from their food, and frisk in wanton joy.
Thus while all nature kindles into soul,
Impelling vigour thro' the enliven'd veins
Of herb or beast, the animating force
Thrills to the heart of man: spontaneous bliss,
Borne on the tide of spirits, gushes forth
'Gainst every sense wild-dashing; eye and ear
Quicken anew with rapture; joy and hope,
Beam'd or re-echo'd from each vernal scene,
" And gratitude and love inspire the heart.
" In every gale, with genial pleasure rich,
Poetic Virtue breathes, and, free of power,
Noble in object, from the well-ton'd soul
" With generous impulse strikes the harmonious thought.
" Yet ere thy hand, with daring spirit warm,
Awake the wires of Fancy, ere she draw
Her roseate veil and smile thee to her love,
Mark, where, with scowling aspect, Dullness stands:
Wearily slow his words—drowsy their tone—
Muttering with solemn air and sapient pride
Proverbial documents and grandam lore,
He shakes the affected pity of his brow,
In meanest triumph, o'er the withering fate
" Of Genius, and the proud neglect of worth.

" Lo, he * who died of hunger and of thirst—
He, who on Mulla's banks, in fairy pomp,
Marshall'd his splendid chivalry, and deck'd
With virtue-breathing shews ELIZA's court.
The trump re-echoes; and the red-cross Knight
Issues in ardor forth; adventurous deeds
Urging thro' danger to the steeps of fame;
The lady of his love, herself the meed
Of his high triumph, animates his heart.
Scar'd at his sun-bright shield and haughty lance
Pointed with death, the chariot's winged speed
Falters—unshelter'd from his fury, falls
The faithless Soldan; the dark wizard shrieks;
The ghostly chambers, the wild shadowy hosts,
And magic murmurs melt in angry air.
Rapt by his powerful strain, the elated soul
Spurns the dull features of existent time,
And its dark grain of manners: charm'd in thought
To meet his fairy imagery of song,
She in the fable of heroic days
Longs to have mix'd her flame. Sublime or sweet,
The trumpet thunders, or the plaintive lute
Its tenderest accent breathes; in plain or court,
(While the bard died of hunger and of thirst,)
" Wood nymphs and regal dames ador'd his songs.
" See " fall'n on evil days and evil tongues,
Rolling in vain his perish'd orbs of sight,
In Freedom's aid o'erply'd," † the bard by Heaven
" Best favour'd!—such the crown of human worth!
O ye whose bosoms, true to Nature, turn,
Like the bright flower before the orb of day,
To every movement of the Poet's mind!
Blest be the graceful weakness that descends

* Spencer. † Milton.

In silent tears, that heaves your pitying hearts,
When wrung with deep and delicate distress
Monimia mourns; or she who kneels in vain
For the lost blessing of a father's love,
For the dear forfeit of a husband's life,
Poor hapless Belvidera!
Still as your souls in rapt attention hush'd,
Sigh o'er their fate, let Indignation point,
Virgins and Youths! and all whose bosoms bleed
At storied grief and fabulous despair!
Where the Creator of those passion'd scenes
Naked, unsheltered, hunger-smit and poor,
Poor to the last extremity of woe,
Sadly beseeches, ere he sinks in death,
The scantiest boon that ever Genius ask'd,
That e'er the meanest nature can implore,
One morsel from your board—it comes too late—
And the Muse hymns her OTWAY's soul to Heaven.
" But who is he whom later garlands grace *?"
Lo, his worn youth beneath the chilly grasp
Of penury faints; and in her mournful shroud
Dark'ning all joy, all promises of good,
All health, all hope, sad Melancholy saps
In drear decay the fabric of his mind:
See shuddering Pity o'er his fallen soul
Wrings her pale hands! Regardless of the guide
That lifts his step, regardless of the friend
That mourns, nor sadly conscious of himself,
Silent yet wild, his languid spirit lies:
The light of thought has wandered from his eye,
It glares—but sees not. Yet this breathing corse,
This youthful driveller, Nature's ghastliest form,
(Oh, who would love the lyre?) in all the courts

* Collins.

Of Fancy, where abstracted Beauty play'd
With wildest elegance, his ardent shell
" Enamour'd struck, and charm'd her various soul.
" See, later yet, and yet in drearier state,
Where dawning Genius * struggling into day
Sinks in a dark eclipse; no friendly heart
With love auspicious, and no angel-hand
With prosperous spell his labouring sun relieve,
" And chace the gather'd clouds that drop with blood.
" Such were the lights of soul that in the Heaven
Of Fancy blaz'd: the energic breath of thought,
Fanning their transports, vivify'd their sphere
With mental beauty; and their sacred songs
Shall stream in lustre o'er each falling age,
When fainter records die: mean while the mind,
Mourning their fate, not emulous of their worth,
To other annals turns: the historic page,
Breathing with life, before her eye unfolds
The varying garb of Manners, and reveals
The soul of Nature. Shapes of ancient Time,
Glitter before her view: with Virtue, Faith,
With Freedom, Fame descends. The alter'd scene
Discolours now—now darkens: Fraud to Faith
Is link'd; to Freedom, Death: the tribes of art,
And the wild passions, from the intent of God
Corrupted by the vicious skill of man,
Dark or impetuous, madden o'er the maze
Of Life: from these the unambitious mind
Escap'd, securely frames in humbler vales
Her nest, and makes Content her Fame. Less pleas'd,
Less ardent her uncheated eye pursues
The vast emprize of Valour, when the Pomp
Of Heroism, in imperial folly, stalks

* Chatterton.

Proud with a golden pall; even then recur
To Pity's tender thought, the wounds of Love,
The devastation, and the bloody track
The ambitious sword has wrought. The widow's tear,
The cradled wretch that reckless of the cause
Wails to his mother's weeping, the poor Sire
Spoil'd of his aged boast, ah, Sire no more!
With her o'erwhelm the long applauding shout
And rattling wheel of Triumph. Still the Mind,
In weak excursion, o'er the troubled scene
Fearfully hovers; but with cow'ring wing;
Hopeful of rest, when on some brittle joy
" Well pleas'd she stoops, beneath her step it breaks.
" See in the treacherous bowl the bliss of love
And light of life descend: the friendly breast
Falls by the hand it sav'd: for patriot worth
The tyrant grinds his ax: religious zeal
Waves forth the torch of hell, and Horror flames
" Woe and amazement o'er the souls of men.
" From private sorrow rising, Pain and Death
Expand their powers; * a nation gleams in war;
The tumult thickens; the unfeeling sword
Grides thro' the kindred breast. See Rout and Shame
Speed o'er the corse-throng'd way! See gory shapes
And armed Terrors rush! in mockery see
O'er Regal Sorrow sits in stern array
The Traitorous Judgment! in the eye of Heaven,
O'er his meek brow dishonourable Death
Unwinds his sable flag: O sad display
" Of Virtue garb'd in Misery's bloodiest veil!
" Shew me the turret on which Pride may place
Her gratified ambition? where the bliss

* Alluding to the civil commotions in the reign of Charles the First.

That mocks not the embracing hope? the Life,
That fluttering thro' the busy-dreaming world
Wings to the house of rest that dreadless course
Which silent worth would wish? A Nation's love
By patriot deeds and death-defying fame
Let Valour win; let rival Beauty vaunt
O'er the defeated glories of that cheek
Beneath the living lustre of whose beams
Her envy paled; then gayly let them come,
Pride in their eye and pleasure at their heart
And mark where GLORIANA lies*—Behold!
On the cold pavement for the jewell'd throne,
Sad choice! of human vanity and grief
" Most feelingly expressive, low she lies.
" Mark, as the soothing friend, or to her ear†
In wily humour creeping, the base speech
Of adulation breathes " Dread Sovereign Queen,
Imperial Mistress, Arbitress of Earth!"
Mark if the Goddess at the alluring sound
Unveil her sorrowing eye; Mark if the pride
Of Empire, glistning on her crown, adorn
Her brows wan horror; if a Nation's prayer
Gladden her heart; stern at her bosom hang,
Bathed in her blood, and twisted with the strings
Of life, the inexorable fiends of woe.
On the cold pavement still she lies; Dismay,
Jealous Remorse, and Pain, and secret Guilt,
Wearying her blasted moments, till her age,
Pity her aged grief! ebbing, dissolves
In all the sobbing impotence of tears,
Quiv'ring with speechless agony that mocks
" Relief and Hope, invoking Death in vain.

* Elizabeth, so called by the Poets of her age.
† See Hume's account of Queen Elizabeth's Death.

" Well may the hind, in penury grown old,
Thro' whose sole casement the dim light of morn
A scanty ray intrudes, his shatter'd nerves
Rousing to toil, with pitying visage ask,
Was this a Queen? could this weak withering wretch,
This fool of angry Nature, gird her brow
With glory? and a female soul exalt,
" At which the knee of kingdoms sued to bend?
" Such is the state of Man—the boast of Heaven
And wonder of the Gods—from scene to scene
Teazing his anxious thought in idle chace
Of Folly's painted shadows. Love a while
Toys with his burning Youth; then Wealth, then Fame,
A sickly lustre shedding o'er his age,
Becken his eager step: behind, unseen,
Sabling the splendid tints of Fancy, comes
Disgust: Disgust or Disappointment crowns
With numb'd satiety, or anguish'd ache,
In every scene the chace—Such is the state
Of proud imperial man—the dupe of Hope,
The slave of Sorrow—scourg'd by angry Fate
" In fever'd agitation to the Grave.
" Now while in threat'ning horror onward move,
Dark'ning the vale of life,—ah nearer now!
The blood-stain'd clouds—Thundering in wrath, while now
Deepens the storm, from Folly's baby crown
Beating the gilt, and to the heart of Vice,
(Tho' clos'd his eyes in superstitious gloom)
Flashing dismay, the Moral Thought may walk
Calm and secure amidst the war of woes;
From ill educing good, while Life unveils
Her splendid miseries. Let the fraudful brow
Of Care, the lying smile of Love, and all
The ghastly images of Guilt, impress

This one great lesson on thy heedful soul,
(Parent of noblest deed, of power to quench
The fears and pains, and all the death of Life)
Humbly to hope, from Virtue's crowning hand,
Bliss in a future age, a fairer world,
Meanwhile to mark the living mind with worth,
The sweet security of lowly life
" To love, and silent Grandeur of Content.
Here from the murmurs of his solemn strain
EUGENIO ceas'd—and sighing—in his mind
Silent revolv'd the numerous ills of fate—
Not yet the Noon had with its radiant beam
Emblaz'd the deep, when bounding o'er the wave,
Full in his sight, for on a cliff he sat
That fronted the broad main, a gallant ship
Clos'd it wide wings, and anchored on the shore.
Who shall describe his transport? May he trust
His flatter'd sight? He may. The wealthy freight,
The gallant crew, long deem'd in ocean sunk,
Present their treasures at their owner's feet;
That owner is EUGENIO. Now his heart
(Such is the heart of inconsistent man)
Flush'd with the glare of his returning wealth,
Already to his solitary joys
Sings an eternal requiem. Now, farewell
Thou russet vest, and thou contracted cot,
Within whose sordid cincture and dull bourne
Misanthropy retiring, may obscure
Her canker'd hatred; or some Hermit veil
His holy apathy and deaden'd soul.
Farewel for ever to the torpid reign
Of Silence; her best joys and fairest scenes
The soul exhausting soon, to social bliss
Returns with unextinguishable love.
Not yet the Night had with her ebon shade

Curtain'd the earth, when his impatient step
Sought the gay Town; and his ambitious heart,
With all the eagerness of untried Youth,
And careless of lost loves and venal friends,
Yet once more with the gay and busy world
Plung'd in the waves of Passion of Care.

MUTUAL LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

Could I fancy, that for me
Thou a transient thought could'st spare;
Or, of what I feel for thee,
E'en a thousandth part could'st share;—

When I greet thee, would'st thou deign
One kind look to bid me live;
Or, one kiss return again;
Sweet return for those I give;—

All dissolv'd in tender joy,
High my raptur'd heart would beat;
Fondly at thy feet I'd sigh;
Fondly call my bondage sweet!

Dear the change of mutual vows;
Love return'd, new Love shall claim;—
And the spark, that faintly glows,
Soon shall blaze an ardent flame!

BERLIN. B. BERESFORD.

SONG,

ON THE PROSPECT OF INVASION.

BY MR. E. RHODES.

TRAIN! Gallia, train thy sons to war!
By fate and frenzy driven;
Honour is Britain's leading Star,
And Liberty her Heaven.
That Heaven to guard, with anxious care
Shall be the brave Man's duty;
Ye British Maids! the wreath prepare,
Which soon the victor-brow shall wear
Of those who Death and Danger dare
For Liberty and Beauty.

Tho' fierce Ambition, red with crime,
Still threaten to assail us,
Yet never, in the round of Time,
Shall British Courage fail us;—
This Isle to guard, with anxious care,
Shall be the brave man's duty;
The dastard soul, that feels despair,
The victor-wreath shall never wear
Of those, who Death and Danger dare
For Liberty and Beauty.

Honour! thou star of ray divine!
Thro' every tempest guide us!
Beam on each heart! each heart be thine,
No power shall then divide us.
This Isle to guard, with anxious care,

Shall be the brave Man's duty;
Ye British Maids! the wreath prepare,
Which soon the victor-brow shall wear
Of those, who Death and Danger dare
For Liberty and Beauty.

SHEFFIELD, 1805.

INSCRIPTION FOR ANCHOR CHURCH.*

BY THE LATE REV. W. B. STEVENS.

O Thou, who to this wild retreat,
Shalt lead by choice thy pilgrim feet,
To trace the dark wood waving o'er
This rocky cell and sainted floor,
If here thou bring'st a gentle mind,
That shuns by fits, yet loves mankind,
That leaves the schools, and in this wood
Learns the best science to be good,
Then soft, as on the deeps below,
Yon oaks their silent umbrage throw,
Peace, to thy prayers by Virtue brought
Pilgrim, shall bless thy hallow'd thought.

* An Hermitage belonging to Sir Robert Burdett, Bart. Derbyshire. See Poetical Register, 1802, p. 387.

ODE TO THE THAMES.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH HOLDEN POTT.

WHERE thro' its loveliest banks the stream
In all its pride of brightness flows,
Where closer willows check the beam
Which o'er the noon-tide glows,
The Nymphs of Thames, with fond respect,
At evening's cool and silent hour,
With many a rush, and many a flower,
The Poet's seat have deckt.

Charm'd with the song, each blooming sweet,
That April-show'rs had scattered round,
They brought to grace the pensive seat,
And strew'd them o'er the ground:
The lowly primrose, wan and pale,
The freshest turf of liveliest hue,
The swelling bud, and violet blue,
That scents the passing gale.

Say, gentle Nymphs for silence there
Too long has held her sullen reign;
Say, will ye now renew your care,
To grace an humbler strain.
Of him, the father of the stream,
Whose train ye fill, whose thousand springs
Supply your urns, the Poet sings,
His praise shall swell the theme.

O chief of all the wat'ry scene!
Thy reverend temples shadow'd round,
Prefer their willow's simple green,
With native rushes bound,
Before the crown rich Tagus wears,
Wrought from his secret, golden store,
Or that which o'er his teeming shore
Pactolus proudly rears.

Let these with sullen state and pride
Like Tyrants in themselves retain
The country's wealth, your genial tide
No greedy hand shall stain.
Content in Plenty's fair increase,
On every side with joy you see
The thriving labors of the free,
The solid wealth of peace.

Why flow your waters from their source
So bright? unstain'd, unsullied still?
Why, but that Freedom guides their course,
Each eddie sports at will.
Unlike those streams of sickly hue
Whose torpid waves unmov'd remain,
No crystal lustre they retain,
Nor more delight the view.

Where favor'd Windsor's tow'ring height,
The rustic Muse's honor'd seat,
Surveys thy stream, where loth to quit
Thy best belov'd retreat,
And turning oft past charms to view,
Your winding stream you lead along,
And mindful of some former song,
Delay the last adieu:

Beside those banks with grateful care,
Thy Nymphs have strew'd the secret bower,
For thither shall thy bard repair,
And oft at evening hour
Breathe o'er thy silent waves a strain,
Whose numbers if thou deign'st to hear,
Returning oft, I'll court thine ear,
And sing thy praise again.

Yet linger still, still slowly wind,
For soon shall London's spires appear,
'Till griev'd to leave fair Kent behind,
The mournful Naiad's tear
To briny waves converts the stream;
Yet, as you pass, bid peace to me
Beneath the shade, for thou shalt be
The Poet's pensive theme.

ODE ON A FAVOURITE SEAT.

BY THE SAME.

In yonder wood, where, unconfin'd,
Fair Nature roves still wild and free,
Subdu'd of old by some rude wind,
Low lies a willow tree.

By the thick shade which once it gave,
Obscur'd no more, the lucid stream
Now rolls in light its silent wave,
Bright with the morning's beam.

The neighbouring trees, which round it spread,
Wide o'er the trunk their branches bend,
As warriours o'er the hero dead,
Protecting shields extend.

My choice to Pleasure's wanton charms,
To thrones of glittering majesty;
To Fame's high seat, or Love's soft arms,
Prefers this willow tree.

There oft the Moon's blue course I watch,
There view, whilst Silence hovers round,
The passing stream, and, musing, catch
It's circling eddy's sound.

O sweet Tranquillity! the breeze
Then wafted is thy breath divine:
Thine ear the mourner's prayer shall please,
And peace shall there be mine.

Sweet Maid of Heaven! on that fair stream
Thy spirit then delights to dwell,
Whilst Silence, by the Moon's pale beam,
Deserts her lonely cell.

O, do not from my footsteps turn
Disturb'd, lest peace retire with thee;
For still thy pleasant song to learn,
I seek the willow tree.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

WHAT modern *Phidias* this bad sixpence made?
—It pass'd on *Gripe* once, as his rents were paid!

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

EPICEDIUM

ON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON,

OCTOBER 21, 1805.

WHILE notes of triumph swell the gale,
Why sits BRITANNIA sad and pale
In the hour of Victory?
She mourns her gallant Hero dead,
She weeps that matchless NELSON bled,
And pensive bows her laurell'd head,
In the hour of Victory!

O Chief, she cries, to Britons dear,
For thee be shed BRITANNIA's tear,
In the hour of Victory!
Chief of the lion's dauntless soul,
From Egypt's shore to Norway's pole,
'Twas thine to bid my thunders roll,
In the hour of Victory!

For thee shall spotless Honour grieve,
And cypress midst his laurels weave,
In the hour of Victory!
On thee shall grateful memory dwell,
And ages yet unborn shall tell
How NELSON fought, how NELSON fell,
In the hour of Victory!

Heir of immortal Glory now,
Protector of the brave be thou,
In the hour of Victory!
Teach thou the valiant, good and great,
Thy high exploits to emulate,
And fearless smile like thee on fate,
In the hour of Victory!

NOV. 7, 1805. S. BULLER.

ODE TO HEALTH.

BY THE LATE REV. W. B. STEVENS.

RETURN fair Health!—the Muse again,
A sweet associate of thy train!
To sketch the landscapes as they lie
Bright'ning beneath thy beamy eye,
Shall follow where thy footsteps lead
Along the morn-empurpled mead,
That, slanting down old ASKEW's side,
Obtrudes on Trent's diminish'd tide.

Touch'd by thy spirit, Genial Power!
And crown'd by thee, Life's varied hour
A gay unclouded aspect wears,
High o'er the groveling mist of cares.

While Hope in every changeful scene
Exults beneath thy radiant mien,
O most indulge my favour'd breast
When Friendship greets the heart-lov'd guest,
Nor let my hand, with languor faint,
Cast o'er his welcome cold restraint.
O ever round my chearful board
Be all thy social pleasures pour'd,
While, sparkling from the liberal mind,
The gladden'd thought starts, unconfin'd
By slow Reserve, or down-cast Awe
Whose words in faltering haste withdraw;

Or Inattention's torpid ear,
Who, gazing, only seems to hear;
Or dark Distrust, in silence bound,
With jealous eye that peers around.
Thy influence wakes a fairer birth,
Light Ease, and Play, and vacant Mirth;
The dancing Hopes; the glittering vein
That runs thro' Fancy's boundless reign;
With all the vivid grace of thought,
In Wit's energic quickness wrought;
And Humour, at whose festal sounds
Fantastic-footed Laughter bounds.

With thee even Solitude is seen
Clear from the withering hue of spleen;
Her solemn air, her musing pace,
Each deep, compos'd, majestic grace,
Flush'd heavenly by thy vital bloom
A freer fairer look assume;
Her listless thought, her languid tone
No more oppressive sadness own;
But, nerv'd by thee, such transport take,
That all her silent fancies wake.

Thou, in RETIREMENT's hermit hour,
A fairy saint to bless her bower,
Shalt chace, with holy spell, away
The fiends that vex her private day;
Self-tir'd and sullen Discontent;
Hatred, his brows in anger bent;
And Superstition's gorgon head
That rends the midnight dream with dread;
And Melancholy's moping train,
Grief, and the sickly dregs of Pain;
And stern disgust of Life, that bears
With murmur'd woe his weight of cares,

Or, as his desperate sorrows rave,
Visits in gore his timeless grave.

When evening shadows haunt the vale,
And dewy sweets enrich the gale,
And musing thro' her motley groves
With Inspiration Autumn roves;
When Hope, upon her morning's wing,
Enchanting sheds the bloom of Spring;
When Summer's sultry noon persuades
Where Coolness wreathes her bow'ry shades,
And Beauty courts, with loosen'd vest,
The straggling zephyrs to her breast;
When shuddering Crones, in wintry nights,
Recount long tales of ghostly sights,
And, hovering o'er the ember's gleam,
At every casual sparkle scream;
O Genius of each chosen hour!
When most I court thy glowing power,
From irksome labours ever free,
If Heaven such bliss reserve for me!
From social worth retir'd awhile,
Full on my soul delighted smile!

Tho' Grandeur stoop not to my shed;
Tho' Pride avert his lifted head;
Tho' tasteless Folly fluttering by
Leer on my lot with Mockery's eye;
Yet here while Health consents to stay,
The charmer of my secret day;
While Love, with youthful Hope allied,
Beneath my cottage roof abide;
While myrtle-handed Leisure throws
O'er soften'd life her sweet repose;
And Fancy to her fav'rite lute
Some high ambitious rhyme shall suit;
My heart with these sublimely blest,
Bids Pride and Folly share the rest.

Yet if my fate my wish deny;
If leisure, love, and fancy fly,
While, dim and weary, life remains,
And heaves the slow blood thro' my veins,
Order and Peace, a tranquil mind,
Tho' ever pensive, yet resign'd,
Shall worship on the banks of Trent
The household deity, CONTENT.

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WEISSE.

SWEETLY blooms the opening rose,
Spring's gay prime adorning,
When unpluck'd and free it grows,
Bathed with dew of morning.
But the blush on Laura's cheek
Sweeter wonder raises;
Haunts of Love, her dimples sleek;
Happy he who gazes!

Softly Zephyr bends the spray,
Fragrance softly showers;
Wafting all the sweets of May,
Stole from new-born flowers.
But her accents softer fall;
(Nameless grace endears them):
Rudest hearts their sounds enthral;
Happy he who hears them!

BERLIN. B. BERESFORD.

MAN WAS NOT MADE TO MOURN.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

SHAKESPERE.

THE sinking Sun, aslaunt the hill,
Bade Labor quit the plough,
And now in monie a window keek'd,
To bid mankind adieu;
When musingly I sought the wood
Where joyous youth was spent;
There, 'neath a shade, a Carle stood,
Whase body Time had bent.

His locks were silver'd o'er wi' years,
His clothing coarse and bare;
But cheerfu' seem'd his honest heart,
That had knawn mickle care;
Life's spark, tho' drawing near its end,
Yet cheerfully did burn:
In him, I read an aged friend
Wha had forgot to mourn.

'Stranger,' quoth he, 'where wander'st thou,
'Amid the dews of eve?
'Thine eye methinks is wet wi' woe—
'Why shun the world to grieve?
'O hear a wight, whom Age has taught!
'Nor mock his years wi' scorn;
'Be not in youth by Sorrow caught—
'Man was not made to mourn!

' For me I'm poor as poor can be,
' Wha ance cou'd boast o' wealth;
' And wan and wither'd is this cheek,
' Where late sat blooming Health:
' On earth I am but Fortune's sport,
' And wander here forlorn;
' What then, life's journey is but short,
' And why should mortals mourn?

' 'Tis hard to lose a partner dear,
' Or parent fond and kind;
' 'Tis hard to lose a friend sincere
' Of independent mind:
' Tho' sweet's the tear by Pity shed
' O'er gentle Virtue's urn;
' Yet be not Sorrow's captive led—
' Man was not made to mourn!

' Hast thou been robb'd of a thy kin,
' That thus thou heav'st a sigh?
' Or griev'st thou for some faithfu friend,
' On whom thou could'st rely?
' A friendless brother here behold,
' Death a' frae me has torn;
' Yet something bids me aye be bold—
' Man was not made to mourn!

' Hast thou by Hope been aft beguil'd,
' Or sail'd down Pleasure's stream,
' And started back at Ruin's brink,
' Like ane wak'd frae a dream?
' Tho' monie cares on Pleasure wait,
' Frae which 'tis wise to turn,
' Repentance never is too late,
' Then why should mortals mourn

'Or envy'st thou yon pamper'd lord
'Wha rules at Pleasure's ball?
'Let Plenty smile upon his board,
'And slaves await his call;
'That wealth is giv'n him but in trust,
'Tho' he at poortith spurn:
'The man, wha poor, dares to be just,
'Hath little cause to mourn.

'The Pow'r wha rules yon rising moon,
'And sits abuin the sky,
'Has giv'n to man an angel form,
'But wills that he shall die:
'Then what avails all earthly bliss,
'Since we to dust return?
'A better world there is than this,
'And why should mortals mourn?

'A' nature view:—the herds that graze
'Alang the meads, rejoice;
'The sangsters chaunt their gratefu lays,
'Wi' one accordant voice:
'Reason to lordly man is giv'n,
'Yet oft the poor forlorn,
'By madd'ning passions wildly driv'n,
'Hopeless, lives but to mourn.

'Howe'er on Life's rough sea thou'rt cross'd,
'Tis madness to despair;
'The feeblest bark when tempest-tost,
'Some kind relief may share:
'Still cherish Hope, that peacefu guest,
'Nor from Religion turn,
'Then will no tumult swell thy breast,
'Nor thou have cause to mourn.'

Here ceas'd the sage: then sought his way
Alang the darkning vale;
But oft his meek instructive voice
Seem'd passing on each gale.
Ne'er may I from such rules depart,
Till down to earth I'm borne,
But think, in spite of learned Art,
Man was not made to mourn.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

SAFE landed in London, young gentleman, say,
What means you shall practice for pushing your way?
"I'll take to the robe; with my Latin and lungs,
"Soon Garrow and Erskine shall bridle their tongues."
Better take to the road.—There's both Lackwit and Lean
In a term scarce get sixpence to keep their bands clean.
"I've a talent for verse, and I'll give it free scope:
"You'll no longer be partial to Pindar and Pope."—
Do you envy those shadows, in shabby great coats?
Our Popes and our Pindars are all sans-culottes.
"I'll worship at court."—A mere lottery at best:
Rute succeeded, indeed;—but he starv'd all the rest.
"Advise then, dear friend, for I'll live here, I vow."
If you're good, you may live, but Heaven only knows how.

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

HORACE.—Ode v. B. II.

TRANSLATED BY THE LATE REV. W. B. STEVENS.

Thy skittish heifer, yet unbroke,
Would faint to drag the oppressive yoke;
Her tender limbs yet tremble at the might
Of the bull's ponderous love, fierce-rushing to delight.

She only joys to pass her hours
In verdant meads, 'midst fragrant flowers,
Or wanton with her fellows in the stream,
Where willowy shades exclude the sun's impetuous beam.

Pluck not the unripe grape austere;
Lo, quickly comes the mellowing year,
And on thy clustring vine shall sweet infuse
Its juicy taste mature, and rich-impurpled hues.

Time ceaseless rolls its rapid wheels;
The years, that from thy youth he steals,
Given to thy fair shall ope her budding charms,
And bring the blooming Maid to meet thy longing arms.

Let meaner loves, let Pholoë fly;
With her not Chloris self shall vie,
Whose beauteous bosom heaves upon the sight,
Fair as on tremulous waves the silver orb of Night.

ANCIENTE POETRIE.

EFTSONE, worldlinge, shewe to me
The ymage of Inconstancye;
'Tis not woman, 'tis not wynde,
'Tis nothynge of the lyvynge kynde,
Nothynge in the sea nor ayr,
Nothynge foule, ne nothynge fayre;
I telle thee, in my lowly rhyme,
'Tis nothynge else but father Tyme;
Father Tyme appeares to me
The ymage of Inconstancye.
Thys momente here, next momente gonne,
Always begynnynge, never donne;
Brynges us hope and joye to-daye,
To-morrowe snatches bothe awaye
Like an arrowe through the skie,
Father Tyme he passethe bye:
Who can stoppe his eagle-flyghte,
Dartynge onne the wings of lyghte!
Counte not, seely man, his hours,
Rather strewe his path with floweres;
Floweres which Love to Beauty gyves,
When in bliffe with Youthe he lyves;
Floweres I no more must hope to see
Till Tyme shall brynge my Fayre to me.
Hasten, thou god with arched scythe,
Hasten with step so quick and blythe,
That she I love with all her charmes
May blesse her swayne's impatiente armes!

Let him but listen to my rhyme,
And I will shew to father Tyme,
What he is not, nor e'er can be,
The emblemme of sweete Constancye;
'Tis a mayde so fayre and trewe
That Tyme himself mighte stoppe to viewe;
I will not her name imparte,
But 'tis she who rules my herte.
Not the sun, great source of lyghte,
Not the moon, who shynes by nyghte,
Not the seasons as they move
Are more trewe than she I love;
She I love appeares to me
The emblemme of sweete Constancye.
Worldlinge, adewe! this is my theme,
My wakinge thought, my nightlye dreme.

W. BELOE.

LINES,

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK.

I NURS'D an urchin at my breast;
Alas! 'twas CUPID I caress'd:
I warn'd him o'er and o'er away,
But still he'd some excuse to stay;
He could not walk—At length, 'I see
'You've wings,' said I—'then fly from me!'

ON DETERMINING TO READ NO MORE NOVELS.

HENCE, flattering painters of delusive scenes!
Half-brothers all to lying poetasters;
Is, then, amusement all a novel means,
And does not life possess a few disasters?

Has life no one employment but to stray
Near yon lone woods, and Celia's scorn deplore?
To strain the sweet guitar the live-long day?
Or o'er yon pretty bubbling brook to pore?

Do lovers only then our jails supply?
Do fetters gall alone the lover's wrist?
Do lovers only hang on trees so high?
Are lovers only in the bankrupt list?

No more, ye scribblers, mock at real life,
Nor tempt our fancies by your sugar'd baits,
But leave in peace, each widow, maid, and wife,
Nor fire their brains—nor raise our parish-rates.

THE RECANTATION.

FANCY is still alive—I cannot part
With the feign'd tale, which steals upon my heart;
Nor can, with care and toil oppress'd, forego
The charms of Fielding, Radcliffe, Smith, and Co.
Life has so many crosses! See the knave
Reigns paramount, whilst Virtue is his slave!

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Reigns paramount, whilst Virtue is his slave!

See Fraud piles bags which Honesty must quit!
See well-dress'd Folly laughs at ragged Wit!
But the kind Novelist leads Virtue's sons
Afar from luke-warm friends and red-hot duns;
And scoundrels of each sex, the story ended,
Are either hang'd, imprison'd, or amended!

JAN. 7, 1800. W. F. W.

DITHYRAMBUS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLEIST.

HASTE the joys of life to share;
Seize the moments as they fly;
Soon shall close the scene so fair:—
Soon we droop, and fade, and die!

Laugh at physic's pert grimace;
Shun the water-drinking train:—
Wine that soothes the soul's disease,
Soothes alike the body's pain.

Wine, the balm kind nature pours,
Rosy health and bloom supplies,
Crown the bowl with fairest flowers;
Drink—and glee at bottom lies.

Now his rites let Bacchus claim,
Let his fragrant altars burn:—
Soon shall love the breast inflame;
Love shall triumph in his turn?

BERLIN. B. BERESFORD.

A POETICAL EPISTLE

TO CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, ESQ.

On the English Poets, chiefly those who have Written in blank Verse.

BY DR. ROBERTS.

Si sapis, ad numeros exige quidque suos.

No not in rhyme. I hate that iron chain,
Forg'd by the hand of some rude Goth, which cramps
Reluctant Genius, and with many a fold
Fast binds him to the ground. Shall the quick thought,
That darts from world to world, and traverses
The realms of time, and space, all fancy-free,
Check'd in his rapid course, obey the call
Of some barbarian, who by sound enslav'd,
And deaf to manly melody, proclaims,
" No farther shalt thou go"? Pent in his cage
The imprison'd eagle sits, and beats his bars;
His eye is rais'd to heaven. Tho' many a moon
Has seen him pine in sad captivity,
Still to the thunderer's throne he longs to bear
The bolt of vengeance; still he thirsts to dip
His daring pinions in the fount of light.
Go, mark the letter'd sons of Gallia's clime,
Where critic rules, and custom's tyrant law,
Have fetter'd the free verse. On the pall'd ear
The drowsy numbers, regularly dull,

Close in slow tedious unison*. Not so
The bard of Eden; to the Grecian lyre
He tun'd his verse; he lov'd the genuine muse,
That from the top of Athos circled all
The clustering islands of the Ægean deep,
Or roam'd o'er fair Ionia's winding shore.
Poet of other times, to thee I bow
With lowliest reverence. Oft thou tak'st my soul,
And waft'st it by thy potent harmony
To that empyreal mansion, where thine ear
Caught the soft warblings of a Seraph's harp,
What time the nightly visitant unlock'd
The gates of heaven, and to thy mental sight
Display'd celestial scenes. She from thy lyre
With indignation tore the tinkling bells,
And tun'd it to sublimest argument.
Sooner the bird, that ushering in the spring
Strikes the same notes with one unvarying pause,
Shall vie with Philomel, when she pursues
Her evening song thro' every winding maze
Of melody, than rhyme shall soothe the soul
With music sweet as thine. With vigilant eye,
And cautious step, as fearing to be left,
Thee PHILIPS watches, and with taste refin'd,
Each precept culling from the Mantuan page,
Disdains the Gothic bond. Silurian wines,
Ennobled by his song, no more shall yield
To Setin, or the strong Falernian juice,
Beverage of Latian chiefs. Next THOMPSON came:
He, curious bard, examin'd every drop

* The drowsiness and dullness of French heroic verse is indisputable; but these defects are not occasioned either by "critic rules," or "custom's tyrant laws;" they are defects of the language, which has neither harmony nor dignity, and is fit only for the mouths of slaves. EDITOR.

That glistens on the thorn; each leaf survey'd
Which Autumn from the rustling forest shakes,
And mark'd its shape, and trac'd in the rude wind
Its eddying motion. Nature in his hand
A pencil, dipt in her own colours, plac'd,
With which the ever-faithful copyist drew
Each feature in proportion just. Had Art
But soften'd the hard lines, and mellow'd down
The glaring tints, not Mincio's self would roll
A prouder stream than Caledonian Tweed.
Nor boast wild Scotia's hills, and pleasant vales,
One bard of freedom only. While the North
Turns his broad canvas, his Siberian van,
Winnowing the noxious air; while luxury breathes
Delicious odours o'er her treacherous meal;
While labour strings the nerves, and warms the blood;
While social sympathy dissolves the soul
In pity, or in love, shall ARMSTRONG please.
Sweet is the sound, when down the sloping side
Of some green hill, or on the scented herb
Steep'd in Aurora's aromatic dews,
The full-voic'd choir their emulative notes
Tune to the jocund horn. Whoe'er thou art
Whom now on downy couch dull sloth detains,
Hark to the poet's song. Chaste Dian's bard,
Avonian SOMERVILLE, thro' many a wood,
Down many a craggy steep, shall hurry on
Thy glowing fancy. He shall show thee where
The amphibious otter, where the wily fox
Hides his proscribed head. Fresh from the chace
Oft shall some hunter o'er full bowls record
His verse, and with the faithful image fir'd
Exalt his loud-ton'd voice. The echoing hall,
Where blaze the roots of elm, or oak, where round

Hang all the shaggy trophies of the field,
Shall ring responsive to the vocal strain.
  As when red lightning cleaves the clouded sky,
Trees, rocks, and verdant fields, and straw-roof'd cots,
At once are open'd on the traveller's view
Wandering at latest eve; but soon again
The pierc'd cloud closes, and each object sinks
In darkness, as before; so burst thy strains
And cast a transient gleam, O musing YOUNG,
O'er black obscurity. Poet of night,
How shall I stile thee? for thy cadence now
Grates discord on mine ear, now sweetly flows
Harmonious: oft with wonder have I sought
What mean thy words ambiguous; oft my soul,
Sooth'd by thy pensive minstrelsy, forgets
Her peevish censure. Polish what is rude,
Illumine what is dark, whate'er is low
Exalt, and many a muse of fairer fame
To thee shall bend the laurels of her brow.
  Come, AKENSIDE, come, with thine Attic urn
Fill'd from Ilissus, by a Naiad's* hand.
Thy harp was tun'd to freedom: strains like thine,
When Asia's lord bor'd the huge mountain's side,
And bridg'd the sea, to battle rous'd the tribes
Of ancient Greece: the sons of Cecrops rais'd
Minerva's ægis; Lacedæmon sent
Her hardy veterans from their frugal board,
Thy troops, Leonidas; whose glorious death
Stands ay renown'd, fit theme, in British song.
  Tell me, O MASON, will thy liberal soul
With tame submission hug the chain, and brook
Barbarian bondage? Shall the Muse, who led
Thy youthful steps thro' every bosky bourn

* Alluding to the Hymn to the Naiads.

That skirts wide Harewood's forest, and before
Thy raptur'd eye rais'd Mona's central oak,
Haunt of the Druids old, implore in vain?
Wilt thou not join, and from her gall'd feet shake
The Northern shackle? So to every walk
That thro' thy garden weaves its mazy path,
To every opening glade, each odorous shrub
That scents the horizon round, shall she conduct
Her musing votary: so shall she unfold
Rude nature polish'd, not subdued, by art,
Scenes, where thy fancy roves; and all her flowers
Steep in the living fountains of the spring,
To wreathe a chaplet for her poet's brow.
  Would I could name thee, GRAY! but Ode is thine,
And plaintive Elegy. Not Pindar soars
On bolder wing—But hark! what means that bell
At this still hour slow rising on mine ear?
It is the voice of Death *. Even while I write
Cold icy dew-drops chill thy languid limbs,
And life's short date is out. From these high spires,
"These antique towers, that crown the watery glade,"
These fields that echoed to thy moral muse,
Warbling in childhood's happiest hours, accept
This boon; and, O sweet melancholy bard,
Rest to thy cares, and mercy to thy soul!
  Return, my Muse; thy wild unfetter'd strains
Suit not the mournful dirge. Rhyme tunes the pipe
Of querulous *elegy*; 'tis rhyme confines
The lawless numbers of the *lyric* song.
Who shall deny the quick-retorted sound
To *satire*, when with this she points her scorn,
Darts her keen shaft, or whets her venom'd fang?

* This was written at the time of Mr. Gray's death. He was buried at Stoke, about three miles from Eton College.

Pent in the close of some strong period stands
The victim's blasted name: The kindred note
First stamps it on the ear; then oft recalls
To memory, what were better wrapt at once
In dark oblivion. Still unrivall'd here
POPE thro' his rich dominion reigns alone:
POPE, whose immortal strains Thames echoes yet
Thro' all his winding banks. He smooth'd the verse,
Tun'd its soft cadence to the classic ear,
And gave to rhyme the dignity of song*!
† As when the chearful bells some wake proclaim,
The village maid loads not her head with gems,
Ruby, or diamond, but from every field
Culls daffodils, and harebells, sprent with dew,
Her loveliest ornaments, in humble style
Let *Pastoral* appear. Let rhyme supply
The majesty of nobler sentiment,
Which ill might suit the peasant. GAY felt this;
And banish'd from his woods Arcadian swains,
And mark'd the manners of the British hind,
And uncouth dialect. He too could veil
In fable's mystic garb the form of truth;
And by his sprightly tale could often draw

* It is not a little strange that Dr. Roberts should have wholly forgotten Dryden!! EDITOR.

† Telle qu' une bergère, au plus beau jour de fête,
De superbes rubis ne charge point sa tête,
Et sans mêler à l'or l'éclat des diamans,
Cueille en un champ voisin ses plus beaux ornemens:
Telle, aimable en son air, mais humble dans son style,
Doit éclater sans pompe une élégante Idylle,
Son ton simple & naïf n'a rien de fastueux,
Et n'aime point l'orgueil d'un vers présomptueux.
Il faut que sa douceur flatte chatouille, éveille,
Et jamais de grands mots n'épouvante l'oreille.

BOILEAU. L'ART. POETIQUE CHANT II.

The tear of laughter even from the dim eye
Of churlish gravity. Nor be forgot
The grotesque mirth of BUTLER's errant Knight,
Nor SWIFT, strange child of fancy and of spleen,
Nor he, whose labour'd line flows smoothly on,
The gallant, easy PRIOR. Subjects light,
Swoln by heroic phrase, like some poor slave,
Who, rob'd in royal mantle, struts his hour,
Betray their base original the more.
Pardon, my ANSTEY, that I name thee last,
Tho' last not least in fame. For thee the Muse
Reserv'd a secret spot, unknown before,
And smiled, and bade thee fix thy banner there,
As erst Columbus on his new-found world
Display'd the Iberian ensign. Graceful sit
Thy golden chains, and easy flows the rhyme
Spontaneous. While old Bladud's sceptre guards
His medicinal stream, shall Simkin raise
Loud peals of merriment. Thou too canst soar
To nobler heights, and deck the fragrant earth
"Where generous Russel lies." With thee, my friend,
Oft have I stray'd' from morn to latest eve,
And stolen from balmy sleep the midnight hour
To court the Latian Muse *. Tho' other cares
Tore me from that sweet social intercourse,
I cannot but remember how I rov'd
By Camus, sedgy stream, and on the pipe,
The rustic pipe †, while yet it breath'd thy lips,
Essay'd alternate strains. Accept this verse,
Pledge of remembrance dear, and faithful love.

* This alludes to a Latin Translation of "Gray's Elegy in a Country Church Yard," written in conjunction with Mr. Anstey, and printed in 1762.

† ——— πνέιει τὰ χείλεα. MOSCHUS.

THE HARE HUNTER.

A burlesque Imitation of various Parts of MILTON'S *L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. Written in* 1765.

BY F. N. C. MUNDAY, ESQ. OF MARKTON, DERBYSHIRE.

Lo I, who erst at break of day,
To Nelston Wiggs* betook my way,
Alarming all the country round
With barbarous shout, and babbling hound;
And many a fox in vain pursued
To Bardon Hill* or Button Wood*;
And oft returned in evening dark
With empty hands from Horseley Park*;
And thought myself a clever lad,
While all the neighbours deem'd me mad;
Now condescend with nicest care
To look the hedge-row for a hare.
  Hence, Fox-Hunting! thou fiend forlorn,
Of Uproar wild, and Tumult born:
No more expect me on the hill,
Obedient to thy summons shrill,
Where late with joy I saw thee stand,
The whip new-corded in thine hand,
In boots thy legs entrenched strong,
Thy heels well-armed with rowels long,

* Fox covers.

The cap close-fitted to thy head,
The blue plush-coat, the waistcoat red;
Thy person trim, succinct, and light,
Breeches'd high, in buckskin tight;
Mounted on a courser fleet,
With ardent eyes, and pawing feet.
Hence with thy tall tail-curling hound,
Of tongue so shrill, and ears so round.
No more I listen to the noise
Of "wind him rogues," and "to him boys,"
The "touch," the "drag," and "Tallihoe,"
And "gone away," and "there they go;"
And how we earth'd him at *Crick Chace*,
Or lost him at some cursed place;
From all such ills that did attend us,
Henceforth, good Jupiter, defend us!
But come thou Genius of "Loo Whore,"
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
Clad in a coat of clumsy size,
Of double drab, or knotted frize,
O'er which is drawn the warm surtout,
With flourish'd girdle bound about,
Thy vacant forehead broad and fat,
Shadow'd beneath the round-cropp'd hat.
Sweet power of Thistle-whipping, hail!
Whom in a solitary vale
To prone-eyed Dullness long of yore
The moping Nymph Tantarra bore;
He half awake one misty morn
Tickled her scut beneath a thorn.
Come, but keep your wonted state
On a horse of sluggish gait,
Your looks commercing with the ground,
Where the close-couching hare is found:

And as across the lands you creep,
Forget yourself, and fall asleep:
Till the dull steed shall break your nap,
Stumbling thro' th' accustom'd gap.
And first the waddling beagle bring,
That looks as just escap'd the string,
With sneaking tail and heavy head,
Such as by neighbour Dash are bred.
And join sharp Cold, with Ache severe,
And Patience, that can bear to hear
The pack with melancholy tone
Around the scented hillock moan,
And with such discord as they keep,
Tempt pitying travellers to weep.
Me, Genius, shalt thou often find
On some hill side beneath the wind,
On fallows rough, or stubbles dry,
Where the lone leveret loves to lie,
While such mean merriment invites,
Doing thy sadly-pleasing rites.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I see the fat pack puzzling round,
Where the game went long before,
Sounding sad with sullen roar;
With slow-pac'd heed, and tedious cunning
Thro' all her artful mazes running,
Untwisting every knotty wile
Both of the double and the foil,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of drowsy murmurings long drawn out,
Bewailing their dull master's folly,
Most pitiful, most melancholy.
But chiefly let the Southern's tongue
Drag its deep dismal tone along.

In bellowings loud, and utterance hoarse,
Such as its mournful way may force
Thro' all my hearing's cavities,
And bring the tears into my eyes.
But let my due sight never fail,
Where beaten paths divide the vale,
With anxious skill and cunning care,
To prick the footsteps of the hare,
While I cheer the beagles' toil,
With "hoo the way," and "hark the foil."
And when at last old age and gout
Prevent my longer going out,
O may I from my easy chair
The wonders of my youth declare,
Extol at large myself and steed,
And talk of hounds of my old breed;
Till I become thro' neighbouring shires
The oracle of Country Squires.
These pleasures, Hare-Hunting, impart,
An I am thine with all my heart.

AN EPITAPH.

THIS simple mound, on these war-wasted plains,
The sacred reliques of the brave contains;
The spot is hallow'd; for when Tyrants pour'd
Their guilty threats, they drew the righteous sword,
And fought for Freedom; distant times shall tell,
"Here they, who sav'd their country, nobly fell."

1795. E. HAMLEY.

ODE,

ON THE MISFORTUNES OF AN INGENIOUS MIND.

BY THE LATE THOMAS DERMODY.

Alas! too fatally inspir'd,
  Why heaves this heart, with purest aim,
For aught the sage's soul admir'd,
  Or, raptur'd minstrel gave to fame?

Why throbs within this lone recess,
  Each finer pulse of general zeal,
That mourns, because it cannot bless
  The wants, 'tis fated still to feel?

Did Fortune blast what Nature gave,
  Averse, with dark malignant glare?
Did Sorrow mark the victim's grave
  When graced with more than mortals' share?

Ah! cruel gift, ah! baneful prize,
  By too-bewitching Fancy led,
To bid Hope's fairest visions rise,
  Then find those fairest visions fled;

To pause on the deserted gloom,
  By their lost hues more hideous made,
While, only left, an early tomb
  Gleams sudden thro' the awful shade!

Less painful far, were dull Despair
  Without one spark delusive giv'n,
To flash amid the cells of Care,
  Or snatch a fading glimpse of Heav'n;

Less injur'd, the insensate breast,
  That ne'er one ardent pang can know,
That deems each social call a jest,
  And slumbers o'er the tale of woe.

Like some poor pilgrim, faint, and frail,
  When lonely eve comes darkling on,
Still forc'd to tread life's thorny vale,
  Nor view the tedious travel done;

To hang on Hope's pale, setting ray,
  To hear in every breeze a sigh,
To end, at last, the weary way;
  Then, DISAPPOINTMENT meet—and die;

If this, oh! Poesy, thy meed,
  Whose bosom, Sympathy's sole throne,
Must oft for others' anguish bleed,
  And ever, ever, for its own;

Quick tear thy sad illusions hence,
  (Illusions sad indeed, yet dear,)
Unroot each tender-twining sense,
  And freeze on Pity's cheek the tear:

Oh! let that cheek be marble-cold
  To Friendship, or Affection's kiss,
And, let each child of song be told
  INSENSIBILITY is BLISS!
1793.

SONG TO THE BIRDS.

BY THE LATE REV. J. WALTERS *.

SWEET Birds, whose songs and woodnotes wild
Chear my walk at morning mild,
While I trace, the hayfield round,
The margin of this grassy mound;
Full pleasant are your lays to me,
Gentle warblers, fond and free;
More welcome far than vernal showers;
Chanted from your happy bowers
Built on Cherwel's alder'd edge
Mid the hawthorn-blooming hedge:
Sweet Birds, those bowers no more shall be
To you retreat, or joy to me:
As late near yon unsullied stream
I fram'd my fond poetic theme,
Near my path, upon the ground,
Recent from the cruel wound,
Fallen from his native spray,
A bleeding Linnet panting lay.
Fly, fly, sweet Birds, these limits fly,
For see, your barb'rous foe is nigh,
And aims at your devoted breath
His iron weapon charg'd with death!
Wretch of rude and rugged soul,
Stranger to pity's soft controul,

* Of Jesus College, Oxford.

Who violates the rural glee
Of Nature's sweetest minstrelsy,
Who banishes the race of love,
The tuneful tenants of the grove,
Unpeoples all the vocal ground,
And desolates the hills around!
  Ye Throstles blythe, whose mattin strains
Melodise the lonely plains;
Ye Nightingales, the woods among,
Where warbles wild your midnight song,
If e'er my fond, enamour'd ear
Hath lov'd your siren plaints to hear,
If e'er my steps have lov'd to tread
The dewy vale and moonlight mead,
Where the lone mate in craggy dell
Bemoans her absent Philomel,
Or to the trees in piteous strains
Still of her plunder'd nest complains:
And all ye various-plumed train
Who haunt the stream or wing the plain:
Hence, gentle Birds, spontaneous flee
With peace, with safety, and with me,
And seek with me the distant vales
That smooth the rugged brow of Wales,
Where of hills a mighty mound
Rears its magic circle round:
There in some villa's calm recess
Health my careless days shall bless,
There lead me forth at break of morn,
Ere sounds the hunter's bugle horn,
There oft shall win my willing ear
Your unbought harmony to hear;
Yet my grateful hand shall pay
With due reward your carols gay,

And to your bills the crumbs afford
That fall from my unpamper'd board,
And build for you the winter shed,
The wicker'd roof and mossy bed.
To your arbour's private home,
Hither, gentle wanderers, come;
Thro' the copse and by the streams
Tune your nature-prompted themes;
And to the charmed ear of Spring
Such enchanting descants sing
As may beguile affliction's tear,
Such as innocence may hear;
Soft as the gales young Zephyr brings,
Or the plumage of your wings;
Far sweeter than the feeble note
Warbled from an eunuch's throat,
Far sweeter than the lisping lays
Which the siren Flattery pays,
At her late and early hour,
On the golden shrine of Power.
When the shades of evening come
Here the busy bees shall hum,
Here shall range the thymy beds
When her dews young morning sheds,
And love my limits lone and still
More than Hybla's honey'd hill.
These hives, the green parterres among,
Be your cells, industrious throng;
Nor from your nectar-streaming hoard
Refuse, to grace my simple board,
A portion due, content that here
No drone invades your dulcet cheer,
No creeping flames your hives annoy,
Nor music lures you, to destroy.

You too, ye feather'd tribes of air,
The same security shall share;
Here shall dread no secret net
Mid the thorny thicket set,
Nor Kites, nor Hawks, a bloody throng,
Nor griping Vulture's talon strong,
Who taught by man, with rage refin'd,
Devour their own devoted kind.
Say, sylvan quire, what dire offence
Hath stain'd your native innocence,
That danger thus, with ceaseless course,
Pursues your flight, your haunts explores?
Oft have I seen your callow care
Hard-struggling in the birdlime snare:
So the rash youth, in grief I said,
If once the paths of vice he tread,
Caught in the toils of treachery
In vain long labours to be free:
But ne'er hath pride your minds possest,
Harmless offspring of the nest,
Nor folly e'er your hearts beguil'd,
Nor guilt disgrac'd your manners mild,
Which still to active instinct true
Kind Nature's simple paths pursue.
Nor these the only ills you bear,
Wing'd inhabitants of air:
From danger and from death you fly,
Alas! to loss of liberty;
Condemn'd to leave your native groves,
Unfinish'd songs, and feather'd loves,
Condemn'd to change your airy downs
For busy streets of peopled towns:
Long, long the drooping captive dwells
In cruel cages, grated cells,

Oft wishful views some distant tree,
And pants, and flutters to be free,
With grief and rage would fain expire,
And leaves a plume on every wire.

COUNT FREDERIC TO COUNT CHRISTIAN STOLBERG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

As the hart hastens to the water-spring
To slake his thirst, even so my ardent soul
On warm affection's wing, would fly to thee
My BROTHER! Round thy neck I fain once more
Would throw my willing arms, and on thy cheek
Imprint the kiss fraternal. Such the love
For thee I have felt always, not the tie
Of holy friendship closer knit the soul
Of JONATHAN with DAVID'S; nor the tear
Glistened, with brighter lustre, in the eye
Of BENJAMIN, when on the panting breast
Of his lost brother he enamour'd hung,
And wept, and kissed him—But far, ah far
Art thou from me, mountains, and distant seas

That swell their blue waves to the Autumnal winds,
And plains, wide-spreading, part us: Yet I boast
A privilege, a dear one,—on the plumes
Of Fancy borne, I waft me to thy arms,
And in poetic numbers consecrate
The day that gave thee to a mother's fondness,
And made thy father happy: happy day!
I still repeat, that gave thee to myself,
And to thy sister, and more happy still,
That destined thee in nuptual league to bless
Thy own beloved LOUISA—Not for me
Had then the day opened his golden lids,
Nor yet had mother earth, in her green lap,
Dandled my youthful feet, when in the hall
Of my forefathers, the glad voice was heard
Which said "rejoice, for a man-child is born!"
My eyes beheld not, when the best of fathers
With looks of rapture raised thee in his arms
Towards heaven, as its own gift, and then returned
Thee to thy mother, who, her fainting head
Uplifting from her pillow, and with smiles
Of thrilling transport held thee to her breast.
Then did thy little sister tripping come
With eager steps, and gazed with wondering eyes
On the new baby's lovely form, and oft
Would rock thy swinging cradle to and fro,
And chace the flies from it. I was later born,
Later thy younger sister: But *we* twain
Grew up together like two reeds that bloom
On some clear rivulet's brink: our earliest days
Of infancy, our pleasures, and our sports,
Together we enjoyed, together plucked
Each budding joy that blushed amid the shade:
Cheerily did we pass the days of youth,

And if at morn we parted, evening still
Restored us to each others company:
We were as two brooks issuing from one source,
Sporting diverse o'er rocks and precipices,
And then uniting in the pleasant mead;
The same our infancy, the same our youth,
Alike we shared each others joys and woes,
And to each other every wish was known,
Almost before its consciousness had birth
In our own minds: thus were our feelings mixed,
And melted down in mutual blessedness—
But now, alas, unpitying destiny
Hath severed us awhile: Then welcome Spring
That shall restore thee, tho' as yet the winds
Of autumn rustle in the naked boughs;
To every blast the pale ash nods its crown,
And of its foliage reft the ruddy oak
Mocks at the storm; then hie thee, Time! away,
To thy swift wings lend speed, and waft along
The vernal months: But, Spring! put not thou forth
Thy vermeil-swelling buds, 'till he return
The brother of my heart, and with him bring
His sister, and his wedded partner dear.
Lo, ranged, in many a rank, thy kindred stand
Nephews and nieces, all with eager hopes
Anticipate with pleasure thy return,
Impatient of the hour. Then, hie thee on
Old Winter! sailing on thy swan-down wings!
And usher in the Spring, and bring with thee
My much-loved BROTHER to his happy home.

ODE TO (THE LATE) JACOB BRYANT, Esq

BY DR. ROBERTS.

THE Sophist spins his subtle thread;
On *liberty* and *fate*,
With heart deprav'd, and puzzled head,
Prolongs the dull debate;
Till Virtue, Truth, his Saviour, and his God,
By Metaphysic's mighty lore
At once lose all their essence, all their power,
Charm'd to eternal sleep by that magician's rod.

O shame to prostituted parts!
Was time, was genius given,
To darken by dishonest arts
The clear decrees of heaven?
Tell me, my BRYANT, burns not all thy soul
With indignation's holy zeal?
Tell me, thou Patriot of the Christian weal,
Feel'st not, secure thyself, what dangers wait the Whole?

Thou do'st. To vindicate the ways
Of God to man is thine:
And all thy nights, and all thy days,
In Truth's neglected mine,
By thee discover'd in these later times,
Thine hand digs deep for solid ore;
The hard-earn'd treasure speeds to many a shore,
And claims its honour due, the praise of distant climes.

Where'er thou com'st, discerning Sage,
Detected Falshood flies;
Tho' sanctified by many an age,
The creed of Centuries.
Thy torch is rais'd, and lo! the historic Muse
Rears from the dust her mangled head,
Tells the true story of her mighty dead,
And thro' each peopled land her wandering tribes pursues.

Now stronger grows the blaze of light;
The darkness melts away
Which wrapt Egyptian realms in night,
And long obscur'd their day.
In vain from Ham's wise sons did Greece of old
Aspire to tear Invention's crown;
In vain she hop'd to gain a sure renown
On tales of dragon's teeth, and fabled fleece of gold;

The charm is o'er. Thou to her source
Dark Error first didst trace:
Thou marking all her winding course
Shalt free the human race
From prejudice, imbibed in earliest youth;
And sweeping all the mists away
Which Fiction rais'd to lead thy steps astray,
Firm on her blazing throne shalt fix *Historic Truth.*

Proceed, my friend; so shalt thou find
In these dark paths thy God:
His works, his word, with steady mind
From stern Oppression's rod,
From quibbling words, from lying lips retrieve;
And while thou talk'st of ancient days
Erect memorials to Jehovah's praise,
Till Sceptics cease to doubt, and Infidels believe.
1774.

REANIMATION.

A HYMN FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS HUMANE SOCIETY.

BY MRS. MORTON, OF BOSTON.

June 9, 1795.

WHO from the gloomy shades of night,
When the last tear of hope is shed,
Can bid the soul return to light,
And break the slumber of the dead?

No human skill that heart can warm,
Which the cold blast of Nature froze:
Recal to life the perish'd form;
The secret of the grave disclose.

But thou, our saving God, we know,
Canst arm the mortal hand with pow'r,
To bid the stagnant pulses flow,
The animating heat restore.

Thy will, ere Nature's tutor'd hand
Could with young life these limbs unfold,
Bade the imprison'd brain expand,
And all its countless fibres told.

As from the dust thy forming breath
Could the unconscious being raise,
So can the silent voice of death
Wake at thy call in songs of praise.

"Since *twice* to die is ours alone,
And *twice* the birth of life to see;
O let us, suppliant at thy throne,
Devote our *second* life to thee*!"

* This last stanza was sung by those who had been restored to life from apparent death.

TO A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

AH! cease thy shrill-pipe, LITTLE SWEEP,
Nor raise these aching lids to weep!
When DAWN, arrayed in pearly white,
Sits on the shadows of the night,
Then, gentle dreams in gambols bound,
And light-drawn slumbers glide around,
Then, rosy Fancy takes the chains
And leads us o'er enchanted plains;
Then, do not wake me, LITTLE SWEEP,
For I only wake to weep.

Thy clarion loud I hate to hear,
And, dreading *Thee*, I sleep in fear:
For sleep is all the good I know,
The silky veil which hides my woe.
No bright ideas gild my bed,
No lively hopes their treasures shed:
A dreary, vapid, joyless scene,
Is ALL my grave and me between.
Pass silent on then, LITTLE SWEEP,
For I only wake to weep.

How sad it seems, when slumbers fly,
And sun-beams blaze along the sky,
To feel no sun-beam in the mind!
There, all is dark, and cold, and blind.

Then MEMORY, on impy wings,
Her retrospective poison brings,
And EXPECTATION, blacker still,
Bids deep Despair my bosom fill.
Hush, hush thy cry then, LITTLE SWEEP,
For I only wake to weep.

Pass on, pass on, thou ling'ring child,
Nor rouse me with thy shriekings wild.
To blissful dwellings speed thy way,
For they with transport meet the day.
No linnet hath a softer note,
Than that which tears thy ebon throat,
When to a *happy* ear it speaks,
And every drowsy cincture breaks;
Then scream not here, thou LITTLE SWEEP,
For I only wake to weep.

ONCE, charming was my waking hour,
When sweet reflections knew my bower;
When springing from my couch of balm,
My views were gay, my heart was calm;
When laughing pleasure at my board
Spread out its ever-sparkling hoard;
When friends and *filial Cherubs* smil'd,
And of its thorn each care beguil'd.
Now!—Wake me not, O CRUEL SWEEP,
For I only wake to weep.

SEPT. 22, 1796. LEONORE.

ENDYMION SLEEPING.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSONI.

Tir'd with long-toil Endymion lay repos'd,
Where herbs and flowers an odorous couch compos'd:
And while the freshening breeze, with amorous play,
Fann'd the fierce beam and burning heat of day,
There the light Loves a duteous band descend,
Loose the full quiver and the bow unbend;
For from those eyes so clos'd, that form so fair,
Cupid himself, they deem'd, their god lay there.

Spread to the gale, by every zephyr blown,
Dark o'er his cheeks his burnish'd locks were thrown;
Th' obsequious Loves those straggling locks replace,
That oft returning veil'd his heavenly face:
From the fresh flowers that thickly grew beneath,
Chaplets they wove, and many a fragrant wreath,
Sweet garlands to adorn that form design'd,
And with fantastic folds each beauteous limb to bind.

Oft to his lips would the disporting crew
Compare the piony's vermillion hue;
Oft to his cheek the rose and lily's bloom—
But pion, rose, and lily were o'ercome!—
The winds and waves were hush'd in dead repose,
And not a whisper on the plain arose:
Earth, water, air, accordant all confest,
And silent seem'd to say, the God of Love's at rest.

ODE TO THE MOON.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH HOLDEN POTT.

O FAIREST beam of heavenly light,
That lead'st the starry train of night;
Calm Silence smooths thy tranquil way,
And pensive Sorrow loves thy ray.

When you your silver beams deny,
All baleful spirits fill the sky;
The brood of night, of hideous form,
The desart blast, and watry storm.

But when you rule, the shadowy train
Of Fairy footsteps mark the plain;
And dimly, by thy beams serene,
The ghosts of lovers oft are seen.

When thou art hence, the night-owl screams,
The loathsome bat, that all day dreams,
Creeps from some long-forgotten room,
To revel in a deeper gloom.

But when thy fair orb, ever bright,
Rolls through the silent calm of night,
Still to the nightingale's soft song,
In measures slow, you move along.

Oh, come then with thy clouds of snow,
Light floating as the soft winds blow;
Oh come, and through night's chearless gloom,
Shed one mild ray on yonder tomb.

Those stones, Palemon's bones enclose,
The peace of Heaven's in his repose;
Thy whitening ray, ah gently shed,
On poor Palemon's lowly bed:

'Till piercing through the deeper night,
That seals his eyes, a purer light
Shall burst the bonds of mortal clay,
When thou thyself shalt fade away.

ODE. FOR AN ALTAR TO VENUS.

BY THE SAME.

Before this shrine let none appear,
Without some gift by Love made dear:
Some pledge to gain the mystic ring,
Hither, Sisters, hither bring.

Sweet Maiden, hither roses bear,
And move the Goddess in your prayer,
To make their fading late and slow,
And still to thee like grace to show.

The favorite lock, whose snares surprise,
And hold in bonds the lovers eyes,
Once floating on the wind's light wing,
Hither, Sisters, hither bring.

The Ivy bough that loves to twine,
The soft arms of the mossy Vine,
And all the breath of flowery spring,
Hither, Sisters, hither bring.

If now thy bridal night be nigh,
In hopes that swift the hours may fly,
Loos'd from the molting turtle's wing,
The softest plumes, sweet Maiden, bring.

Great Venus will the gift receive,
And to the lagging hours will give
The present, that their quicken'd flight
May sooner bring the happy night.

But if for some false youth you pine,
Engrave upon the sacred shrine
His name with thine in cyphers twin'd,
And pray that thus your loves be join'd.

But leave the pale sad willow here,
And let thy off'ring be a tear;
Great Venus in that tear shall mix
A charm, his faithless heart to fix.

Soft tokens giv'n with softer sighs,
Sad lines read o'er with wat'ry eyes;
And songs, which no rude voice can sing,
Hither, Sisters, hither bring.

'Fore all, to make success your own,
Gentle hearts that ne'er have known,
Save of love, one secret sting,
Hither, Sisters, hither bring.

ODE *.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD MELTON,

INFANT SON OF EARL FITZWILLIAM.

BY THE LATE MISS RYVES.

MELTON, a muse by great ambition fir'd
For fame's high goal to plume her tow'ring wing,
And leave to slaves, by lust of gold inspir'd,
The spoils which flatt'ry and which falsehood bring;
Thus in glad pæans, round thy cradle pour'd,
Breathes the pure strains of her prophetic song,
To hail, with prescient joy, the bright accord
Of all that to the great, the good, belong,
When to the world, like some fair garland twin'd
With flowers of loveliest bloom, shines forth thy manly mind.

There soft humanity, which marks the tear,
Deep sorrow's mute yet eloquent appeal;
There mild benevolence, from fortune's sphere,
Which bends benignant every woe to heal;

* Written in 1787.

There bounty, pouring wide a copious stream
From the rich store of her capacious horn;
And spreading round hope's animating beam
Thro' haunts where slighted genius pin'd forlorn;
And there the patriot's temper'd fires shall glow,
O'er virtue's op'ning germs a richer tint to throw.

Nor deem the Muse, who thro' the veil of time,
Thus darts her Sybil glance, by hope betray'd;
For not on Fancy's dreams she builds her rhyme,
But truths thro' being's varying forms display'd.—
Heirs not the racer all his lineal speed?
Burns not the war-horse with paternal fires?
So to the progeny of man's decreed
To boast th' inherent virtues of his sires:
And hence, in confidence of nature's laws,
My song, with bold presage, thy portrait, Melton, draws.

Yes, thou shalt shine, as shone those chiefs allied
To either parent's high patrician name,
Whose end was freedom, justice still their guide,
And public happiness their gen'rous aim;
When rising in their country's cause they stood,
Impell'd by motives to the base unknown,
Stemming, with patient steps, corruption's flood,
From Rome's fell yoke to free the British throne;
And, by the crush of Stewart's priest-form'd scheme,
Bid liberty's bright rays from Nassau's banners beam.

Nor less illustrious * He of later days,
Whose steady soul the same fair track pursu'd;
Who sought no meed but Britain's weal to raise,
Or knew a wish but for his country's good.

* The late Marquis of Rockingham.

Lamented Wentworth!—Yes, the praise be thine
Which waits those virtues form'd to bless a state;
Praise which survives the adamantine shrine,
Trophy'd with all the pageants of the great;
And deep on mem'ory's living page records
Those deeds which crown the good with heaven's sublime rewards.

But why, my muse, with retrospective glance,
Turn'st thou thy ling'ring eye? E'en now behold
Round Freedom's standard many a chief advance,
Whose names shall shine amidst their sires enroll'd,
Tho' storms of faction rouse not full to view
That active flame of patriotic zeal,
Which Sidney, which immortal Russel drew,
Low on the deadly block their faith to seal,
When the prompt minions of a despot lord
To murd'rous axes turn'd the law's perverted sword.

Wake then, my lyre, each slumb'ring chord arouse,
To hail the patriots who around thee throng;
And while thou deck'st with wreaths their honour'd brows,
Build on their fame the glory of thy song.
Behold bright rising to adorn the strain,
From martyr'd Russel's godlike lineage sprung,
On power's base panders scowling fixt disdain,
Young Bedford stands his kindred chiefs among:
Like Jove's own bird, resolv'd sublime to trace
The paths his sires pursued, and prove his patriot race.

Nor singly he of that illustrious line
The old hereditary fame maintains:
Ca'ndish *, in whom the mingling streams combine
Which flow'd from Russel's and from Devon's veins,

* Lord John Cavendish.

Thou, like the heroes to thy blood ally'd,
Tho' indolent awhile thy genius rest,
With zeal inspir'd by freedom's virtuous pride,
Would to the storm oppose thy dauntless breast,
Should the swoln fury of o'erwhelming power
In clouds of dread portent around thy country lower.

Mark, too, resolved and steady to his trust,
In Britain's senate * Montagu remains;
Who, fixt, not sway'd by passions wavering gust,
A patriot's part with manly zeal sustains.
Impartial, candid, and in judgment clear;
Whene'er he rises adverse factions lend
Attention to the truths they dread to hear,
And stand abash'd before the nation's friend;
Who speaks, who acts, on virtue's public plan,
Whether he guilt arraigns, or pleads the rights of man.

With these in friendship, as in freedom's cause,
Portland, united stands thy honour'd name;
A name might rival † Theron's great applause,
Glow'd my rude numbers with a Pindar's flame:

* The Right Honourable Frederick Montagu.

† ——————— "No state revolving o'er
"The long memorials of recorded days,
"Can shew in all her boasted store
"A name to parallel thy Theron's praise;
"One to the acts of friendship so inclin'd,
"So fam'd for virtuous deeds and love of human kind.
"Yet hath obstrep'rous envy sought to drown
"The goodly music of his sweet renown;
"While, by some frantic spirits born along
"To mad attempts of violence and wrong,
"She turn'd against him faction's raging flood,
"And strove by evil deeds to conquer good."

West's Translation of Pindar's second Olympic Ode.

Since form'd alike in councils to preside,
Or in the scenes of social life to shine,
'Tis thine with tempe'rate hand the helm to guide;
To awe the bad, and charm the virtuous thine;
And by thy patriot deeds deserve renown,
Than Delphic wreaths more bright or Agrigentum's crown.

Besb'rough, mild Nestor of our northern sphere,
Yet livest thou, with years, with honour crown'd;
To friends, to children, to thy country dear,
With not one foe thine evening peace to wound!
Oh! like some patriarch of those golden times,
When social angels deign'd to visit earth,
And in sweet converse paint the radiant climes,
Where mounts the soul at nature's second birth,
Long may'st thou shine amidst thy rising race,
And shew how virtue charms in age's mellowing grace.

Late too—Ah why must sorrow's chilling dews
Hang their dull mists ungenial round my lyre?
Why the dark yew its sombrous gloom diffuse,
And shroud my brow with grief's funereal tire?
But such the doom of heaven! For man decreed
The cup of bliss unmingled seldom flows;
As seldom from affliction's chalice drain'd,
Streams the crude draught full drugg'd with cureless woes;
Save when, to form a lesson for mankind,
The storms of fate are loos'd to prove th' heroic mind.

Not such, lamented * youth, thy rigid fate!
When slowly ling'ring on the sickly bed,
Hope, sweetest soother, at thy pillow sate,
While nine revolving moons their circuit led.

* The late Hon. George Fitzwilliam, who died immediately after receiving the news of his nephew's (Lord Melton's) birth.

At length the truth for which affection yearn'd
Flow'd on thine ear in strains of natal joy,
And life's spent lamp with transient vigour burn'd,
To pour down blessings on the welcome boy;
Then, in the fullness of content, thy soul
Wing'd her exulting flight to heaven's immortal goal.

But whither roves my song? The mournful lay
Due to the honour'd manes of the dead,
The weeping muse some future hour may pay,
In cypress veiling her dejected head.
Now swiftly borne from woe's afflicted choir,
Who bend, slow dirging, o'er the recent tomb,
To happier themes she dedicates her lyre,
And round her brow bids festal roses bloom,
As through the deepening chords her hand she flings,
And to Fitzwilliam's praise awakes the sounding strings.

Yes, Melton, yes, the sire who gave thee birth
High in the patriot constellation shines;
Great heir of Rockingham's exalted worth,
Whose mind like his each manly grace combines.
Judgment unwarp'd, integrity of soul,
Candour, revolting at deception's name,
And honour, spurning int'rest's base control,
Form the pure rays of his refulgent fame:
Rays which out lustre every sparkling gem,
From rifled India torn to deck a diadem.

Thus parented, not long in tame repose
Shall rest, bright babe, thy mind's inherent pow'rs;
But soon the germs of lineal worth disclose
A golden promise of maturer hours.
And as the beams of reason, dawning fair,
Give the sweet hope of her meridian reign,
Thine be, Fitzwilliam, with a father's care,
In thy own paths his docile youth to train;

Till by thy precepts, thy example taught,
To virtue's gen'rous aims each glowing passion's brought.

Nor lose the hour of childhood's candid morn,
On the blank tablet of the mind to trace
Those moral truths which best the man adorn,
And lend to silver age a Besb'rough's grace.
For as light lines, on tender bark impress'd,
Expand and deepen as the sapling thrives,
So truth, once grav'd on youth's retentive breast,
The wreck of time and passion's rage survives;
And if the frolic heart deluded stray,
She back to virtue's paths will guide the wanderer's way.

Nor here, Fitzwilliam, be thy task confin'd;
But early train him to those arduous toils,
Which ask that rectitude, that force of mind,
No influence misleads, no danger foils;
That when in judgment ripe, as ripe in age,
With soul high panting for a world's applause,
Resolv'd, he treads the senate's glorious stage,
A firm supporter of his country's cause,
Each nervous argument may full reveal
The statesman's depth of thought, the patriot's glowing zeal.

So as when Fox, with Demosthenean fire,
Th' invaded rights of Britain boldly pleads;
So as when Burke, with Tully's noble ire,
Drags forth to public view a Hastings' deeds;
And, though loud uproar shake th' insulted dome,
To make of justice and of faith a jest,
Full brings the wrongs of ravag'd India home
To every feeling, every honest breast:
Brings them, with zeal unaw'd by power or gold,
And bids truth's candid tongue each impious deed unfold.

Oh glorious chiefs, transcendently renown'd!
Rome had for you the trophy'd column rear'd,
Around your brows her civic garlands bound,
And hail'd as heroes, or as gods rever'd:
But shame to Britain, for whose rights ye plead,
Shame which th' indignant muse must blushing tell,
Ingrate she proves! Yet your's the nobler meed,
The soul-exalting joy of acting well!
Joy which out beams the bliss that triumph brings
To conqu'ror's crown'd with spoils, or pow'r-usurping kings.

Such is the prize, and not the gauds of state,
Or the short sunshine of a monarch's smile,
That true ambition seeks, sublimely great,
Through tracks, high borne, impervious to the vile:
Glory is her's, and that resplendent crown,
Which, nor can envy blight, nor time impair:
Then, Melton, learn to look superior down
On fortune's toys, on favour's transient glare;
For, trust my song, (what e'er the boast of power)
WHO WINS IMMORTAL FAME ON VIRTUE'S WINGS MUST TOWER.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

MY suit's kind granter *first* I prize;
Next him who speedily denies.
On you, what term shall I bestow,
Who grant not, and deny me slow?

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

TO A YOUNG WOMAN.

Why didst thou leave, unhappy maid,
Thy cottage low, and rustic shade?
Why for the splendid city's noise
Forsake thy simple homefelt joys?
Amid the savage solitude
Of Cambria's hoary mountains rude,
Tho' no proud temple brav'd the sky,
Nor dazzling grandeur caught thine eye;
Yet Peace and Innocence were there,
And steady smiles, ne'er chang'd by care;
Content thou had'st, and the chaste flame
Of genuine Love unmix'd with Shame.

Now, haply, mid unquiet dreams,
Thou sit'st by Deva's fairy streams,
Or se'est the Giant's * craggy chair,
Or Glaslyn's cliff †, like wild despair,
Or calm Festiniog's ‡ blissful bowers,
Or Caërnarvon's § beauteous towers,
Or Ydfa tall ‖, beneath whose crest
The sailing eagle builds her nest;

* The mountain Cader Idris, or the chair of Idris, a famous giant, in the fabulous history of Wales.

† The sublime and terrible pass of Pont Aberglaslyn.

‡ The delicious vale of Tan y Bwlch.

§ Caernarvon Castle, built by Edward the First, and the birth place of his vile successor, affords a most striking and beautiful specimen of gothic architecture.

‖ The highest point of Snowden.

Where mid the torrent's murmuring
Thy sweet old ditties thou did'st sing,
Perhaps, of Rhudlan's* mournful day,
And spirits fierce, above dismay.

Oh! fly from this detested shore,
And seek thy simple home once more:
Here Truth nor Virtue hope to find;
And ere thou lose thy peace of mind,
Haste from Deceit's bewitching charm:
Those rocks will shelter thee from harm.

1795. E. HAMLEY.

EPITAPH† ON DR. JOHNSON.

THE groans of Learning tell that JOHNSON dies.—
Adieu rough Critic, of Colossal size!
Grateful, ye VIRTUES, round his grave attend,
And boldly guard your surest, firmest Friend!
Ye VICES, keep aloof!—a Foe to you,
Yet one, the subtlest of your Tribe, he knew;
In silence ENVY to his fame be just,
And tho' you stain'd his *spirit*, spare his *dust!*

* In this place, where are now to be seen the remains of a castle built by Henry II. the Welch sustained a signal defeat from the English: on which occasion a famous piece of music, here alluded to, is said to have been composed. It is a favourite tune with the natives, and on the harp has a striking and solemn effect. To me it conveys an interesting mixture of pathetic and magnanimous ideas. *We are overcome by the tyrant, our country is oppressed; but we disdain his power, and our high spirit shall never be broken.*

† Said to be written by Mr. Hayley.

A FRAGMENT.

BY THE LATE REV. R. POTTER.

In malos asperrimus.

O THOU, whatever greeting likes thee best,
Beau, bully, puritan, rake, pimp, or priest;
(For various titles please the Devil's ear,
As Satan, Beelzebub, and Lucifer;)
Whether, to Phœbus and each muse unknown,
Thou steal a name for labours not thy own;
Or with a critic's insolent pretence,
Glean from French frippery half a note of sense;
Or whether, sick'ning at each virtuous name,
Thou spread thy blasts o'er the fair bloom of fame;
Or prey, vile canker, on the virgin rose,
That on the cheek of modest virtue glows;
Tho' thy own country spurn'd thee for thy crimes,
Mourn not; for vice may thrive in other climes.
O'er this sick realm thy baleful poison spread;
Attempt the nuptial, nay the bridal bed;
Watch o'er the couch, where weak age doting lies,
Hir'd pilferer of a strange-achieved prize;
Help the hot dame with love's fierce fever sick,
The lewd Elvira's trusty Dominick;
Gloat on her beauties with lascivious glee,
The leering Satyr thou, the melting Venus she.
Whatever mischiefs thy fell thoughts intend,
With the plain devil and that face to friend,
Throw the dull mask, by shame unaw'd, away,
And show thy hideous self to open day.

SONG.

BY W. PARSONS, ESQ.

HARD fate! enslaved by foreign eyes,
I now can pour my amorous strain,
But to the tender pitying skies,
But to the lonely listening plain.

How oft in Britain's distant isle
I sing a false ideal flame,
Till many a nymph my lays beguile
Who thinks herself my fondest aim!

But now while real passion burns,
I tune my voice, my lyre I string,
A deafen'd ear my charmer turns,
Alas! she knows not what I sing.

Her modest grace, her gentle soul,
Her fair complexion's lily hue,
All these she from Britannia stole,
Why stole she not the *language* too!

Or why, * to breathe a softer lay,
Why is not *hers* bestow'd by Love,
Shot in her eye's commanding ray
Like inspiration from above!

* Questa e lingua di cui si vanta amore.
MILTON'S Italian Canzone.

While numerous coxcombs troop around,
  Trite thoughts in hacknied phrase they tell
Like daws in borrow'd plumage found;
  She wonders *they* can talk so well.

My efforts, when in tenderest strain
  I would my raptur'd soul express,
Th' imperfect accents render vain,
  For what is *thought* deprived of *dress*?

Come then, for Love must not despair,
  Sweet incense of persuasive sighs,
Meek homage of attentive care,
  And silent eloquence of eyes!

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

YOUR father, young Split-coin, they say,
  Allow'd you five hundred a year:
And it came like a corporal's pay,
  Each week he made up the arrear.
'Twould keep you from starving he thought;
  For he knew your extravagance such,
That to-morrow you'd ne'er have a groat,
  Though to-day you got ever so much.
But his will, in appearance less strict,
  Outright gave you all he could give:
Why, already we see how you're trick'd—
  —Disinherited, Bob, as I live.

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

ODE TO THE WIND.

BY THE REV. J. H. POTT.

Sweet silent Breeze of noon, to thee
The proudest bosom still is free.
With softest murmur greet the maid,
To whose cold heart my vows are paid.
Full oft to thee, sweet soothing guest,
She loosens all her snowy breast;
And, oh, no gently swelling sail,
That opens to thy passing gale,
E'er heav'd so lovely to the sight,
As heaves that breast of soft delight,
Than winter's Snow more white.

Each charm, which thou alone mayst see,
Returning, tell to none but me.
Search all that courts or shuns the eye,
And mingle with her parting sigh:
Thy breath, thence fraught with balmy power,
On every weed shall leave a flower:
Yet none like that fair rose shall be,
Which dyes her cheek, when kiss'd by thee;
The Morning's blush, or Evening's glow,
The blooming spring, or watry bow,
No tints so fair can show.

No Sun shall drink its silken bloom,
No wint'ry Blasts its dyes consume:
Grief ne'er shall raise her banners pale,
Where now those tints of health prevail.
But Youth shall feed the glowing dyes,
Unstain'd by Sorrow's withering sighs:
For ah, too well, alas! I know
She ne'er can feel a Lover's woe:
For had she known the secret pain,
She ne'er would wound, with such disdain,
A heart, that pines in vain.

Ah! plead, sweet Breeze, a Lover's part,
And pour thy mildness o'er her heart.
Ah, say, though Time goes softly past,
He marks his footsteps plain at last;
And leaves them in the fairest face,
In waining Beauty's vacant place.
Her cruel scorn at least reprove,
For scorn's a hard reward for love.
Ah, bid her not that power abuse,
Ah, bid her not that heart refuse,
Which she may grieve to lose.

ODE TO THE ROBIN.

BY THE SAME.

Sweet lonely bird, of all most fit
For pensive scenes, since thou canst quit
Society's unpleasing throng,
And lov'st alone to tune thy song.

The naked thorn now bids thee fear
A bleaker, ruder season near;
Still to my vine-bound window come,
And share the Poet's scanty crum.
Enjoy my hearth's warm chearing heat,
From cold and want still sure to meet
A friendly safe retreat.

The herd will seek the friendly stall,
The grove's last tarnish'd leaf will fall,
And soon a keener blast will blow,
And scatter wide the gathering snow;
Pay then thy visit void of dread
For here each morn thy meal I'll spread:
And greet with joy each safe return,
'Till taught by gratitude, you learn
The courage want inspir'd before,
And fear to venture down no more,
But boldly trust the floor.

For ever from his threshold fly,
Who, void of honour, once shall try,
With base inhospitable breast,
To bar the freedom of his guest.
O rather seek the peasant's shed,
For he will give the wasted bread,
And fear some new calamity*,
Should any there spread snares for thee,
Still welcome here thy visit pay,
Thy notes shall chear the low'ring day,
And smooth thy Poet's lay.

* A country superstition that it is unlucky to keep Robins.

KOSCIUSKO,

OR THE

VISION OF FREEDOM.

BY WILLIAM CAREY, ESQ.

"YE dreams by fond affection bred,
Illusions dear! ah whither fled?
In gayest robes of bliss array'd,
Ah why, so soon, in ruin laid?

"When first the dawn illumes the skies,
The glories of creation rise;
The brightest hues the heav'ns adorn,
To grace the radiant birth of Morn.

"But, soon, the splendid scene is lost;
By winds in dark confusion tost;
Just emblem of the fate of Man;
'Twas so my views in life began!

"When, free from care, a playful child,
Around me ev'ry prospect smil'd;
Maturer grown, an eager boy,
Hope led to promised scenes of joy.

"Then, heark'ning to the trump of Fame,
My bosom caught her hallow'd flame;
And, as the tales of old I read,
I hail'd, with awe, the mighty dead.

" I caught, from Homer's sacred page,
A parent's grief, a hero's rage;
With varied pow'r, the strong control
Of labouring passions shook my soul.

" As wintry torrents wildly sweep
Impetuous down the rocky steep,
Sublimely rapt, the Poet's song,
With force resistless, rolls along.

" I heard the clang of arms afar;
Or mingled in the shout of war:
Each change of fate my breast assail'd,
And smiles and tears, by turns, prevail'd.

" 'Twas present all; as Fancy drew,
The Battle rush'd upon my view;
I seem'd the sanguine field to tread;
Around they conquer'd, fought, and bled.

" My bosom beat with wild alarms;
My country cried aloud—" To Arms!"
On fire to strike th' avenging blow,
And crush, at once, her ruthless Foe.

" I saw her stormy vengeance rise;
Her banners float along the skies;
Her Spoilers slain; her fetters spurn'd,
And all her martial pride return'd.

" Like lightning, swift, from man to man,
Around the gen'rous ardor ran,
Indignant rush'd the dauntless band
To snatch from chains their native land.

" The Warriors flew, in time, to save
Expiring Freedom from the grave;

Who when the fated time had run,
Repaid them with her darling Son *,

" High Independence, who restor'd
The Nation's rights, so long deplor'd;
Whose smile divine and cheering voice
Bade ev'ry gallant Pole rejoice.

" No more the harp, attun'd to woe,
In wailing notes was heard to flow:
The Bard of Poland's glory sung;
The hills with shouts of triumph rung.

" *Ah, woe is me! the vision flies!*
In chains my ruin'd country lies:
Her hapless Sons in scatter'd bands,
Now fall disgrac'd in foreign lands†.

" Her violated Virgins shriek;
In vain her Matrons pity seek:
Nor helpless Infancy, nor Age
Can soothe the fierce Invaders' rage.

" Her cities hasten to decay;
Her wealth is made the Spoilers' prey:
Her mighty bulwarks are laid low:
Her beggar'd Nobles serve the foe:

" Her crown from slave to slave is tost:
Her strength is broke: her state is lost:

* In this and the two following stanzas, the Patriot alludes to the hopes entertained from the first partial successes of his brave confederates; hopes which were so soon followed by their total defeat.

† In St. Domingo, to which place the gallant remains of the Polish Legion were *transported* by *Buonaparte*, to butcher and be butchered by the miserable negroes, in a war of *extermination*.

Her Genius quits her in affright:
Her glories sink, in endless night.

"Ah, woe is me! the Vision flies.
She dies! my ruin'd Country dies!
She falls without a Pow'r to save!
I live to mourn upon her grave!"

TO LESBIA.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

HEEDLESS of what the world may say,
Ere yet our youthful years decay,
Let us, my Lesbia, love and live—
Do thou a thousand kisses give;
Then let me snatch a hundred more;
Then add a thousand to my store;
Another hundred let me take;
A thousand then for pity's sake.
And these are all I ask of thee;
And all that thou shalt have from me:
But if, whilst I thy fragrance sip,
And my soul hovers o'er thy lip;
If puzzled with confus'd delight,
I shou'd not mark to count them right;
Let me, my Lesbia, let me then
Begin the pleasing task again.

1761. F. N. C. MUNDAY, ESQ.

FORGET ME NOT*.

Forget me not, should mirth allow thee leisure
To think on me, while cares my heart destroy;
Forget me not, should sorrow damp thy pleasure,
And rouse thy troubled soul from golden dreams of joy;
And should thy love of change prefer unthinking folly
To faith that ne'er deceived, and pleasing melancholy,
My eye shall speak in tears, that trickle for thy lot,
Forget me not.

Forget me not, though heedless of my anguish,
Fortune should tear thee from my faithful arms,
While months and years condemned in vain to languish,
My tongue repeats thy name, my mind revolves thy charms;
Ah, consecrate to me some little fleeting hour,
For time and distance yield to friendship's magic power:
My heart will cry to thine, whate'er may be my lot,
Forget me not.

Forget me not, though dull cold earth should cover
This heart which beat so constantly for thee:
The spotless soul around thee then shall hover,
Though weak, and erring now, yet then from error free.
Think then 'tis I whene'er a ray of hope revealing
A spirit to thy soul inspires a tender feeling;
'Tis I who whisper still, still anxious for thy lot,
Forget me not.

WEIMAR. J. LAWRENCE.

* This song, which is translated from the German, has been set to music by Mozart and by Sterkel. The composition of the latter is generally preferred.

ODE TO SLEEP,

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

BY W. PARSONS, ESQ.

" Dum me jucundis delapsum Sopor impulit alis,
" Illa fuit lacrymis ultima cura meis.

PROPERT.

Now ebon shades obscure my room,
And no kind rays the scene illume,
Save through the pane in languid streams
The wan moon sheds her yellow beams,
With chequer'd radiance decks the ground,
And gently gilds the gloom around.
—At this lone hour when Midnight reigns
With Silence o'er the twilight plains,
* And weary slumbers seem to spread
On the tall mountain's rugged head,
While drowsy birds forget to sing,
No echoes in the forest ring,
No zephyr through the valley blows,
But all is hush'd in deep repose,
Shall I alone sad vigils keep,
Why dost thou fly me, gentle Sleep?
Lo! where, with weight of sorrows prest,
Pale Grief reclines and sinks to rest,
E'en pining Care forgets his woes,
And Pain to thee a respite owes.

* Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.

STATII SYLV. lib. 4.

Love only thou forsak'st, O Sleep,
Love only wakes—and wakes to weep!
Once thou wert wont unsought to shed
Thy peaceful poppies o'er my head,
But since MIRANDA's angel charms
Have fill'd my soul with soft alarms,
Sadly I waste the night in sighs,
And no kind slumbers close mine eyes.
* O! whether at the bourn of hell
Close to that dusky elm thou dwell,
Where swarm the dreams of future fate,
Which thy mysterious bidding wait;
† Or if in dark Cimmerian shade
With the mute Rest thy limbs are laid,
Where ne'er Hyperion comes to daunt
With glittering shafts thy secret haunt;
‡ Or if, remote from busy men,
In lone Arabia's silent glen,

* in faucibus Orci
* * * * * * * * *

In medio ramos annosaque brachia pandit
Ulmus opaca, ingens: quam sedem Somnia vulgò
Vana tenere ferunt; foliisque sub omnibus hærent.
ÆNEID. lib. 6.

† Est prope Cimmerios longo spelunca recessu,
Mons cavus, ignavi domus et penetralia Somni;
Quo nunquam radiis oriens, mediusve, cadensve,
Phoebus adire poteſt.
* * * * * * *
Muta quies habitat. OVID MET. lib. 11.

‡ Giace in Arabia una valletta amena,
Lontana da cittadi e da villaggi.
* * * * * * * *
Sotto la nera selva una capace
E spaziosa grotta entra nel sasso;
Di cui la fronte l'edera seguace
Tutta aggirando va con storto passo:
In questo albergo il grave Sonno giace.
ARIOSTO ORLANDO FUR. canto 14.

Scoop'd in the rock thy cave is found,
Which mantling ivy creeps around;
* Or in earth's cavern'd bowels steep
Beneath the world of waters deep,
With sounds to lull thy languid ease,
Like trickling streams, or murmuring bees;
Oh come! diffuse thine influence bland,
Steal on my sense with downy hand;
And MORPHEUS! on thy friendly wing
Some sweetly-soothing vision bring.
I ask not dreams of high renown,
The Poet's wreath, or Monarch's crown,
Or to deform the fancied plain
With clouds of smoke, and hills of slain:
Far, far, such awful forms remove
From him who only thinks of love;
But bear me to some vernal scene,
Empurpled mead, or alley green,
Where o'er famed ARNO's gentle tide
The dark pines wave their umbrage wide,
And bring MIRANDA to my mind
Ah! bring her fair—and bring her kind!

* He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire
Amid the bowels of the earthe full steepe.
* * * * * *
And more to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
And ever drizling raine upon the loft
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.

SPENSER'S FAERY QUEENE, canto I. book 1,

ON REVISITING CORNWALL.

TAMAR, again my feet explore
The beauties of thy fruitful shore,
Where thro' green vales, that bend from view,
Thy streams their winding course pursue;
But chief, where bleak Dunheved * rears
His frowning turret, dark with years;
Or where the rural Kensey meets
Thy waves, from Werrington's † retreats;
Fair spot! amid whose beechen bow'rs
The bard might waste his summer hours,
Well-pleas'd to mark the woods, that hide
Its headlong slope's romantic side,
Its stream, whose murm'ring falls compose,
As thro' the shady dell it flows,
And Devon's hills ‡, that lifting high
Their summits, meet the bending sky.

Cornwall, what soil, like thine, contains
Of hoary age the wild remains!

* The old name of Launceston. The keep and some broken walls now form the venerable remains of its ancient castle; whose origin, I believe, eludes the antiquary's search. The keep is situated on an eminence, and from several points of view is highly picturesque.

† A seat of the Duke of Northumberland.

‡ From this agreeable spot Dartmoor has the appearance of a distant mountain.

Lo! rudely pois'd in massy pride,
The cromlech rears its summit wide,
That on the moonlight wan has cast
Its shade for length'ning ages past:
And haply, where four lanes unite,
Some artless stone attracts the sight,
Where to the swain at midnight drear
The sheeted goblins still appear:
And many a hallow'd hill displays
The stony circle's mystic ways;
But chief, old Carnbrè's * solemn height,
Where, clad in robes of purest white,
Beneath the sun's meridian pow'r,
Or at midnight's awful hour,
The Druid with mysterious round
Thrice trac'd the consecrated ground;
Now parted from its oaken shade
The misletoe with golden blade;
Now fiercely grasp'd the ruthless knife,
To rob the captive foe of life;
Or waited, when the snaky ball
On the milk-white robe should fall:
Or sage behests of import grave
From the high Gorseddau † gave.

Low-bending to the holy hand
Of Virtue, see the Logan ‡ stand;

* A hill near Redruth, famous for Druidical antiquities. It is seen to advantage from Tehiddy, the seat of Sir Francis Basset.

† The place, whence the Druids pronounced sentence, or delivered their instructions. For an account of the British Antiquities of Cornwall, see Borlase's learned history. This work would be better, were it less prolix.

‡ Of the Logan, or rocking stone, Mr. Mason has made a sublime use in his Tragedy of Caractacus.

But conscious Guilt with touch profane
Bids move the mighty mass in vain,
And neither strength nor art are found,
To wield it from its destin'd ground:
With tales like these romantic age
Has grac'd the legendary page.

Nor would the musing wand'rer scorn,
Cheer'd by the wholesome breeze of morn,
To climb, where, near Columba's bow'rs,
That shar'd my careless infant hours,
Andinas * lifts his barren head,
With many a warlike trench o'erspread.
Fenc'd from the British chariot's sweep,
'Tis sung, the Roman sought the steep,
Or prowling Dane from regions cold
His deadly banner here unroll'd.

Hence the lone shepherd's eye commands
Huge tracts of sea and dreary lands,
Save where low Mawgan's vale † is seen,
And thine, Columba, clad in green.
For scarce a tree the prospect cheers
Where Roche his rugged summit rears;
Fam'd rock! on whose o'erbeetling brow
A Hermit paid his gloomy vow;
There, far from life's endearing stage,
Dragg'd out his lone and tedious age,
And pois'd with fondly-pious care
His sainted cell aloft in air.

* Castel-an-dinas, commonly called Castle-hill, a famous encampment, vulgarly esteemed Danish, but more properly attributed to the Romans. It is near St. Columb.

† In this pleasing spot is an old seat of the Arundel family, now, I am told, the receptacle of a party of French nuns.

Nor less Tintaggel's ruin'd seat
Might stay the curious pilgrim's feet,
Scatter'd on the jutting mound,
For mighty Arthur's birth renown'd,
Where against the northern shore
Beats the main with ceaseless roar.
Or Restormel's * tow'rs, of old
The seat of Cornish princes bold,
Whose orbed wall, now rent by age,
Proclaims a moral to the sage,
Which kings and lords too oft despise,
That soon all earthly grandeur dies.

And tho' thy land presents to view
Dark fields and hills of blasted hue,
Where, by the delving miner's care
Upturn'd, the earth no more is fair,
Or scatter'd stones deform the soil,
Unconscious of the ploughman's toil;
Yet shall my artless numbers praise
Thy shores, that face the noontide rays,
Where oft, like bounded lakes, are seen
The waves inclos'd 'mid vallies green,
And Fal unfolds his bay to view
With cheering deeps of smiling blue.
And well thy healthy sons may boast
The beauties of yon pleasing coast,
From Marazion's healing breeze
To where Penzance o'erlooks the seas;

* Formerly a palace of the Cornish Princes.

† The river from which Falmouth derives its name.

In whom the faded wretch, that pines
With ling'ring atrophy, reclines,
Content from Lisboa's * brighter day
And tepid gale awhile to stay:
Ev'n thou canst bid the cheek resume
The tinge of health and beauty's bloom,
To the sunk eye recall its fire,
And heave the breast with new desire,
And to the anxious husband's arms
Restore the bride in all her charms.

There, circled by the chafing tide,
Appears the rock † in castled pride,
Amid the mooned bay, and rears
Its air-built chapel, grey with years;
While at its feet, expos'd to storms,
His hut the needy fisher forms.

Ev'n thus a duteous poet hails
Thy stony hills and smiling vales,
As wand'ring far with pilgrim feet,
He longs his early haunts to greet,
And asks for calm and blissful hours,
Cornubia, 'mid his native bow'rs.

E. HAMLEY.

* This circumstance is literally true.

† St. Michael's mount, which, being itself a striking object commands a very fine view. On the summit of the rock is an ancient religious house, now a residence of Sir John St. Aubyn.

TO ERASMUS DARWIN,

ON HIS WORK ENTITLED ZOONOMIA.

HAIL TO THE BARD, who sung from chaos hurl'd
How suns and planets form'd the whirling world:
How sphere on sphere earth's hidden strata bend,
And caves of rock her central fires defend:
Where gems new-born their twinkling eyes unfold,
And young ores shoot in arborescent gold.
How the fair flow'r, by zephyr woo'd, unfurls
Its panting leaves, and waves its azure curls;
Or spreads in gay undress its lucid form
To meet the sun, and shuts it to the storm;
While in green veins impassioned eddies move,
And beauty kindles into life and love.
How the first embryo-fibre, sphere, or cube,
Lives in new forms,—a line,—a ring,—a tube;
Clos'd in the womb, with limbs unfinish'd laves,
Sips with rude mouth the salutary waves;
Seeks round its cell the sanguine streams that pass,
And drinks with crimson gills the vital gas;
Weaves with soft threads the blue meand'ring vein,
The heart's red concave, and the silver brain;
Leads the long nerve, expands th' impatient sense,
And clothes in silken skin the nascent ens.

Erewhile, emerging from its liquid bed,
It lifts in gelid air its nodding head;
The light's first dawn with trembling eye-lid hails,
With lungs untaught arrests the balmy gales;
Tries its new tongue in tones unknown, and hears
The strange vibrations with unpractic'd ears,

Seeks with spread hands the bosom's velvet orbs,
With closing lip the milky fount absorbs;
And, as compress'd the dulcet streams distill,
Drinks warmth and fragrance from the living rill;
Eyes with mute rapture ev'ry waving line,
Prints with adoring kiss the Paphian shrine,
And learns, ere long, the perfect form confest,
Ideal beauty from its mother's breast.

Now in strong lines with bolder tints design'd,
You sketch ideas, and pourtray the mind,
Teach how fine atoms of impinging light
To ceaseless change the visual sense invite;
While the bright lens collects the rays that swerve,
And bends their focus on the moving nerve.
How thoughts to thoughts are link'd with viewless chains,
Tribes leading tribes, and trains pursuing trains;
With shadowy trident how volition guides,
Surge after surge, his intellectual tides;
Or, queen of sleep, imagination roves,
With frantic sorrows, or delirious loves,

Go on, O friend, explore with eagle eye,
Where wrapt in night retiring causes lie,
Trace their slight bands, their secret haunts betray,
And give new wonders to the beam of day,
'Till link by link with step aspiring trod,
You climb from nature to the throne of God.
—— So saw the patriarch, with admiring eyes,
From earth to heav'n a golden ladder rise:
Involv'd in clouds, the mystic scale ascends,
And brutes and angels, crowd the distant ends.

DEWHURST BILSBORROW.

TO THE RIVER ISIS.

BY THE LATE MR. HEADLEY*.

FAIR Isis, thy marge as despairing I lie,
Thy Muse-haunted wave with wild florets confin'd,
Makes me grieve, when I think that the time draweth nigh,
When for ever I fear I must leave thee behind.

May thy bosom, with quivering shadows imprest
From the silver-green willow that graces thy shore,
With regret miss the step of a death-stricken guest,
And Echo list oft for the sound of his oar.

Tho' her lover is fallen—thy copses among,
When Philomel warbles at close of the day,
May no friend be wanting to catch her lorn song,
And welcome the gentlest herald of May!

May the suns I have seen, and the cloudless blue skies,
The soft-breathing meads, and the wood-lands around,
Still, still feed with raptures a thousand fond eyes,
Though I be far distant, and cold in the ground!

Why dwell on the thought then? Sad Fancy, depart,
And charm me no more with thy treacherous spell;
The first of past joys I dismiss from my heart,
When thee, O sweet Isis, I once bid farewell!

* Written during the illness which terminated in his death.

ELEGY.

PARTLY IMITATED FROM TIBULLUS.

LATE as in balmy sleep reclin'd I lay,
Maria's image rose before my view;
Such, and so fair, as on the fatal day
We bade a long, and, ah! a last adieu.

I stretch'd my arms to clasp the long-lost maid:
What tender things my tongue attempts to say!
But swift as winds, or as the fleeting shade,
The unsubstantial vision glides away.

Hard was the wretch who first, with steely heart,
Burst the soft bands by sweet affection ty'd;
From the fond maiden forc'd the youth to part,
Or from her lover tore the weeping bride.

And hard the heart that such enormous woe
Can bear with cool serenity, unmov'd;
Which loaths not life, and all its empty show,
Depriv'd for ever of the maid it lov'd.

Not such the temper of this aching breast,
Which soon shall burst beneath the cruel blow;
Wearied with life, I gladly sink to rest,
Where sighs shall cease to heave, and tears to flow.

When pale, extended on the funeral bier,
Thy faithful lover's clay-cold corpse is laid,
Wilt thou, Maria, drop the tender tear?
That tender tear shall soothe my plaintive shade!

I ask no marble urn, no sculptur'd stone,
To teach posterity my hapless name;
A hillock green, with moss and flow'rs o'er-grown,
Is all befits a humble youth to claim.

Plant the sad willow o'er my turf-clad grave,
Fit emblem of the lover's piteous tale:
The mournful tree its bending boughs shall wave,
And sigh responsive to the passing gale.

And oft as near the hallow'd ground they pass,
The village youth their wandering steps shall stay;
And, pointing to the long neglected grass
That shades my humble grave, shall sighing say,

" Beneath that tree a hapless youth is laid,
" (The mouldering heap is scarcely now descried),
" Who lov'd with fondest truth a blameless maid,
" Was disappointed; sicken'd, droop'd, and died."

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE LATIN OF BUCHANAN.

To gaze upon thy face is bliss,
To hear thy voice, with rapture charms,
More than terrestrial joy thy kiss,
And heaven itself within thy arms.

ODE TO CONTEMPLATION.

BY MR. J. H. L. HUNT.

ERE yet the circling Lord of Time
O'er Autumn's hills of brown
Unclasps from off his front sublime
His far-refulgent crown;
Ere yet the placid evening fold
Her purple stole, bedropt with gold,
And twilight shut the silent hour;
O, nymph, whose charms with age renew,
I steal from care and man, to woo
Thy calm energic pow'r!

Ye great! I ask not your repose
On swelling velvet laid,
While o'er my head the oak-leaves close
Their venerable shade.
Far, far from grandeur's careful way
To vales and groves the muses stray,
With innocence and sanguine health;
Far, where no faithless hope can come
And lure meek Nature from her home,
To follow guilt and wealth!

And who, for all the sickly charms
That grandeur boasts are his,
Would change the eternal glow that warms
The healthful cheek of bliss?
Who quench in wealth's cold wintry wave
The gen'rous flame that nature gave
To fill the independent soul?
Not he, with manlier reason blest—
Not he, unheeded o'er whose breast
The storms of passion roll.

No, conscience, no—one frown of thine—
One frown, thou wondrous power,
Would crush the sweetest charm divine,
The MEDITATIVE HOUR!
Far, CONTEMPLATION, from thy walk
Pale guilt in wild mysterious talk
Holds fearful converse with the air;
Far strays his gaunt and wasted form
To fill the pauses of the storm
With curses and with pray'er!

But thee, mild nymph of virtue born,
Attendant of the good,
What ever-glowing charms adorn!
The charms of solitude!
Thine is the hour serene and still
When gentlest airs the woodland fill
With sighs that whisper to repose;
Thine the brisk morn's elastic hour,
The weary noon's sequester'd bow'r,
The day's majestic close.

Lo, where yon woodbines clust'ring gay,
  Perfume th' impurpled green—
Where drops pale Hesper's pensive ray,
  Thy saintly form is seen!
Thine arms beneath thy moveless breast
Seem folded in eternal rest;
  Refulgent is thy lifted eye;
Thy step, by careful glow-worms led,
Unseen and silent as the tread
  Of dark futurity!

O, still, when purple ev'ning glows
  Athwart the shadowy hour,
The venerable train disclose
  That own thy thoughtful pow'r;
Pale Wisdom, round whose awful head
The stars a wondrous halo shed;
  And Truth, that rends the mask of vice;
And Fancy with her thousand beams;
And Innocence, whose airy dreams
  Are weav'd in Paradise!

Still, while the stream of life swells high
  Within this glowing heart,
To eager youth's regardful eye
  Thy steadier beam impart;
And when pale Death, with noiseless flight,
Wrapt in the shivering shades of night,
  Steals slow from some Lethean Isle,
O, bid the uplifted eye unclose,
Look back where Life's green landscape glows
  Nor shut without A SMILE.

SONG *.

THE SENTIMENTS BORROWED FROM SHAKESPEARE.

YOUNG Damon of the vale is dead,
Ye lowland hamlets moan;
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,
And at his feet a stone.

His shroud, which death's cold damps destroy,
Of snow-white threads was made:
All mourn'd to see so sweet a boy
In earth for ever laid.

Pale pansies o'er his corpse were plac'd,
Which, pluck'd before their time,
Bestrew'd the boy like him to waste,
And wither in their prime.

But will he ne'er return, whose tongue
Could tune the rural lay?
Ah, no! his bell of peace is rung,
His lips are cold as clay.

* This Poem is said by Mr. Headley, to have been written by William Collins, though not in his works.

They bore him out at twililight hour,
The youth, who lov'd so well:
Ah me! how many a true-love shower
Of kind remembrance fell!

Each maid was woe—but Lucy chief;
Her grief o'er all was tried;
Within his grave she dropp'd in grief,
And o'er her lov'd one died.

ANACREONTIC.

NATURE made this world for joy,
Surely not for pain and care;
Laughing loves my thoughts employ,
Not the surly fiend despair.

When a dull philosophy,
Would persuade from bliss to part,
From the stupid lore I fly,
Trusting NATURE and my heart.

And tho' Wisdom's rigid sons,
May my simple heart reprove;
Let them have what pleasure shuns,
Give me music, wine, and love.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF

LORD VISCOUNT NELSON,

DUKE OF BRONTI,

In the glorious Victory obtained on the 21st of October, 1805, by the British Fleet, under his Lordship's Command, over the combined Fleets of France and Spain.

BY WILLIAM CAREY, ESQ.

Oh lov'd and cherish'd, as thy country's boast!
Thy voice a triumph! and thy name a host!
Oh gallant Chief, in battle long renown'd,
In death, by Victory, and Glory crown'd!
While we thy fall, with fruitless grief, deplore,
Our pride, our brave defender, now no more!
Our prostrate foes, with savage joy elate,
Look up, forgetful of their vanquish'd state,
Throw off their fears, their future conquests see,
And deem our fleets and armies lost in thee!—

"Presumptuous Hope!" Britannia proudly cries,
Indignant lightnings flashing from her eyes—
"What though my Hero, late your country's dread,
"My mighty Hero, slumbers with the dead;
"Though he my conquering navies, now, no more,
"Shall lead to triumph on your frighted shore;
"No more shall launch my thunders on the flood,
"And die the ocean with your streaming blood;

" Yet think not long, to 'scape the vengeance due;
" A thousand Chiefs his gallant course pursue;
" A thousand Heroes equal honours claim,
" And emulate his dangers and his fame;
" With pious tears, upon his shade, they call,
" And swear to perish or avenge his fall.

" Fly, then,—in time, from sure destruction fly:
" And, safely vaunting, in your harbours lie.
" Should all your armaments, restored again,
" With thrice-told numbers, dare attempt the main,
" Should they my people to the conflict brave,
" No flight shall screen them, and no force shall save:
" My dauntless sons your numbers will despise,
" And EVERY BRITON WILL A NELSON RISE;
" His martial Spirit, in their van shall sweep,
" And sun-bright GLORY lead them o'er the deep;
" Pale fear shall freeze your trembling crews, too late,
" Struck speechless by inexorable Fate;
" On ships and men consuming fires shall fall,
" And one tremendous ruin bury all.—

" But oh! what honours—what immortal fame,
" Shall Europe consecrate to Nelson's name?
" Fired with the glorious theme, through ev'ry clime
" Shall radiant Genius wing her flight sublime.
" The deathless Muse, in sweet majestic lays,
" His splendid palms amid the stars shall raise;
" While, safe, on earth, from War's destroying rage,
" His virtues flourish in a ROSCOE's page.—
" Creative Art shall catch the flame divine,
" And simple Grandeur stamp her bold design:
" In warlike pomp his battles shall be shown,
" And all his triumphs live in brass and stone:
" The statue warm with life, the breathing bust,
" The trophied urn, shall grace his sacred dust.

" His Effigy the Nations shall behold
" On shining silver and on beamy gold;
" The precious gem, with holy fervour blest,
" In extacy shall to the lip be prest;
" To manly Worth, to blooming Beauty dear,
" Shall oft receive the lone, the tender tear;
" Shall grace the gentle bosom of the Fair,
" And watch her slumbers with a Father's care;
" A guardian Ægis o'er her virtues spread,
" And on her days a pure effulgence shed.
" The magic pencil shall recall to life
" My Hero's form amid the bloody strife;
" There proud IBERIA shall with *Gaul* combine,
" And there my Lions rend their dreadful line;
" High in the front the god-like Chief shall glow,
" And hurl his lightnings on the cowering Foe.
" In mournful change, the Artist shall display
" The dear-bought glories of his final day;
" With many a group, in heavy woe around,
" And many a tear, fast-streaming o'er his wound.
" How sweetly sleeps the Warrior in his grave,
" In death lamented by the WISE and BRAVE!—
" When the frail canvas, faithless to its trust,
" Shall lose his form, and mingle with the dust,
" When the time-moulder'd stone no more can tell
" How brave he fought—he conquered and he fell,
" Still as the years roll on, each year more bright,
" His memory shall diffuse a broader light;
" His great example still my Sons inspire,
" And spread from age to age the Patriot fire:
" The hoary Matron and the tender Maid,
" In war, shall oft invoke his mighty shade!
" Sires, yet unborn, his glories shall proclaim,
" And Babes be taught to lisp his honour'd name."

SHEFFIELD, NOV. 11, 1805.

PROLOGUE TO THE CASTLE SPECTRE.

WRITTEN BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

FAR from the haunts of men, of vice the foe,
The moon-struck child of genius and of woe,
Versed in each magic spell, and dear to fame,
A fair enchantress dwells, Romance her name.
She loathes the sun, or blazing taper's light:
The moon-beam'd landscape and tempestuous night
Alone she loves; and oft, with glimmering lamp,
Near graves new-open'd, or midst dungeons damp,
Drear forests, ruin'd aisles, and haunted towers,
Forlorn she roves, and raves away the hours!
Anon, when storms howl loud and lash the deep,
Desperate she climbs the sea-rock's beetling steep;
There wildly strikes her harp's fantastic strings,
Tells to the moon how grief her bosom wrings,
And while her strange song chaunts fictitious ills,
In wounded hearts Oblivion's balm distills.

A youth, who yet has lived enough to know
That life has thorns, and taste the cup of woe,
As late near Conway's time-bowed towers he stray'd,
Invok'd this bright enthusiast's magic aid.
His prayer was heard. With arms and bosom bare,
Eyes flashing fire, loose robes, and streaming hair,
Her heart all anguish, and her soul all flame,
Swift as her thoughts, the lovely maniac came!
High heav'd her breast, which struggling passions rent,
As prest to give some fear-fraught mystery vent:

And oft, with anxious glance and alter'd face,
Trembling with terror, she relaxed her pace,
And stopt! and listened!—Then with hurried tread
Onwards again she rush'd, yet backwards bent her head
As if from murderous swords or following fiends she fled

Soon as near Conway's walls her footsteps drew,
She bade the youth their ancient state renew;
Eager he sped the falling towers to rear:
'Twas done, and fancy bore the fabric here.
Next choosing from great Shakspeare's comic school,
The gossip crone, gross friar, and gibing fool—
These, with a virgin fair and lover brave,
To our young author's care the enchantress gave;
But charged him, ere he bless'd the brave and fair,
To lay th' exulting villain's bosom bare,
And by the torments of his conscience show,
That prosperous vice is but triumphant woe!

The pleasing task, congenial to his soul,
Oft from his own sad thoughts our author stole:
Blest be his labours, if with like success
They soothe their sorrows whom I now address.
Beneath this dome, should some afflicted breast
Mourn slighted talents, or desert opprest,
False friendship, hopeless love, or faith betray'd;
Our author will esteem each toil o'er-paid,
If, while his muse exerts her livelier vein,
Or tells imagined woes in plaintive strain,
Her flights and fancies make one smile appear
On the pale cheek, where trickled late a tear;
Or if *her* fabled sorrows steal one groan,
Which else her hearers would have given their own.

*EPILOGUE TO THE CASTLE SPECTRE.

BY THE SAME.

OSMOND by this arrived at Charon's ferry,
My honour saved, and dad alive and merry,
Hither I come the public doom to know,
But come not uncompell'd—the more's my woe!
E'en now, (oh! pity, friends, my hard mishap!)
My shoulder felt a Bow-street runner's tap,
Who, while I shook with fear in every limb,
Thus spoke, with accent stern and visage grim—

" Mistress!" quoth he, " to me it given in trust is,
" To bring you straight before our larned Justice;
" For, know, 'tis said, to-night, the whole town o'er,
" You've kill'd one Osmond, alias Barrymore."

" The fellow's mad!" 'twas thus amaz'd I spoke;
" Lord! Sir, I murdered Osmond for a joke.
" This dagger, free from blood, will make it certain,
" He died but till the prompter dropp'd the curtain;
" And now, well pleased to quit this scene of riot,
" The man's gone home to sup in peace and quiet!"

Finding that all I said was said in vain,
And Townshend still his first design maintain,
I thought 'twere best to fly for shelter here,
And beg my generous friends to interfere.
But though the awkward nature of my case
May spread some slight confusion o'er my face,
No terrors awe my bosom, I'll assure ye;
Just is my cause, and English is my jury!

* Spoken by Mrs. Jordan.

Besides, it must appear, on explanation,
How very ticklish was my situation,
And all perforce, his crimes when I relate,
Must own that Osmond well deserved his fate.
He heeded not papa's pathetic pleading;
He stabbed mama—which was extreme ill-breeding;
And at his feet for mercy when *I* sued,
The odious wretch, I vow, was downright rude.
Twice his bold hands my person dared to touch!
Twice in one day!—'Twas really once too much!
And therefore justly filled with virtuous ire,
To save my honour, and protect my sire,
I drew my knife, and in his bosom stuck it;
He fell, you clapped—and then he kicked the bucket!

So perish still the wretch, whose soul can know
Selfish delight, while causing other's woe;
Who blasts that joy, the sweetest God has given,
And makes an hell, where love would make an heaven!
Forbear, thou lawless libertine! nor seek
Forc'd favours on that pale averted cheek:
If thy warm kisses cost bright eyes one tear,
Kisses from loveliest lips are bought too dear—
Unless those lips with thine keep playful measure,
And that sweet tear should be a tear of pleasure!

Now as for Osmond—at that villain's name
I feel reviving wrath my soul inflame!
And shall one short and sudden pang suffice
To clear so base a fault, so gross a vice?
No! To your bar, dear friends, for aid I fly!
Bid Osmond live again, again to die;
Nightly with plaudits loud his breath recall,
Nightly beneath my dagger see him fall,
Give him a thousand lives!—and let *me* take them all.

ODE

On a new Plantation of flowering Shrubs in Trinity College Garden, at Oxford; the old Wilderness having been destroyed by the hard Frost, 1740.

BY THE REV. THOMAS WARTON.

WHERE'ER ye pensive rehd your mantles green,
Whate'er sad bow'rs your exile steps detain,
Ye Dryads, haste to this your once-lov'd scene,
Haste to resume your violated reign;
To win ye back, with busy care
Lo! what trim mansions we prepare!
Again in ringlets quaint we curl the grove,
And nurse new shades, as erst with wanton windings wove.

Round the smooth turf where late ye lov'd to play,
See recent shrubs in varying verdure vie,
To court your blest return, and broider'd gay
With blooms of ev'ry fragrance, ev'ry dye.
For ye they rise in mazy row,
For ye their blossoms breathe, and glow;
Then haste to shroud beneath th' o'er-arching boughs,
Haste from the flowery stores to bind your lovely brows.

You, Genius, too, whate'er rich clime you seek,
Since Winter urg'd your flight with ruthless hand;
(I saw thee tear thy wreath, and heard thee shriek,
What time the Sorcerer wav'd his icy wand;
I saw the wan-ey'd demon, Frost,
Lead thro' thy ranks his lurid host,

With touch all cold to stop the genial stream,
And freeze the fount of life in each gay-branched stem.)

Haste, Genius, haste, whate'er thy mansion fair,
Whether thou lurk in Hybla's fragrant land,
Or joy to seek at large the liquid air,
O'er Hesperus' Isles by spicy breezes fann'd;
Or lapt in bliss immortal lie
Up in yon azure-arched sky,
Where more at hand thy pure and purged ear
Listens the solemn song of each harmonious sphere.

Haste thee thy gentle office to renew,
To speed the wood-bine's elm-encircling spray,
To call from heav'n the salutary dew,
When faint the flow'rs in Sirius' scorching ray;
Unbosom all thy rich perfumes,
In livelier tints the gladden'd blooms
Haste thee with dædal finger light to dress,
And visit ev'ry shoot with murmurs made to bless.

Then hither Zephyrus shall oft repair,
When vernal rains their influence cool diffuse,
To bathe his plumes in balm of odours rare,
And cull bright patterns of gay-glancing hues;
Hence laden with the precious store,
Abroad in frolic-flight shall soar,
The blended spoils of this rich source to pour
O'er Isis' laughing vales in one ambrosial show'r.

Link'd with this train to this his old retreat,
Calm Thought shall bring the piercing eye serene;
Here, here again the lonely Bard shall meet
Majestic Contemplation's musing mein;
Here many an airy vision hail,
As Evening spreads her shadowy veil;

And as they shoot across his twilight walk,
Catch gleams of heavenly wings, and hear mysterious
talk.

Fair Fame again on ev'ry sapling tall
Shall hang in seemly guise the silver lyre;
Here bid new * DENHAMS wait her hallow'd call,
New * CHILLINGWORTHS to Truth's high throne
aspire;
Here place the form of Liberty
Before a future * SOMERS' eye;
Bid other * HARRINGTONS, these bow'rs beneath,
The patriot spirit sage of Grecian wisdom breathe.

O might I hope with these sublime to gain
The sacred shrine of Fame's ethereal tow'r,
There might my name with these high-hung remain,
These the chief pride of † POPE's paternal bow'r;
While humble follower, I dare,
Yet still inspir'd with purpose fair,
T' unlock the Grecian fountains, and impart
To Albion's sons supine high themes of ancient art.

‡ How valorous Jason,' mid the flow'r of Greece,
Urg'd his rough way with unremitted oar,
From Scythia's King to gain the radiant Fleece,
O'er Pontus' billows vast, unplough'd before:
In vain with eye that never slept
The prize a direful dragon kept;

* All educated in Trinity College.

† The Founder.

‡ The Author was at this time meditating a translation of the Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius.

In vain the brass-hoof'd bulls around him breath'd
Fierce flames; the Chief return'd with glorious conquest wreath'd.

Emblem expressive of the godlike soul,
Which thro' dread dangers, arm'd with courage calm,
Still presses eager to that glistering goal
Where Virtue's hand high waves th' immortal palm;
Each passion's fierce assault he tames,
Fierce as those bulls that vomit flames,
He charms to sleep the watchful Dragon-guard,
And bears from Virtue's hand to heav'n the bright reward.

EPIGRAM.

ON IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

Of old the Debtor, that Insolvent died,
Ægypt the rites of Sepulture denied;
A different trade enlightened Christians drive,
And charitably bury him alive.

A FRAGMENT,

WRITTEN IN 1762.

BY F. N. C. MUNDAY, ESQ.

——————PENSIVE and alone,
I sit like one transform'd to stone;
My loose thoughts wander unconfin'd,
Till now the mirror of my mind
Presents my Laura's image fair,
And my whole soul is center'd there.
Lo, side by side, with her I stray,
Where Fancy points the flowery way;
Conducted by her magic wand,
We seem to tread on Fairy land.
And now methinks our steps invade
The painted vale, and opening shade,
Where one eternal spring resides,
Where the hoarse brook meand'ring glides,
Responsive to whose plaintive sound
The feathery tribes are quiring round.
But not the feathery tribes that sing
Their carols to the constant spring,
Nor winding brook, nor bowery grove,
Divert my thoughts from her I love.
Imagination fondly tries
To win me favour in her eyes;
The tender scene of courtship feigns,
With all its pleasures, all its pains.

Trembling with fear and doubt I frame
Some fancied speech to urge my flame;
I falter as I seem to speak,
While real passions paint my cheek.
Too studious while I strive to please,
My actions lose their wonted ease.
Meanwhile my pleading eyes reveal
A fondness which no tongue can tell:
I press her hand, and thence impart
The silent language of my heart.
Such airy visions sooth my mind,
While Fancy paints my Laura kind.
And now a chosen spot she shows,
Inviting fair to soft repose;
With twisted shrubs imbowered high,
Secreted from day's garish eye.
Here seated on a flowery bed,
My Laura's lap sustains my head;
Her breast with mutual ardour beats;
My love-sick looks with love she meets;
The warm blush rising on her face
Calls forth, and heightens every grace:
As on her bosom I recline,
She joins her glowing cheek to mine;
Then lisping phrase, and whisper'd vows,
With all the trifling Love allows,
Engaging smiles, and gay desires,
Affected scorn that fans my fires,
Artful reserve, the broken sigh,
The transport couching in her eye,
With many a soft endearment join'd,
Speak her whole soul to Love inclin'd.
While gazing on her bashful charms,
I strain her closer in my arms;

And heaving then so deep a sigh,
As if to her's my heart would fly,
My soul dissolving in such bliss,
Tastes all Elysium in a kiss.—
—Alas! disorder'd Reason dreams!
No music murmurs in the streams;
No feathery tribes are quiring round;
No spring eternal here is found;
No yielding fair, or painted grove;
Nor aught is mine save hopeless love.
Reflection guides my Reason right,
And calls to mind one hapless night
When leaning on that conscious seat,
As all allur'd by converse sweet;
Judgment with Passion vainly strove,
And Reason was subdued by Love;
When my heart's pangs I dar'd reveal,
Pangs, which she might not, cou'd not heal,
—No more—Despair is in my view;
My wounds of sorrow bleed anew:
Alas! for ever must I mourn,
Since all the scanty poor return
That she could give, or I might hope to gain,
Was one sad tear of pity for my pain.

EPIGRAM FROM BÜRGER.

So great his passion for his bride Louisa,
Sir Robert cannot talk of her enough:
He vows he would do any thing to please her,
But absolutely cannot leave off snuff.

J. LAWRENCE.

AN ELEGY

ON THE

ANCIENT GREEK MODEL.

ADDRESSED TO THE

RIGHT REV. ROBERT LOWTH,

LORD BISHOP OF LONDON*.

MOURN! son of Amos, mourn! in accent sharp
Of angry sorrow strike thy heav'nly harp.
Mourn! thou sublimest of the sainted choir!
Those lips, that, touch'd with thy celestial fire,
Clear'd from the gather'd clouds of many an age,
The brightning flame of thy prophetic rage,
Those lips, thro' Learning's sacred sphere renown'd,
Have stain'd their glory by a servile sound.
Envy with ranc'rous joy these accents heard,
And dwells with triumph on the fatal word;
Waging against Renown eternal wars,
Thus she insults the merit she abhors:
†" How has the radiance of the mitre ceas'd!
" Oblivion's poppy shades the prostrate priest:
" In dark Servility's expanding cave
" Forgotten prelates hail thee from the grave;
" O Lucifer! of prophecy the star,
" Rolling thro' Hebrew clouds thy radiant car!

* First published 1779.
† See Isaiah, chap. xiv.

" Art thou too fall'n as we? Can Flattery's tide
" Drown thy free spirit, and thy Attic pride?
" Is this the man, who spoke in language strong,
" The praise of Liberty's Athenian song?
" Blest are her notes, but curst the sordid things
" That priest-craft utters to the pride of Kings;
" For never, never, shall fair Freedom's hand
" Enroll one prelate in her sacred band!"
Peace! Envy, Peace! nor deem, with bigot rage,
Long labours cancell'd by a hasty page;
Nor, if a word unweigh'd her lips escape,
Paint injur'd Virtue in Corruption's shape!
Shall slaud'rous Prejudice, with general blame,
Plunge ranks unsifted in the gulph of shame?
If some be servile, shall we madly rave
That every churchman is in soul a slave?
Abhorr'd idea! fraught with basest guile!
Turn to the splendid annals of our isle!
See mitred Langton lead the patriot van,
And bear, O Liberty! thy sacred plan!
Though lust of vengeance regal pride inflame
To brand his virtue with Rebellion's name,
Still in the tented field, from fear exempt,
No menace shakes him, and no offers tempt;
Till England, sav'd from tyrannous controul,
Owes her bright charter to his guardian soul.
Let Freedom's eye our later story search!
Her modern champion issues from the church;
See Hoadley's persevering zeal withdraw
The veil of bigotry from heavenly law;
With decent truth expound, with reason scan
God's gracious edict, and the rights of man!
To shield the dearest gift of Nature's hand
Was thine, pure spirit! and thy name shall stand

Engrav'd on Liberty's eternal rock,
With ardent Sidney, with the milder Locke,
And guarded by the Muse of Glory, shine
In manly Akenside's immortal line.
But these examples rise from hallow'd earth;
The church has models still of living worth:
Though some grave bishops, fond of dull repose,
Without a dream of Learning's friends or foes,
Enjoy their table, or from thence withdrawn,
Sink in soft slumber on their sleeves of lawn;
Though one fierce pedant, proud of ancient rule,
Rashly mistook a senate for a school,
Till angry nobles bid his fury cease,
And lash'd the fiery pedagogue to peace;
We boast a Shipley, who with taste refin'd
Enjoys that richest treasure, wealth of mind,
Intent to pen, in Leisure's learned hour,
His just Philippic on oppressive power,
Or teach thy flowers, Simplicity, to bloom
With Attic sweetness o'er an English tomb.
Nor you, with honour can we fail to name,
Law! generous guardian of that sage's name *,
Who made mild government with faith agree,
And "stripped intolerance of every plea."
Nor dignity corrupts, nor time subdues
Your spirit, glowing with the noblest views;
While your keen eyes, undimm'd by age, explore
The utmost depths of metaphysic lore,
Still guard his fame, whose genius you enjoy,
And the dark sophist's baleful web destroy,
That seeks to shroud, with subtle falsehood spun,
The praise of Freedom's scientific son!

* See the Preface to the new Edition of Locke, by the Bishop of Carlisle.

O Lowth! we saw thy radiant name on high,
Amid the purest lights of Learning's sky;
And long, if true to Freedom's guiding voice,
Long in thy splendour shall that sphere rejoice;
One passing vapour shall dissolve away,
And leave thy glory's unobstructed ray.
But while on Fame's high precipice you stand,
Be nobly firm! nor bend the virtuous hand,
Fill'd with rich sweets from Freedom's flowery mead,
To pluck Servility's oblivious weed!
High in the Court's rank soil that creeper winds,
And oft with dark embrace the crosier binds;
While squeez'd from thence the subtle prelate flings
Its luscious poison in the ear of Kings.
Nor spread in courts alone these noxious leaves,
My Lord, as largely as he pays, receives;
And supple chaplains to a prelate bring
A dose as rich, as what he gives a King.
Such sycophants, could such to thee belong,
Might vent their venom on this friendly song;
" Shame on the wretch, (these flatterers would exclaim,)
" Who dares one accent of your voice to blame,
" But fearing with your foes his name to blend,
" Yet more abusive, calls himself your friend!"
No! let that radiant Truth, whose power supreme,
Rewards her genuine bard with Glory's beam,
Search my free spirit and pronounce it clear
From meanness, spleen, malignity, or fear!
To ardent friendship I my numbers owe;
Whate'er their failings, from that source they flow;
If weak, yet honest; if presumptuous, true;
Thy worth the motive, and thy fame the view!
The man, whose writings pure delight dispense,
Enchant my fancy, or enlarge my sense,

Whose heavenly wisdom, mending human faults,
Warms my chill'd virtue, and my soul exalts;
Friend of my bosom I this man declare,
And in my inmost heart the treasure wear,
Bishop or clerk! his fortune bright or blank!
Rever'd as noble, whatsoe'er his rank!
His praise I echo with a fond acclaim,
Joy in his health, and triumph in his fame.
With pure attachment, and with joy refin'd,
I boast such friendship with thy letter'd mind.
When'er with deep delight, and new regard,
We search thy comments on each Hebrew bard,
Where thy bold precepts to young minds impart
The end and value of the Poet's art,
Its powers ennobled by applause like thine,
Yet more we idolize that art divine;
* In that fair Virtue's living voice we hear,
In that behold her living form appear:
With joy the justice of your wrath we own,
When your mild spirit takes a sharper tone,
When touch'd by Warburton's vindictive gall,
It fires at Freedom's controversial call;
From wounded Genius flows your splendid line,
As from the trodden grape the sparkling wine:
Your hand, like Israel's unanointed King,
Launching the pebble from his certain sling,
Strikes to the dust Presumption's mighty boast,
The proud Goliah of her critic host.
Thus robed in honour of the richest dye,
And view'd by Freedom with a parent's eye,
From thee that goddess with amazement hears
One note that sounds discordant in her ears;

* Vivas hic virtutis voces audimus, vivam effigiem cernimus.

Louth de Poeticæ fine et utilitate.

While sparkles flash from her astonish'd eyes,
" O save my falt'ring son!" (she fondly cries)
" Call his past glories to his sharpen'd sight,
" And let him learn from their collected light,
" My flowers, immortal, fear no winter's frown;
" While lost in darkness Adulation's down,
" Flies like the gossamer, that whirlwinds bear,
" In sport contemptuous, thro' the waste of air.
" Tell him, though bright the smile of Kings may seem,
" There shines a jewel of a brighter beam,
" Above that smile, all human wealth above,
" 'Tis worn by Keppel in his country's love.
" Shall Lowth adapt no more his Attic style
" To the meridian of my favourite isle?
" But feebly speak in France's languid tone,
" Faint as beneath Oppression's burning zone?
" Or blazing only with a bigot's fire,
" Awake the slumbering flames of regal ire;
" Stretch the state-theorist on Priesthood's rack,
" And from the pulpit * aim the personal attack?
" Far other precepts suit the hallowed sage,
" Who aims to purify this venal age:
" With juster wrath our mitred Lords declaim
" On man's adulterous guilt, and woman's shame;
" Yes, lovely woman! Fashion's wayward spleen
" Has idly plung'd, like Ægypt's giddy queen,
" Thy purity, that pearl of richest price,
" In the deep chalice of dissolving Vice.
" Though thy unblushing frailties scorn excuse,
" Let Pity still her palliatives produce!

* See the late Sermon by the Bishop of London, and his note on Dr. Price.

" Confirm'd by ages, let this truth be known,
" * Thy Honour's guardian first forgets his own:
" While man holds Freedom as the noblest wealth,
" Pride of his heart, and of his days the health,
" With native charms his fair companion's grac'd,
" If plain, yet lovely; and if simple, chaste;
" Endearing age succeeds to rapt'rous youth,
" Her life is virtue, and her love is truth.
" But when her guard, in Luxury's venal hour,
" Yields his chaste soul a prostitute to power,
" Heaven, in just vengeance on the abject slave,
" Corrupts the purest gift its bounty gave;
" The tree of Comfort bears the thorn of Strife,
" And poison'd marriage grows the pest of life;
" Ills after ills in dire succession flow,
" And private misery mounts to public woe."

O Lowth! whose voice, by purest Learning taught
To speak the language of exalted thought,
May best encounter Vice's murky crew,
And Faith and Virtue's fainting power's renew,
Still by sage efforts of a soul sublime
Correct the rank abuses of the time!
Rememb'ring still, with Wisdom's just regard,
Thy favourite maxim † of the Attic bard:
" As from the clouds bursts forth the weight of snow,
" Lightnings or hail that blasts the scene below,

* This is particularly proved by the celebrated chastity of the Roman ladies in the early days of the republic: and yet more by that of our Gothic ancestors in the pureſt ages of chivalry. *See Stuart's admirable View of Society in Europe.*

† Εκ νεφαλης πελεται χιονος μενος ηδε χαλαξης
Ανδρων δ' εκ μεγαλων πολις ολλυται.
Ex Solonis Elegiis.

" So bursts the ruin of a sinking State,
" From the dark vices of the guilty Great."
In this blest isle, and shining only here,
Astræa, safe in Freedom's guardian spear,
With native boldness in her balance flings
The weak, the mighty, Ministers and Kings;
And Piety's blind zeal would curse the land,
If it could force this balance from her hand.
Rise then, O rise! with Hoadley's spirit fir'd,
But in thy richer eloquence attir'd;
Teach us to guard from every mean controul
That manly vigour of the judging soul
Which Faith approves, which Loyalty allows!
Teach us, while Honour to thy doctrine bows,
That Duty's praise in no blind worship lies,
But Reason's homage to the just and wise!
So to thy Country, to thy God endear'd,
By Heaven protected, as on earth rever'd,
May thy mild age in purest fame rejoice;
In fame, where Envy hears no jarring voice!
So may Religion, with divine relief,
Drop her rich balm on thy parental grief!
May that sweet comforter, the heavenly Muse,
Who fondly treasures Sorrow's sacred dews,
In Glory's vase preserve the precious tear
Shed by paternal love on Beauty's bier!
And, O! when thou to Learning's deep regret
Must pay at Nature's call our common debt;
While life's last murmurs shake the parching throat,
And Pity catches that portentous note;
While in its hollow orb the rolling eye
Of Hope is turn'd convulsive to the sky,
May holiest visitants, each sainted seer,
Whose well-known accents warble in thine ear,

Descend, with Mercy's delegated power,
To soothe the anguish of that awful hour;
With lenient aid release thy struggling breath,
Guide thy freed spirit thro' the gates of Death,
Shew thee, emerging from this earthly storm,
Thy lov'd Maria in a Seraph's form,
And give thee, gazing on the Throne of Grace,
To view * thy mighty Maker face to face.

EPITAPHS†.

ON SOLOMON MENDES, ESQ.

HERE lies a man who never liv'd,
Yet still from death was flying;
Who, if not sick, was never well,
And dy'd—for fear of dying!

ON MR. JACOB MENDES.

Here Jacob lies, grave, just and sage,
The chastest person of the age;—
Who, had he been in Joseph's place,
Had dy'd, not run away—alas!

* This bold expression of exalted piety was borrowed from St. Paul, by the great Condé, the ſublime and enviable circumstances of whose death are thus described by the eloquent Bossuet:—"Oui, dit il, nous verrons Diéu comme il est, face à face, il repetoit en Latin avec un gout merveilleux, ces grands mots: Sicuti est: facie ad faciem, et on ne se lassoit point de le voir dans ce doux transport."—*Oraison Funebre de Louis de Bourbon.*

† Said to be written by the Author of the SEASONS.

SONNET.

BY THE LATE REV. W. B. STEVENS.

SPRING.

SWEET are the hours, that mark the vernal scene;
To groves their leaves, their shades to streams that bring;
That wake the garden flowers, the cowslip'd green,
And call the flocks to play, the birds to sing!
O sweeter far than all the gifts of Spring,
Laura! for thee my youthful bowers are drest;
Come, hand in hand together let us tread
At eve or morn; together let us rest;
Love shall attend our walk, and guard our bed,
From us tho' wealth and idle fame have fled,
That scorn the threshold of a shepherd's cell,
Peace stoops to enter at our low-roof'd door,
With Faith unchang'd sees matchless Beauty dwell,
And will not call us mean, my love, nor poor!

1778.

SONNET.

TO A LADY AT A CONVENT,

BY THE SAME.

LET not the notes that breathe of idle air,
Unreal bliss, too long thy ear detain!
Tho' still the sounds their wonted sweetness bear,
The sounds of Art soothe not a lover's pain!
O maid of beauty, if the genuine strain,
That speaks of love, may whisper to thy heart
One kinder thought, one tender feeling move,
Awhile forego th' unmeaning sounds of art,
And smile upon the strain that speaks of love!
Yet if no smile should now the lay approve,
Perish the verse, tho' still to thee addrest!
Midst tears and wishes Love must linger long!
O bid him find sweet shelter in thy breast!
O bless the poet, tho' you scorn his song!
1778.

SONNET.

THE VOW.

BY THE SAME.

"DOUBT not," she said, "the vows inspir'd by truth;
"Let thy love lean upon this faithful breast;
"This breast shall nurse the gloomy hopes of youth,
"And hush the beatings of thy soul to rest.
"O, ere this heart resign its dearest guest,
"Or ere these lips their tenderest words deny,
"Or ere these eyes shall beam a look of scorn,
"Perish my virgin shame! and beauty die!"
O Maid! thy eyes to other objects borne,
Thy lips so soon that shun the talk of love,
Shew thy chang'd heart, and leave my soul forlorn.
Yet still thy charms admiring youths insnare,
And still thy worth their lying songs approve,
And their verse paints thee still as good as fair.

1778.

SONNET.

To a Sculptor: occasioned by seeing some ridiculous Funeral Ornaments in ——— Church.

BY THE SAME.

When Death, with final and with friendly stroke,
Shall lay my sorrows in his house of clay,
Perchance surviving friendship may invoke
Thy art, some funeral emblem to display:
Then, Sculptor, sparing of thy marble graces,
Let thy taught chissel from my tombstone spurn
All dove-wing'd cherubs with fat baby faces,
And Christian Faith squat by a Roman urn.
Ah be it plain! to suit the modest floor
Of village church, from rhyming flattery free;
Lest, when some friendly conscious eye explore
My bust, or Malice the inscription see,
They with thy trophy my deserts compare,
And say what shameless liars tombstones are.

SONNET.

To Miss SEWARD, *on the Publication of her* LLANGOLLEN VALE.

BY THE SAME.

CAMBRIA, exult!—again a voice divine
Floats on thy hills, as erst entranc'd the ear
Of FREEDOM, bending from her native shrine
To white-rob'd BARDS, her genuine offspring dear;
Long her's and FANCY's pride, but vanish'd long.
Rejoice, ye rock-screen'd Vallies!—mute no more,
But echoing kindred energies of Song.
That Voice how sweet on Deva's Wizard shore,
While fairy Harps aerial music blend!
From cliff to cliff, borne on the rising gale,
Hark in new triumph how the notes ascend,
And thrill encharm'd LLANGOLLEN's classic Vale!
Cambria, exult, and long the lay retain,
Tho' LICHFIELD boast the MISTRESS of the Strain!

REPTON, SEPT. 1796.

SONNET.

BY THE REV. J. STERLING.

EACH day beside the noisy water-fall,
Or by the murmurs of the Dargle-stream,
O'er-hung by frowning rocks, and forests tall,
My woe-worn Muse resounds her plaintive theme
With the last glances of the setting beam:
Each day I wander thro' the smiling plain,
And dark embow'ring shades of Pow'rscourt's lord,
To seek, in silent grove, th' Aonian train,
Who teach my hand to strike the trembling chord,
And joys fresh-springing to my soul afford.
My brightest years are running down to waste,
Stern fate has frown'd upon my summer prime;
Oh! in some haven may my bark be cast,
And rays of comfort gild my evening time.

SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

While some admire Potosi's splendid ore,
And raptur'd gaze on Delhi's gorgeous throne,
Mine be some silent, some sequester'd shore,
To dwell with friendship and the Muse alone:
With chosen friends to take the evening walk,
To mark the landscape as we pass along;
Of nature's wisdom, and her works to talk,
From thence to learn the animating song.
Ne'er let the lust of lucre warp my breast,
Nor wild ambition fire my kindling soul;
Still in my native country let me rest,
Still let my silent days unnotic'd roll;
Mine be the morning breeze, and evening gale,
The murm'ring streamlet, and the woody dale.

SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT honours wait immortal Tasso's lyre!
What raptures crown Marino's flowing rhymes!
Remotest nations Godfrey's deeds admire,
And fair Adonis blooms thro' distant times.
See! where the sun from eastern ocean climbs,
See! where he dips his wheels in western main;
Ev'n there man's rugged breast the muse sublimes,
And wins the soul from anguish and from pain;
The haughty tyrant, purpled o'er with crimes,
Reveres the Muse, reveres the poet's strain:
The fam'd Nepenthè was harmonious song,
The streams of Pindus quench'd the thirst of woe;
O may the gods soft melody prolong,
And Helicon's deep springs for ever flow.

SONNET.

TO WILLIAM PRESTON, ESQ.

BY THE SAME.

Nor let Arabia boast her thousand songs,
And thousand bards illum'd by ray divine:
To us celestial melody belongs,
To us indulgent are the sacred Nine.
Pope, Parnel, Dryden, oft have sweetly sung,
Oft warm'd the heart, and drawn the melting tear;
The wood-crown'd hill, and valley oft have rung,
Angelic legions oft have stoop'd to hear.
Behold a bard from Liffy's echoing shore,
To him her choicest gifts the muse imparts,
Gives the deep lyre, gives fancy's richest ore,
The tend'rest verse, and satire's keenest darts;
Whether he sings of Twiss and Murcia's maid,
Or soothes with melting airs his Clara's shade.

SONNET.

On the Eighth of May, the Birth-Day of Miss GRAHAM *of Gartmore, and of* EDWARD GIBBON, *Esq.*

BY THE SAME.

QUEEN of the roseate garland, hither haste,
Immortal MAY, with glitt'ring dew-drops crown'd!
How bright the rainbow zone, which girds thy waist!
Thy purple violets scatter odours round,
Thy fairy footsteps deck with sweets the ground.
Haste, bring a wreath for Margaret's natal day,
A fragrant wreath that boasts perennial bloom;
O let thy Margaret's hand confer the bay
On the great Sage, who bursts the Gothic gloom,
And pours strong radiance o'er declining Rome!
A balmy morn produc'd fresh beauty's flow'r,
Lo! the same morn saw History's column rise;
MAY smiles in blushes from her verdant bow'r
On Gibbon's splendid page, on Graham's matchless eyes.

SONNET.

Some boast the vine's intoxicating juice,
And call the Bacchanalian's joys divine;
Some hoard up riches which they never use;
But I adore nor splendid gold, nor wine.
For some ambition spreads her varied charms,
Pointing the road to honour and to fame;
Some love the clangor of opposing arms,
And seek for glory in a hero's name.
But in my breast ambition ne'er found place;
Nor does the clash of arms delight mine ears;
Be mine the bliss to gaze upon the face
Of her I love, in smiles when it appears;
To taste the balmy kiss, to view her swimming eye;
Press her soft breast, and hear her melting sigh.

J. W.

SONNET.

Now Nature rests from her luxuriant birth,
  Again with snow the dreary hills are crown'd;
  Mute are the groves, and Winter throws around
His cheerless veil, and binds the barren earth:
We, who so late, with scenes of rural mirth
  Enraptur'd, trod the flow'r-besprinkled ground,
  And heard with carrols ev'ry vale resound,
How shall we seek again the lazy hearth?
Yet Winter has its charms; the solemn hours
  To Contemplation's silent joys invite,
  O'er soaring poet or instructive sage:
Most happy he, whose soul exalted tow'rs
  Above low cares, and tastes the pure delight,
  That amply flows from Wisdom's sacred page.

1795. E. HAMLEY.

SONNET.

Sweet Bird! I blush to hear thy chiding lays,
That oft my dull ignoble sloth accuse;
When Earth's green bosom, bath'd with wholesome dews,
Smiles to the purple morning's milder rays.
Far better task to sound my Maker's praise,
Or 'mid fair dales and flow'ry lawns to muse
Harmonious song, than wrapt in sloth, to lose
The precious prime of Summer's golden days.
Lead me, sweet Bird, to meads of new-blown flow'rs,
To tangled woods, that breathe a rich perfume
From violet blue, or faintly-blushing rose.
I can requite thee; when descending snows
Strip the gay forests of their leafy bloom,
Thou on my hearth shalt pass the live-long hours.

1795. E. HAMLEY.

SONNET.

Soon as the vernal gales reviving bring
The tender leaves and variegated flow'rs,
And earth imbibes the warm prolific show'rs,
With lively notes the woods and vallies ring:
Sing on, sweet warblers, with impatient wing
Your pleasures fly; and soon the wint'ry hours
Revolving, strip once more your leafy bow'rs;
Those notes, perhaps, will chear no second spring.
Yet though your harmless days so swiftly flow,
Your bliss is unalloy'd: kind Heav'n denies
The painful prospect of impending woe;
'Tis man's great privilege with piercing eyes
The threats of low'ring destiny to know,
And taste yet distant sorrows, dearly wise.

1795. E. HAMLEY.

SONNET.

When shall I view thee, Rome! my bosom glows
To tread the fields, where erst the cheerful sage,
Mild Horace, sung; and, smit with manly rage,
Great Tully thunder'd at his country's foes;
And Cæsar sunk beneath th' indignant blows
Of falling Freedom. O degen'rate age!
Where earth's proud rulers plann'd the mighty page,
The sons of holy Indolence repose.
Alas! how chang'd from her, who stretch'd her sway
From frozen Thule to where Ganges rolls
His sacred tide, the realms of rising day:
Now Superstition's iron chain controuls
The daring mind, and gives to vice a prey
And narrow priestcraft those unconquer'd souls.

1795. E. HAMLEY.

SONNET.

ILL-BODING bird! that every coming Spring
With thy unwelcome notes dost wound mine ear;
Ere yet the tender nightingale doth cheer
The groves, and hope to musing lovers bring;
Sadden'd by thee, in vain the green woods ring
With all their music, and the new-born year
Puts forth her sweetest bloom; since doubt, and fear,
And scorn, and hard requital, thou dost sing.
Boon nature's fairest gifts but faintly please,
Whilst thou, coarse bird, in thy ungentle mood
Dost tell of luckless love; the heartfelt pain
Of unavailing fondness, reft of ease
And hopeless; cold uncherish'd solitude;
Youth unenjoy'd, and wishes crown'd in vain.

1795. E. HAMLEY.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

PAUSE, Cupid, pause; and on our glory gaze!
Charms passing nature; charms sublimely new:
What show'rs of sweets her melting form bedew!
What Angel-radiance heav'n on earth displays!
What magic hand o'er her fair veil has laid
That gold, those vermeil, alabastrian dyes!
How glance her fairy feet, her living eyes,
In those deep-bosom'd hills' romantic shade!
The verdant turf, and ev'ry flow'r that blows
Beneath yon oak's time-honour'd majesty,
Her foot's sweet pressure courts, or passing kiss.
The heav'n around with liquid sapphire glows;
Sees ev'ry cloud the bright'ning æther fly;
And calm'd by eyes so fair, breathes universal bliss.

1778.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

SAY, didst thou gild with ore of earthly mine
Those sister ringlets? or from mortal stems
Yon roses cull? say, whence those glist'ring gems
Of earliest dew, instinct with Spirit divine?
Whence those rich pearls, whose beauteous orders rise,
And frame such speech as Seraph lips might grace?
Whence all those treasur'd wonders of her face,
Bright as the genial noon of summer skies?
But hark! what angel breathes cœlestial airs?
What heav'n-tun'd spheres in sounds harmonious roll,
Till faint with rapt'rous anguish I expire?
Say, borrow'd from what Sun those shafts she bears,
In eyes that harrass or asswage my soul,
Now chill'd with hope forlorn, now burning with desire?

1778.

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF LAURA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

ANGELS, and denizens of realms above,
Bless'd spirits, while from earth, by virtue crown'd,
SHE soar'd to happier regions, swarming round,
With rapt'rous wonder gaz'd, and holy love.
But soon a murmuring sound of praise 'gan rise,
"Whence that new star that shines so heav'nly bright?
"For none thro' many an age so richly dight,
"Spurns the low world and vaults into the skies."
She happy to have left this dark sojourn,
Now rivals purest saints in realms of day,
And with full many a longing ling'ring turn,
Looks if I follow, and appears to stay.
Hence in each thought, each wish for heav'n I burn;
E'en now she calls, "Sad spirit, come away."

1778.

SONNET.

On Sentiments expressed by Mr. COLERIDGE, *in the Preface to his "Sonnets," adverse to the* PETRARCAN MODEL.

THOU, who hast amply quaff'd the Muses' rill,
And bath'd thy locks in pure poetic dews;
Canst thou disparage the PETRARCAN Muse:—
To her sweet voice deaf, cold, fastidious still?
Examine if unprejudic'd the Will
COLERIDGE, which can to *her* high praise refuse;
And of perverseness her fair laws accuse,
Which through the enchanted ear the bosom fill.
Her various, cadenc'd, regularity
HE, who o'er Epic heights hath soar'd sublime,
And magic SPENSER, lov'd.—The mighty Dead
Have Followers, haply to Posterity
Not unendear'd.—O! scorn not these, who led,
In many a graceful maze, the full harmonious rhime.

CANTABR.—6 FEBR. 1804. C. LOFFT.

SONNET.

MORNING IN AUTUMN.

HAIL! lovely pledges of a splendid day;
Ye mists, that swell the valley's waving corn;
And dews, that o'er the hills your gems display,
Rich in the vivid rays of rising morn.
While your delicious odours breathe around,
Early I plunge into the sparkling stream;
And, bathing, listen to the torrent's sound,
And autumn birds, that chaunt the morning beam
The cock's shrill clarion sounds the silent hours,
And wakes my sweet Althea from her bed,
To tend her linnet, or her opening flowers,
Flush'd with the charms by lavish Nature shed;
Yet far less winning than the magic powers
Of her soft blushing smile of rosy red.

TAVISTOCK. W. EVANS.

SONNET.

Supposed to be written by QUEEN MARY *of Scotland, on her quitting France, just before she lost Sight of the Coast.*

BY THE LATE MISS CATHERINE LIVINGSTON.

ADIEU! delightful land, a long adieu!
For ever must I quit thy much-lov'd shore,
Where wing'd with pleasure ev'ry moment flew,
And joys were mine that can return no more.
Each soft'ning art, each elegant delight,
But forms the mind to keener sense of woe;
And the dear ties that feeling souls unite,
Are causes still from which our sorrows flow.
Oft has fair Science charm'd my pensive hour
With all that taste or learning could impart:
I wish'd no diadem, no regal pow'r,
But a soft empire o'er the willing heart.
'Tis past! the dear delusive dream is o'er,
And Mary wakes to happiness no more.

1797.

SONNET.

By the Same, during her Confinement in England.

BY THE SAME.

Ah cease, thou plaintive harmonist of night!
Tho' sweetly sad thy melting numbers flow,
Wing thou to happier seats thy distant flight,
And soothe with thy soft notes some milder woe,
Or pour thy music on the perfum'd air
As round the woodbin'd cot it gently sighs;
Charm with thy song the lovelorn Shepherd's care,
When Sleep its kind Lethean balm denies.
From these rude battlements let ravens scream,
And querulous owls disturb the peaceful night;
Wake the pale captive from some mournful dream,
To scenes of real woe and wild affright.
For me no ray of comfort cheers the gloom,
Nor hope I rest but in the silent tomb!

SONNET.

By GEORGE DOUGLAS, *the young Man who assisted* MARY *in her Escape from the Castle Lochleven.*

BY THE SAME.

FROM her fair cheek the vivid rose is flown,
No raptures sparkle in her beauteous eyes;
Forc'd by rebellion from her native throne,
In sad captivity, forlorn she sighs!
But the pale lily's sweet and pensive grace,
And those mild eyes in tears uprais'd to Heav'n,
With all the wonders of her angel-face,
That to my wild impassion'd gaze are giv'n,
They could not thus, in regal splendour drest,
Flush'd by the warmest tint that paints the rose;
They could not thus have fir'd my tortur'd breast,
And giv'n my careless youth to hopeless woes.
But oh! her plaintive accents pierc'd my ear:
I caught her balmy sigh, I felt her burning tear!

SONNET.

By QUEEN MARY, *previous to her Escape from Lochleven.*

BY THE SAME.

THOU soft enchantress! whose benignant smile
Can ease the anxious heart of faded care,
Cheer the rough path thro' which we are doom'd to toil,
And chace the fearful phantoms of Despair,
Com'st thou to me led by the laughing Spring?
Welcome once more to this deserted breast!
Ah! what soft soothing visions dost thou bring
Of future hours, by peace and freedom blest!
How thrill thy accents to my flutt'ring heart,
And bid me look to scenes with transport bright!
Again for me shall Spring her charms impart;
Again shall Nature's harmony delight!
Scotland again my regal sway shall own,
And Love and Loyalty support my throne.

SONNET.

By the Same, after her Arrival in England.

BY THE SAME.

How swiftly pass'd the downy-pinion'd hours
That led in flow'ry bands the smiling Spring!
How soft the fragrance of her pearly show'rs!
With what sweet melodies did Nature ring!
Sweet Spring! thy gay variety of blooms
Again in all their vivid beauty glow;
Thy balmy breath the sighing breeze perfumes,
And from the woodland strains of rapture flow.
Where are ye fled, fair Liberty and Peace?
Without you these gay scenes no more can charm;
They cannot bid the tear of Anguish cease,
Or the cold heart of hopeless Sorrow warm.
Now all is wild alarm, or chilling fear,
And one sad gloom involves the sick'ning year.

SONNET.

*By a Gentleman * who accompanied* QUEEN MARY *from France, and was executed in Scotland, after being twice found concealed in her Apartments.*

BY THE SAME.

HAD she been born some lowly shepherd's heir,
To courts and all their flatt'ring arts unknown;
Love of her fleecy charge her dearest care,
The flow'r-enamell'd bank her simple throne,
Then had I shar'd with her the rural cot,
Gaz'd with increasing rapture on her charms;
Nor envy'd kings the splendor of their lot,
Or dreamt of bliss beyond her circling arms:
Tho' glitt'ring diadems her brows adorn,
Held she o'er earth the universal sway,
From the bright chambers of the rising morn
To the last confines of declining day;
Still my fond soul would to her love aspire,
Fan the fierce flame, and in the blaze expire!

* M. Chatelar.

SONNET.

From QUEEN MARY *to* DARNLEY.

BY THE SAME.

AH! what avails it that, with lib'ral grace,
Nature has form'd thee, beyond painting, fair!
Giv'n thee to charm with dignity of air,
And flush'd with Love's own roseate hue thy face!
Where is the native dignity of soul,
The mental beauty of ingenuous youth,
Enchanting tenderness, undaunted truth,
That all thy wayward passions should controul?
Warms thy cold heart at Glory's thrilling call?
Ah no—low minded Jealousy and Fear,
Within thy breast their freezing standard rear,
And with their haggard looks thy soul appal.
Nor gen'rous confidence thy heart can know,
Nor Love's pure flame, nor Honour's ardent glow!

THE VILLAGE*.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

BOOK I.

THE village life, and every care that reigns
O'er youthful peasants and declining swains;
What labour yields, and what, that labour past,
Age, in its hour of languor, finds at last;
What forms the real picture of the poor,
Demands a song.—The Muse can give no more.

Fled are those times, if e'er such times were seen,
When rustic poets prais'd their native green;
No shepherds now in smooth alternate verse,
Their country's beauty or their nymphs' rehearse;
Yet still for these we frame the tender strain,
Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,
And shepherds' boys their amorous pains reveal,
The only pains, alas! they never feel.

On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
If TITYRUS found the golden age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?

* First published in 1783.

From truth and nature shall we widely stray,
Where VIRGIL, not where Fancy leads the way?

Yes, thus the Muses sing of happy swains,
Because the Muses never knew their pains:
They boast their peasants' pipes, but peasants now
Resign their pipes and plod behind the plough;
And few amid the rural tribe have time
To number syllables and play with rhyme;
Save honest DUCK, what son of verse could share
The poet's rapture and the peasant's care?
Or the great labours of the field degrade,
With the new peril of a poorer trade.

From one chief cause these idle praises spring,
That, themes so easy, few forbear to sing;
They ask no thought, require no deep design,
But swell the song and liquefy the line;
The gentle lover takes the rural strain,
A nymph his mistress, and himself a swain;
With no sad scenes he clouds his tuneful prayer,
But all, to look like her, is painted fair.

I grant, indeed, that fields and flocks have charms,
For him that gazes, or for him that farms;
But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace
The poor laborious natives of the place,
And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,
On their bare heads and dewy temples play,
While some, with feebler hands and fainter hearts,
Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts,
Then shall I dare these real ills to hide,
In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?

No, cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,
Which can no groves nor happy vallies boast,

Where other cares than those the Muse relates,
And other shepherds dwell with other mates;
By such examples taught, I paint the cot,
As truth will paint it, and as bards will not:
Nor you, ye poor, of letter'd scorn complain,
To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain;
O'ercome by labour, and bow'd down by time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
By winding myrtles round your ruin'd shed?
Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour?

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its wither'd ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil,
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And the wild tare clings round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendor vainly shines around!

So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
Betray'd by man, then left for man to scorn;
Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose;
Whose outward splendor is but Folly's dress,
Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.

Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race,
With sullen woe display'd in every face;
Who, far from civil arts and social fly,
And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye.

Here, too, the lawless vagrant of the main
Draws from his plough th' intoxicated swain;
Want only claim'd the labour of the day,
But vice now steals his nightly rest away?

Where are the swains, who, daily labour done,
With rural games play'd down the setting sun;
Who struck with matchless force the bounding ball,
Or made the ponderous quoit obliquely fall;
While some huge Ajax, terrible and strong,
Engag'd some artful stripling of the throng,
And foil'd beneath the young Ulysses fell;
When peals of praise the merry mischief tell?
Where now are these? Beneath yon cliff they stand,
To shew the freighted pinnace where to land;
To load the ready steed with guilty haste,
To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste,
Or when detected in their straggling course,
To foil their foes by cunning or by force;
Or yielding part (when equal knaves contest)
To gain a lawless passport for the rest.

Here wandering long amid these frowning fields,
I sought the simple life that Nature yields;
Rapine, and Wrong, and Fear usurp'd her place,
And a bold, artful, surly, savage race;
Who, only skill'd to take the finny tribe,
The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,
Wait on the shore, and as the waves run high,
On the tost vessel bend their eager eye;

Which to their coast directs its venturous way,
Their's or the ocean's miserable prey.

As on their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand,
And wait for favouring winds to leave the land,
While still for flight the ready wing is spread,
So waited I the favouring hour and fled;
Fled from these shores, where guilt and famine reign,
And cry'd, Ah! hapless they who still remain;
Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,
Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore;
Till some fierce tide, with more imperious sway,
Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away;
When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
And begs a poor protection from the poor.

But these are scenes where Nature's niggard hand
Gave a spare portion to the famish'd land;
Her's is the fault if here mankind complain
Of fruitless toil and labours spent in vain;
But yet in other scenes more fair in view,
Where Plenty smiles—alas! she smiles for few,
And those who taste not, yet behold her store,
Are as the slaves that dig the golden ore,
The wealth around them makes them doubly poor:
Or will you deem them amply paid in health,
Labour's fair child, that languishes with Wealth?
Go then! and see them rising with the sun,
Through a long course of daily toil to run;
Like him to make the plenteous harvest grow,
And yet not share the plenty they bestow;
See them beneath the dog-star's raging heat,
When the knees tremble and the temples beat;
Behold them leaning on their scythes, look o'er
The labour past, and toils to come explore;

See them alternate suns and showers engage,
And hoard up aches and anguish for their age;
Thro' fens and and marshy moors their steps pursue,
When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew;
Then own that labour may as fatal be
To these thy slaves, as luxury to thee.

Amid this tribe too oft a manly pride
Strives in strong toil the fainting heart to hide;
There may you see the youth of slender frame
Contend with weakness, weariness, and shame;
Yet urg'd along, and proudly loth to yield,
He strives to join his fellows of the field;
Till long contending nature droops at last,
Declining health rejects his poor repast,
His cheerless spouse the coming danger sees,
And mutual murmurs urge the slow disease.

Yet grant them health, 'tis not for us to tell,
Though the head droops not, that the heart is well;
Or will you urge their homely, plenteous fare,
Healthy and plain, and still the poor man's share?
Oh! trifle not with wants you cannot feel,
Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal;
Homely not wholesome, plain not plenteous, such
As you who envy would disdain to touch.

Ye gentle souls who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please;
Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go, look within, and ask if peace be there:
If peace be his—that drooping weary sire,
Or their's, that offspring round their feeble fire,
Or her's, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth the expiring brand.

Nor yet can time itself obtain for these
Life's latest comforts, due respect and ease;
For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age
Can with no cares except its own engage;
Who, propt on that rude staff, looks up to see
The bare arms broken from the withering tree,
On which a boy he climb'd the loftiest bough;
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.

He once was chief in all the rustic trade,
His steady hand the straitest furrow made;
Full many a prize he won, and still is proud
To find the triumphs of his youth allow'd;
A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
He hears and smiles, then thinks again, and sighs;
For now he journeys to his grave in pain;
The rich disdain him; nay the poor disdain;
Alternate masters now their slave command,
And urge the efforts of his feeble hand;
Who, when its age attempts its task in vain,
With ruthless taunts of lazy poor complain.

Oft may you see him when he tends the sheep,
His winter charge, beneath the hillock weep;
Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow
O'er his white locks, and bury them in snow,
When rous'd by rage and muttering in the morn,
He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn.

"Why do I live, when I desire to be
"At once from life and life's long labours free!
"Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
"Without the sorrows of a slow decay;
"I, like yon wither'd leaf, remain behind,
"Nipt by the frost, and shivering in the wind;

" There it abides till younger buds come on,
" As I, now all my fellow swains are gone;
" Then, from the rising generation thrust,
" It falls, like me, unnotic'd to the dust!

" These fruitful fields, these numerous flocks I see,
" Are others' gains, but killing cares to me;
" To me the children of my youth are lords,
" Slow in their gifts but hasty in their words;
" Wants of their own demand their care, and who
" Feels his own wants and succours others too?
" A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go,
" None need my help and none relieve my woe;
" Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid,
" And men forget the wretch they would not aid."

Thus groan the old, till by disease opprest,
They taste a final woe, and then they rest.
Their's is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parent's care,
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot and the madman gay.

Here, too, the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve;
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixt with the clamours of the croud below,

Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought by many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, opprest by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor teaze
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud is all that lies between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;

Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that entering, speaks his haste to go;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye;
A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door;
His drooping patient, long inur'd to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man, and mutely hastens to the grave.

But ere his death some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears which "bold bad" men despise;
Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above;
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
The holy stranger to these dismal walls;
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "passing rich with forty pounds a year?"
Ah! no, a shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock;
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask;

The rest he gives to loves and labours light,
To fields the morning and to feasts the night;
None better skill'd, the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chase, to cheer them or to chide;
Sure in his shot, his game he seldom mist,
And seldom fail'd to win his game at whist;
Then, while such honours bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that even the pious feel?

Now once again the gloomy scene explore,
Less gloomy now; the bitter hour is o'er,
The man of many sorrows sighs no more.

Up yonder hill, behold how sadly slow
The bier moves winding from the vale below;
There lie the happy dead, from trouble free,
And the glad parish pays the frugal fee:
No more, oh Death! thy victim starts to hear
Churchwarden stern, or kingly overseer;
No more the farmer gets his humble bow,
Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou!

Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb;
The village children now their games suspend,
To see the bier that bears their ancient friend;
For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch rul'd their little court;
The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;
Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relicks of the parish poor;

The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound;
The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer;
And waiting long, the crowd retire distrest,
To think a poor man's bones should lie unblest.

BOOK II.

NO longer truth, though shown in verse, disdain,
But own the village life a life of pain:
I too must yield, that oft amid these woes
Are gleams of transient mirth and hours of sweet repose.
Such as you find on yonder sportive Green,
The Squire's tall gate and churchway-walk between;
Where loitering stray a little tribe of friends,
On a fair Sunday when the sermon ends:
Then rural beaux their best attire put on,
To win their nymphs, as other nymphs are won;
While those long wed go plain, and by degrees,
Like other husbands, quit their care to please.
Some of the sermon talk, a sober crowd,
And loudly praise, if it were preach'd aloud;
Some on the labours of the week look round,
Feel their own worth, and think their toil renown'd;
While some, whose hopes to no renown extend,
Are only pleas'd to find their labours end.

Thus, as their hours glide on with pleasure fraught,
Their careful masters brood the painful thought;
Much in their mind they murmur and lament,
That one fair day should be so idly spent;
And think that Heaven deals hard, to tythe their store,
And tax their time for preachers and the poor.

Yet still, ye humbler friends, enjoy your hour,
This is your portion, yet unclaim'd of power;
This is Heaven's gift to weary men opprest,
And seems the type of their expected rest;
But your's, alas! are joys that soon decay;
Frail joys, began and ended with the day;
Or yet, while day permits those joys to reign,
The village vices drives them from the plain.

See the stout churl, in drunken fury great,
Strike the bare bosom of his teeming mate!
His naked vices, rude and unrefin'd,
Exert their open empire o'er the mind;
But can we less the senseless rage despise,
Because the savage acts without disguise?

Yet here Disguise, the City's vice is seen,
And Slander steals along and taints the Green:
At her approach domestic peace is gone,
Domestic broils at her approach come on;
She to the wife the husband's crime conveys,
She tells the husband when his consort strays;
Her busy tongue, through all the little state,
Diffuses doubt, suspicion, and debate;
Peace, timorous goddess! quits her old domain,
In sentiment and song content to reign.

Nor are the nymphs that breathe the rural air,
So fair as Cynthia's, nor so chaste as fair;
These to the town afford each fresher face,
And the Clown's trull receives the Lord's embrace;
From whom, should chance again convey her down,
The Peer's disease in turn attacks the Clown.

Hear too the 'Squire, or squire-like farmer, talk,
How round their regions nightly pilferers walk;

How from their ponds the fish are borne, and all
The ripening treasures from their lofty wall;
How their maids languish, while their men run loose,
And leave them scarce a damsel to seduce.

And hark! the riots of the Green begin,
That sprang at first from yonder noisy inn;
What time the weekly pay was vanish'd all,
And the slow hostess scor'd the threatening wall;
What time they ask'd, their friendly feast to close,
One cup, and that just serves to make them foes;
When blows ensue, that break the arm of Toil,
And batter'd faces end the boobies' broil:
Save when to yonder hall they bend their way,
Where the grave Justice ends the grievous fray;
He who recites, to keep the poor in awe,
The law's vast volume—for he knows the law.—
To him with anger or with shame repair,
The injured peasant and deluded fair.

Lo! at his throne the silent nymph appears,
Frail by her shape, but modest by her tears;
And while she stands abash'd with conscious eye,
Some favourite female of her judge glides by,
Who views with scornful glance the strumpet's fate,
And thanks the stars that made her keeper great:
Near her the swain, about to bear for life
One certain evil, doubts 'twixt war and wife;
But, while the faltering damsel takes her oath,
Consents to wed, and so secures them both.

Yet why, you ask, these humble crimes relate?
Why make the poor as guilty as the great?

To show the great, those mightier sons of Pride,
How near in vice the lowest are allied;

Such are their natures, and their passions such,
But these disguise too little, those too much:
So shall the man of power and pleasure see
In his own slave as vile a wretch as he;
In his luxurious lord the servant find
His own low pleasures and degenerate mind;
And each in all the kindred vices trace
Of a weak, blind, bewilder'd, erring race;
Who, a short time in varied fortune past,
Die, and are equal in the dust at last.

And you, ye poor, who still lament your fate,
Forbear to envy those you reckon great;
And know, amidst those blessings they possess,
They are, like you, the victims of distress:
While Sloth, with many a pang torments her slave,
Fear waits on guilt, and Danger on the brave.

Oh! if in life one noble chief appears,
Great in his name, while blooming in his years;
Born to enjoy whate'er delights mankind,
And yet to all you feel or fear resign'd;
Who gave up pleasures you could never share,
For pain which you are seldom doom'd to bear;
If such there be, then let your murmurs cease,
Think, think of him, and take your lot in peace.

And such there was:—Oh! grief, that checks our pride,
Weeping we say there was, for MANNERS died:—
Belov'd of Heaven! these humble lines forgive,
That sing of thee, and thus aspire to live.

As the tall oak, whose vigorous branches form
An ample shade and brave the wildest storm,
High o'er the subject wood is seen to gro w
The guard and glory of the trees below;

Till on its head the fiery bolt descends,
And o'er the plain the shatter'd trunk extends;
Yet then it lies, all wond'rous as before,
And still the glory, though the guard no more—
So THOU, when every virtue, every grace,
Rose in thy soul, or shone within thy face;
When, though the son of GRANBY, thou wert known
Less by thy father's glory than thy own;
When Honour lov'd, and gave thee every charm,
Fire to thy eye and vigour to thy arm;
Then from our lofty hopes and longing eyes,
Fate and thy virtues call'd thee to the skies;
Yet still we wonder at thy towering fame,
And losing thee, still dwell upon thy name.

Oh! ever honour'd, ever valued! say
What verse can praise thee, or what work repay?
Yet verse (in all we can) thy worth repays,
Nor trusts the tardy zeal of future days:—
Honours for thee thy Country shall prepare,
Thee in their hearts, the Good, the Brave shall bear;
To deeds like thine shall noblest chiefs aspire,
The Muse shall mourn thee, and the world admire.

In future times, when smit with glory's charms,
The untry'd youth first quits a father's arms,
"Oh be like him," the weeping sire shall say,
"Like MANNERS walk, who walk'd in honour's way;
"In danger foremost, yet in death sedate,
"Oh! be like him in all things, but his fate!"

If for that fate such public tears be shed,
That victory seems to die now THOU art dead;
How shall a friend his nearer hope resign,
That friend a brother, and whose soul was thine?

By what bold lines shall we his grief express,
Or by what soothing numbers make it less?

'Tis not, I know, the chiming of a song,
Nor all the powers that to the Muse belong,
Words aptly cull'd, and meanings well exprest,
Can calm the sorrows of a wounded breast;
But RUTLAND's virtues shall his grief restrain,
And join to heal the bosom where they reign.

Yet hard the task to heal the bleeding heart,
To bid the still-recurring thoughts depart;
Hush the loud grief, and stem the rising sigh,
And curb rebellious passion with reply;
Calmly to dwell on all that pleas'd before,
And yet to know that all can please no more—
Oh! glorious labour of the soul, to save
Her captive powers, and bravely mourn the brave.

To such these thoughts will lasting comfort give;—
Life is not valued by the time we live;
'Tis not an even course of threescore years,
A life of narrow views and paltry fears;
Grey hairs and wrinkles, with the cares they bring,
That take from death the terror or the sting;
But 'tis the spirit that is mounting high
Above the world; a native of the sky;
The noble spirit, that, in dangers brave,
Calmly looks on, or looks beyond the grave.
Such MANNERS was, so he resigned his breath!
If in a glorious, then a timely death.

Cease then that grief, and let those tears subside:
If Passion rule us, be that passion Pride;
If Reason, Reason bids us strive to raise
Our sinking hearts, and be like him we praise;

Or if Affection still the soul subdue,
Bring all his virtues, all his worth in view,
And let Affection find its comfort too;
For how can Grief so deeply wound the heart,
Where admiration claims so large a part?

Grief is a foe, expel him then thy soul;
Let nobler thoughts the nearer woes controul;
Oh! make the age to come thy better care,
See other RUTLANDS, other GRANBYS there;
And as thy thoughts through streaming ages glide,
See other heroes die as MANNERS died;
Victims victorious, who with him shall stand
In Fame's fair book the guardians of the land;
And from their fate thy race shall nobler grow,
As trees shoot upward that are prun'd below:
Or, as old Thames, borne down with decent pride,
Sees his young streams go murmuring by his side;
Though some, by art cut off, no longer run,
And some are lost beneath the summer's sun;
Yet the strong stream moves on, and as it moves,
Its power increases, and its use improves;
While plenty round its ample waves bestow,
Still it flows on, and shall for ever flow.

EPIGRAM.

After reading the Story of the Escape of Ulysses from the Sirens.

WHEN EMILY, sweet maid, appears,
Superior charms surprise;
What signifies, to *stop our ears*,
Unless we *shut our eyes*?

MR. P. DODD.

THE PARTING.

FROM METASTASIO.

The fatal hour is come at last,
Adieu! my love, adieu!
How will my wretched life be past,
Far exil'd from thy view!
My heart will droop in endless pain,
No joy my eyes will see;
But thou—who knows if e'er again
Thou wilt remember me.

Permit, at least, in eager chace
Of every comfort lost,
My thoughts thy wand'ring steps may trace
Through all the distant coast!
Near to thy side, by Fancy's aid,
I still shall follow thee;
But who can tell if once, dear maid!
Thou wilt remember me?

O'er plains remote, and unknown floods,
Alone and sad I'll rove;
And ask the desert rocks and woods,
Oh! where—oh! where's my love?
From night till morn, from morn till night,
I still shall call on thee;
But when, oh when! my heart's delight!
Wilt thou remember me?

I'll visit oft the blissful bowers,
And fields of cheerful hue,
Where happy flew uncounted hours,
Because with thee they flew:
What fond regrets my heart will tear,
When memory dwells on thee!
But who can tell, sweet maid! if e'er
Thou wilt remember me?

Lo! I will say, the fountain's edge,
Where quick with scorn she glow'd;
But soon, of peace the gentle pledge,
Her lily hand bestow'd:
Here hope reviv'd, soft languor there
Allow'd my tender plea;
But now, who knows, alas! if e'er
Thou wilt remember me!

How many round thy new-sought home
The beauteous stranger greet!
What crowds of youthful lovers come,
And offer at thy feet!
Oh! 'mid the suppliant courtly throng,
That sigh and bend the knee,
Oh! who can tell, bright maid! how long
Thou wilt remember me!

Think of the keen delicious dart
Thou leav'st within my breast;
Think that I long have given my heart,
Nor made one poor request:
Think what I feel of dark despair,
Thus parting, love! from thee:
Remember—ah! who knows if e'er
Thou wilt remember me?

J. A.

ODE.

BY MR. SHAW.

O SWEETEST of the feather'd quire,
O! thrush, and blackbird of the wood,
Where will ye now to rest retire,
Where seek ye now your wonted food?

Lo! how around the wintry snows
Fast from the darken'd sky descend,
With hollow sound the north-wind blows,
While to its blast the tall trees bend.

O hapless birds! in vain the lake
Or stream ye seek with weary wings,
No more the pool your thirst can slake,
The frost has bound the limpid springs.

In vain ye seek the well-known wood,
The well-known field in vain ye try,
The naked woods no shelter yield,
No food the barren fields supply.

Nor may ye yet of man implore
To save you from the storms awhile:
O may his gun not wound you sore,
Nor may his net your feet beguile!

More cruel than the wintry wind,
With levell'd gun and fatal snare,
The tyrant of your gentle kind,
He spares not whom the tempests spare.

And have ye sung sweet birds so long
  Beneath the summer sun in vain,
And will no one requite your song,
  Which wont so oft to charm the plain?

Lo! in this bower, within these bounds,
  Where oft melodious voices swell,
Where oft the tuneful flute resounds,
  Lo in this bower the Muses dwell.

The Muses, gentle maids, bemoan
  The sorrows of the feather'd throng,
Whose voices, tuneful as their own,
  Warble untaught the woods among.

The Muses smile not that the quire
  Of birds are barr'd their notes of joy,
Nor will they with the winds conspire
  The harmless songsters to annoy.

O seek ye then this friendly bower,
  Which to the Muses still belongs;
Here shall ye prove their sacred power
  To save the feather'd race from wrongs.

Here from the northern winds that blow
  The hill with pine-trees clad defends,
While its soft lap the vale below
  Fair to the noon-tide sun extends.

And here the sullen months to chear,
  The flowering laurestine will bloom,
The holly shews its berries near,
  That shine amid the wintry gloom.

And many a shady walk is found
  Where twining laurels form a grove,
Where firs their green tribes scatter round,
  And yew with cypress dark is wove.

And where the sheltering groves extend
  Due food for hapless birds we fling,
The fruits that reddening hawthorns lend,
  The grain that yellow harvests bring.

O seek ye then this green retreat,
  And through these groves of laurel stray,
Till vernal suns with genial heat
  Shall chase the wintry clouds away.

Here first the balmy zephyr blows,
  And first the woods are clad in green,
Here earliest yellow crocus grows,
  And earliest are blue violets seen.

For him who thus in pious lay
  Invites you to the Muses' bowers,
O, gentle birds, his care repay,
  When Spring revives your tuneful powers.

Then when ye breathe those notes along
  That melt your mates to soft desire,
O lend to him awhile your song,
  O lend those notes that love inspire.

So may his happy numbers move
  The tender fair to whom he sings,
So Love's soft pleasures may he prove,
  Like you, beside the silver springs.

1776.

LINES

On the Death of a young Lady's tame Hare.

BY F. N. C. MUNDAY, ESQ.

Food for all mouths, 'tis strange that I
An easy natural death should die;
Still stranger is it, that a Hare
Shou'd lead a life unvex'd by care:
Seven years (an age!) by Cloe's side
(To be her captive was my pride)
In peace I liv'd; in peace I died.
By prudence, by experience tame,
I envy'd not the savage game,
Who still pursued, who still distress'd,
By man, by vermin, and by beast,
Amidst the slavery of their fears
Call'd independent freedom theirs.
Secure and happy in my chain,
To me such liberty was vain.
Me, far above my kindred blest,
Fair Cloe's gentle hand caress'd;
With freshest food she daily stor'd
My wholesome vegetable board.
Me, from the foes which Hares surround,
(The Spaniel sly, or active hound,)

A word from Cloe could protect;
—Virginity claims such respect.
Her looks restor'd the golden age;
The cat sat harmless by my cage:
And while at Cloe's feet I play'd
Tyger and *Patch* asleep were laid.
She on my little sports would smile;
And from a heart that knows no guile,
She, on my not-untimely bier,
('Tis all I ask) has dropt a tear.

1764.

MADRIGAL.

THE IDEA FROM QUEVEDO.

Oh wherefore, Julia, heavenly maid!
Is thy sweet bosom thus display'd?
I've heard admiring Swains unfold,
It is so cruel and so cold,
That Love, the darling of the fair,
Was never known to nestle there:—
Oh! lure the wand'rer to thy arms,
Or from our sight conceal thy charms;—
Cherish emotions he inspires,
Or cease to kindle fierce desires;—
For never should the Graces rove,
Where chill disdain has banish'd Love.

THE ARBORETT*.

AN ODE TO LOVE.

BY THE LATE REV. THOMAS COLE, LL.B.

If e'er, propitious Love! thou did'st inspire
Thy vot'ry's song, O! let me now obtain
A double portion of thy wonted fire,
To match my passion with some equal strain:
Some dear expressive lay impart,
That suits the purpose of my heart;
Sincere and tender let it be,
To Celia pleasing, nor unworthy Thee.

And well thy friendly aid I may expect,
For still in all I undertake,
In all I wish for Celia's sake,
Thou dost my faithful hand, and heart direct.

* The Arbour, an Ode to Contentment, and the Grotto, an Ode to Silence, intended companions for the Arborett, are published in Dodsley's collections. An Ode to Benevolence, addressed to the Author's Successor, with the title of the Vicar's Hollow Tree, is under contemplation to be inserted in the sequel to the Life of Hubert. These four favourite Retreats, all of his own design, and executed entirely by his own hands, he is desirous to preserve in remembrance, as long as he can, by the testimony of his pen; or, in the Poet's language, to consecrate them, individually, by a separate offering from his Muse.

Each spreading shrub that decks this various bow'r,
For her thou didst instruct me to prepare;
For her each fragrant branch was taught to flow'r,
In kind obedience to its planter's care.
Nor wilt thou cease my fancy to employ
With high-wrought schemes of pure romantic joy;
Then bid it fondly shed
Each precious boon on her deserving head,
That Heav'n's indulgent bounty can bestow,
To bless a life of virtue here below.

Let foes to Constancy unenvy'd range,
And boast the privilege of change;
Still let their fickle hearts disdain
The sober comforts of her stedfast reign:
They ne'er shall know,
What endless blessings flow
With equal tenor from that faithful source
Whence Truth derives its everlasting course!

Let Lust her meaner sons excite
To steal the gross unchaste delight,
To glory in the guilty flame
That blasts the heedless virgin's name:
Their souls, indelicate and unrefin'd,
Such sordid joys alone were form'd to prove;
They ne'er shall feel the raptures of the mind,
Or taste the sweets of sentimental love:
They still are doom'd to search for bliss in vain,
Who think it plac'd within the reach of sense;
Or fondly hope its blessed fruits to gain,
Without the guide of conscious innocence.
The soft solicitude, the tender care,
Nay, e'en the tears of virtuous Love's distress,
Far greater pleasures yield than they shall share,
When flush'd with all the triumph of success.

But wherefore should my peaceful heart appeal
To cares which hapless lovers only feel?
The tears of Love's distress! ah! whence
Should such a foreign thought arise?
Could e'er the quick-discerning eye
Of prying apprehensive Jealousy
Discover aught might breed the least surmise
To break the calm repose of Confidence?
Shall cold Suspicion then invade,
To blast beneath its frozen shade,
That blooming promise of the fruits of Love,
Which Hope, with fond, incessant care,
Hath form'd so beautiful and fair,
And smil'd to see its cherish'd growth improve!

No! hence, ye faithless thoughts, depart,
Nor dare to wrong my Celia's heart!
Our kindred souls by nature were ally'd;
And to confirm that inbred sympathy,
Consenting Love hath well his part supply'd
With more endearing motives to agree.
Yes, Love hath made one sacred tie secure,
Which, spite of chance or fate, shall still endure;
That firm indissoluble tie, which binds
The mutual fondness of congenial minds.

But must our wedded hearts alone unite?
Must this suffice us as our sole delight?
Whilst youthful time the kind occasion lends,
Why should we thus one precious hour abuse?
Whilst tempting love his choicest gifts extends,
Why should we thus life's prime delights refuse?
How long must this thy strange reserve prevent
The vow'd concurrence of our willing hands?
O! will this virgin bashfulness
Its timid scruples ne'er suppress?

Still hesitate to give the safe consent?
Still dread the softness of connubial bands?
Sweet modest Excellence! didst thou but know
What wond'rous joy those yielding charms would give;
What rich delight thou wilt on him bestow,
Who shall that treasure of thyself receive;
Such conscious worth would ne'er suspect,
That, thus oblig'd, he could neglect
His heart-expanding gratitude to prove
By fond returns of still-increasing love.

Yes, dearest maid! with pleas'd incessant care,
I'll watch each secret motion of thy will:
Each mild request with quick prevention spare,
And ere thou hint a wish, that wish fulfil.
With thee each love-devoted day,
On gentle wing, shall glide away.
Whate'er pursuits our thoughts employ,
We both shall share an equal joy,
Our tempers still shall coincide,
One channel still our tastes shall guide.
Mean while these joys to sanctify,
Religion shall its aid supply:
So Heav'n its blessings will improve,
And smile propitious on our love.
Thus, hand in hand, as truth the way shall lead,
Through youth, through age, together will we tread:
Content shall guard us from each anxious want,
And peace bestow what fortune cannot grant.
Thus will we live—and thus our lives shall be
One changeless scene of rare felicity!

A MAROON SONG.

HASTE, haste, my companions! the night-dews are o'er;
From the mist-skirted mountains the shadows are flown;
The bright morning-star calls to the chase of the boar,
And the rock's secret echoes are waiting his groan.

O'er the deep-tangled thicket our toils shall prevail,
In vain to the steep cliff the savage shall run;
Where the cocoa waves gay to the balm-scented gale,
And the aloe expands its tall spires to the sun.

Ye spirits, that triumph'd in death o'er your foe;
But left the dark sons of your race to complain;
Ye that bade, in your anguish, the heirs of your woe
Be the heirs of your hatred, the chiefs of disdain;

If ye sail in your pride on the sun's slanting beam,
If ye robe your stern shades in the mist's fleeting form;
Or, if rather ye joy in the lightning's fierce gleam,
And stride on the whirlwind, and trample the storm:

O come on your clouds, o'er the wide-rolling wave,
To the hills of our freedom in triumph repair;
For the blue-mantled mountains are trod by the brave,
And the dark-dwelling sons of defiance are there.

Hark! the horn's swelling tones call to danger away,
And when the stern course of our pleasure is past;
Though the whirlwinds of heav'n wake around us their sway,
We will heed not the tempest, and sing to the blast.

Haste, haste, my companions! the night-dews are o'er;
From the mist-skirted mountains the shadows are flown;
The bright morning-star calls to the chase of the boar,
And the rock's secret echoes are waiting his groan.

BRISTOL. P. M. JANUS.

HYMN TO NATURE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOLBERG.

Holy Nature, heavenly fair,
Lead me with thy parent care;
In thy footsteps let me tread,
As a willing child is led.

When with care and grief opprest
Soft I sink me on thy breast;
On thy peaceful bosom laid,
Grief shall cease, nor care invade.

O congenial power divine,
All my votive soul is thine!
Lead me with thy parent care,
Holy Nature, heavenly fair!

BERLIN. B. BERESFORD.

ODE TO BEAUTY.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

I.

Sweet Power, whose soft magnetic chain
Extends through Nature's ample reign,
Let down from Jove's high throne above,
In mystic links, the work of Love!
O Beauty, sovereign of the soul,
Where is not felt thy strong controul?
Thy robe of various die
That floats redundant to the gale,
With freshest verdure clothes the vale,
And hangs with fleecy gold the morning sky;
While breathes thy spirit 'midst the mingled hue
Of vermeil buds and flowers that drink the crystal dew.

II.

How amiable thy reign, how wide!
The virgin's bloom, the meadow's pride,
The clouds that light o'er ether swim,
The blush of Morn and Evening dim,
Colour and symmetry combine
To deck thy mystic zone divine;

Nor less to thee belong
The Sculptor's and the Painter's art,
And that loved Muse that thrills the heart
With sweet and solemn tones of energetic song;
Thine is each charm of woodland, grove, and plain,
The chaplet Flora weaves, and Ceres' golden grain.

III.

Fresh from her couch with bashful cheek,
And eyes of dewy radiance meek,
When ELOISE the Graces lead
To trip the dew-bespangled mead;
Or when amidst the graceful dance,
Her light aerial steps advance,
To Music's melting tones;
A thousand joys spontaneous rise,
While 'midst the blended harmonies,
The intendered heart thy magic influence owns;
And Love himself from thee his arms obtains,
Plays with thy golden shafts, and revels in thy chains.

IV.

Yet say, what mortal hand can trace
Thy forms of inexpressive grace;
With silken plume, or glittering scale,
Or clad in adamantine mail;
Where rapt Attention gazes mute
Both on the great and the minute;
Nor undelighted dwells
Where bends the rose the thorn beneath,
Their odours purple violets breathe,
Or clustering lilies hang their glossy bells;
Where murmuring streams in soft meanders glide,
Or waving poplars crown the mountain's shelving side.

V.

Mark, where the Alps stupendous tower,
Where Niagara's torrents pouf;
Or high o'er proud Olympus' steep,
Their pomp where infant thunders keep;
Or, if thou canst, thy rapid glance
Shoot o'er the Atlantic's broad expanse;
And as the storm descends,
Bid Admiration's eager eyes
Drink yon bright Rainbow's varying dies,
As o'er the waves sublime it's gorgeous arch extends;
Confessed in these, O Goddess, art thou known,
Though Grandeur deck thy brow, and Majesty thy throne.

VI.

Light-wafted o'er the etherial plain
Thou lead'st the Hours, a smiling train,
When May o'er Earth's prolific mould
Sprinkles her stars of vernal gold:
Half-hid 'midst deluges of light
Thine Summer's noon-tide landscapes bright,
And those of softened beam,
O'er which meek Evening drops her veil;
When Fancy wooes the fluttering gale
To sooth her slumbers by the haunted stream,
Or marks where Autumn's ruddy orchards glow,
And the ripe vintage waves on the impurpled bough.

VII.

O Queen of loveliness! where'er
Thou rov'st; through ocean, earth, or air,
The Pleasures still thy steps attend,
Their every charm the Muses blend;
Knit with the Loves in trolic dance,
Youth, and rose-lip'd Health advance,

And she of placid mien,
Sweet as the vernal dawn her smile,
Her honeyed accents void of guile,
A white-robed Vestal meek, Simplicity is seen,
Whose auburn locks nor braid nor fillet bind,
But wanton o'er her breast, or float upon the wind.

VIII.

'Tis thine with many a fairy flower
To deck gay Hope's Elysian bower,
To shed on Fancy's soaring sight
Day-dreams of bliss in vision bright,
And bid in ampler currents roll
The liberal energies of soul;
As spurning Custom's chain,
Swift to the goal Invention springs,
While Taste her fair assemblage brings,
And wider spreads the triumphs of thy reign,
When Nature weds with Art! diffusing wide
The Villa's green retreats, the City's towering pride.

IX.

Bright Goddess of the enchanted zone,
The MORAL WORLD is all thy own;
Whate'er in high achievements won
Valour has wreathed to grace her son,
Or Science in her Attic bower
When heav'n-born Genius ruled the hour;
To Thee by right was given
To virtuous acts the charm to lend,
True Dignity with Grace to blend,
And shed on Merit's gem the light of heaven;
To meliorate the heart by gifts refin'd,
And nearer lift to heaven the tr··th-ennobled mind.

X.

Hence oft' in her heroic days
Greece, with just transport, hymned thy praise,
As 'midst the groves of Académe,
Thy spirit prompted Plato's dream;
Beneath the olive-shade retired,
Oft' with thy charms he lay inspired,
While Virtue to his view
Arrayed like some ethereal guest,
The effulgence of her Sire expressed;
And from her radiant face her veil ambrosial drew;
Bidding his soul with steady aim aspire
Above yon crystal spheres, on Rapture's wing of fire.

XI.

O'er pure Benevolence's mien
Thou shedd'st thy cloudless smile serene,
When soft-eyed Pity drops a tear,
Thine is each gem of crystal clear,
And thine the quick suffusion meek
On Modesty's envermeiled cheek;
While light around thee move
Sweet Innocence in snowy vest,
Firm Fortitude with dauntless breast,
The glow of Friendship, and the bloom of Love;
The softened radiance beamed from Candour's eyes,
And Feeling's kindred warmth, and sacred sympathies.

XII.

To Thee the empire Heaven assigned
O'er all the ideal tribes of mind,
That own, by turns, thy magic power
'Midst Fancy's necromantic bower,
Touch at thy nod the quivering string,
Or wave the quick, excursive wing,

Or hang in fixed trance,
O'er the soft lute's fantastic measure;
While glancing by, the fairy Pleasure
Trips with light footstep through the mazy dance,
And loves on every soft response to dwell,
That sportive Echo breathes to her aerial shell.

XIII.

Thou, when the Almighty formed the earth,
Didst play before him: at thy birth
Divinest Order rose, and Light
Shone through the boundless Infinite:
With gems Heaven's sapphire pavement glowed,
Around the living waters flowed;
High o'er each hallowed shrine
With sun-beams blazing and with gold,
Soft azure wreaths of incense rolled,
And rose from many a harp the song divine;
Thee, Beauty, thee hailed heaven's enraptur'd choir,
Second to none thyself, but thy Omnific Sire.

INSCRIPTION.

WRITTEN BY MOONLIGHT.

BY THE LATE REV. J. WALTERS, A. B.

Fair Cynthia, shall thy radiance fill the sky,
Mark'd by the glance of no poetic eye?
And shine but to the herds, that widely spread,
Of thee unconscious, graze the dewy mead?
Or to the silent groves, and quivering streams,
Borrowing new beauties from thy modest beams?
Or brook that travels the deserted vale
Answering in murmurs sweet the nightingale?

TO MISS POPE,

Of the THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY THE LATE GEORGE KEATE, ESQ.

THOU pleasant fav'rite of the COMIC MUSE,
Who keep'st her mirth-provoking arts alive,
Canst genuine Humour's sprightly traits diffuse,
And mak'st us scarcely now lament our CLIVE.

O! born with energy t'enforce her right,
With well-aim'd ridicule assail each heart,
Show affectation in its truest light,
And point successfully Wit's feather'd dart.

Dost thou not smile, when with a sable train
Of dry-ey'd virgins weeping woes unfelt,
Thy TRAGIC SISTER in heroic strain,
Can bid at will our yielding passions melt?

Man's path with thorns is amply strew'd, we know,
To increase the crop must therefore seem but folly;
Why crowd we then with joy to scenes of woe,
And pay beside to be made melancholy?

Give me the sunny side of human life,
Where with light foot its sober pleasures tread;
I hate the horrors of ensanguin'd strife,
The scream, the dagger, and the grisly head.

Come then, gay Leader of THALIA's train,
Bear me from shades where the chill'd heart grows cold,
True COMEDY's acknowledg'd force maintain,
And to an erring world her mirror hold.

There at himself in turn each slily peeps,
There his own failings often sees reflected;
No rigid school our playful mistress keeps,
Since by Good-Humour Vice is best corrected!

True to her altar, still around it sport,
Exert, as now, thy varying talents still;
I'll with a cheerful brow my creed support,
And firmly own our POPE infallible.

APRIL 1793.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK.

As Cypria in her naked charms
Met Pallas in a warlike dress,
"How vain," she cried, "are all thy arms!
I conquer in my nakedness."
Minerva wink'd her azure eye,
And cried, Indeed, a pretty fable!
But Mars declares, canst thou deny?
Thy armour not impenetrable.

WEIMAR. J. LAWRENCE.

BEZA'S MOTH.

A LUDICROUS SACRIFICE TO THE MUSES.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. T. COLE.

If the countryman, anxious for corn, wine, and rents,
An offering to Ceres and Bacchus presents;
If the soldier, expos'd to battles pernicious,
Vows a tribute to Mars to make him propitious;
Then why should not I, and whoever else chuses
To be reckon'd a bard, pay due court to the Muses?
Calliope's kindness to me is still shown;
And her sister's aid too 'tis my duty to own.
But this though I'd gladly, and rightly express,
Yet what victim would suit them I'm puzzled to guess.
O! here have I found one, an odd one 'tis true,
But I trust it will prove no less grateful than new.

Come out, thou vile reptile, thou Moth, hither crawl,
With jaws so voracious and body so small!
What! and dost thou those jaws 'gainst the Muses employ?
Their son's sacred works dost thou dare to destroy?
Nay, deny not the fact, see these proofs thou hast left
Of thy greedy corrosions, and iniquitous theft!
On Catullus's Sparrow see these marks of thy prey,
And here's the sweet Lesbia half eaten away.
My Martial, I vow too, thy teeth have been grinding;
Ah! quite through and through, both the paper and binding.

And here, do but look! well, I swear by Apollo,
Thou hast impiously dared divine MARO to swallow.
Yes, the works which not flames e'en to injure presum'd,
When Cæsar forbad it, by thee are consum'd.
But why should I try, where such witnesses cluster,
Fresh proofs of thy guilt, and my patience, to muster.
Too sufficient are these—I'll examine no more,
Though I fear that these shelves would yield many a score.
Then out, thou vile culprit, thy lurking hole quit.
How he rolls himself up! Dost refuse to submit?
O! the art of this urchin! what sly tricks to feign
That death he would shun; but he shams it in vain.
Out! out! the fates call thee to meet at this hand
That vengeance thy crimes, and my anger, demand.
With this pen I'll have at thee; 'tis a sword fit to pink
That throat which hath gulp'd so much paper and ink.
There, wretch sacrilegious, take thou that stab, and that:
Do but mark his pierc'd heart; mark its last pit-a-pat.
See, with gore all polluted, the victim hath smear'd
This your altar so sacred, so pure, and rever'd!

But your foe is subdu'd: O ye Muses rejoice,
Whilst, in songs full of triumph, I join my glad voice.
The fell beast is demolish'd; no more shall he gnaw
The works of your fav'rites to glut his vile maw.
And this trunk which remains, with its thick mailed coat,
To you, with fit rites, I intend to devote.
On the top of PARNASSUS let the trophy be put,
And with this motto on it indelibly cut:
" By Beza these spoils, to the Muses, as due,
" Were offer'd, in proof of the monster he slew."

TO HEBE.

A SONG FROM THE GERMAN.

Lo! in solemn, soft repose,
Nature, now, to silence yields;
And from clouds fast-flitting, flows
Soft refreshment to the fields.
Hebe! lo! the feather'd quire,
Perch'd on yonder rose-bush sleep—
The sinking sun, in golden fire,
Paints his image on the deep—

Thus, alas! in darkness ending,
Soon my day-light too shall sink;
Thus my life is quick descending,
To the deep grave's gloomy brink!
Ah! Hebe! since bereft of you,
In wilds I wander, dark and drear;
My cheeks have lost their roseate hue,
And pale, as Cynthia's beams, appear.

My Hebe's bosom to adorn,
As once a child of spring I chose,
Deep, in my finger, pierc'd the thorn,
And sprinkled, with my blood, the rose:
And Oh! may such, for ever be,
My Hebe's lot, compar'd with mine;
Be all the *thorns* of life for me,
If all its *roses* be but thine!

TO THE MUSE.

Celestial Muse! whose numbers flow
Now sweetly wild, now sadly slow;
If e'er I sought the silent grove,
Where Contemplation loves to rove;
If e'er I trac'd the breezy brow
Of yon high hill, and, far below,
Beheld the setting sun retire,
In one wide blush of fainter fire;
If e'er I wander'd by the stream,
Beneath the pale moon's quivering beam;
If e'er I linger'd on the shore,
Listening to ocean's distant roar,
Oh! hear my prayer, and to my heart
One spark of thy pure flame impart!

But if the deep embowering grove,
Where Contemplation loves to rove,
The breezy hill, the fainter ray
That shuts the garish eye of day,
The riv'let that divides the vale,
Where sweetly sleeps the moon beam pale,
Or distant ocean's dashing roar,
Give to thy mind delight no more;
I'll seek the paradise of joy,
Where mirth and song alone employ

The vacant day, while, in the shade,
With glistening eye, the gentle powers
Of love adorn thy lyre with flowers,
And rich wreaths for thy temples braid:
Where gay Lyæus, ever young,
Cheers echo with his jovial song:
While round him o'er the verdant plain,
Trips with light foot his frolic train;
And hark! how through the sacred grove,
Unite the strains of joy and love.
Now bring the lyre! now strike the string!
Let hill and vale with rapture ring!
And oh! if e'er my bosom felt
Those ecstacies which know to melt,
Now, Goddess, now, to my full heart,
One spark of thy pure flame impart!

Or if thou lov'st to trace the gloom,
Which hovers o'er the unsocial tomb;
To hold strange converse with the night,
And woo the tempest's restless sprite;
For thee I'll wander o'er the heath,
Where frowns the grisly form of death,
While from some turret's haunted round,
Dread Horror flings his deepening sound:
Or dauntless brave the mountain surge,
That howls along the foaming sea,
And while bleak winds the frail bark urge,
Constant my thoughts shall dwell with thee;
Or as the lightning's rapid sweep
Darts through the gloom its lucid glare,
Still shall my trembling fancy keep
Its commerce with the sprites of air:
Oh! Muse divine, thy magic power
Shall turn to joy that dreadful hour,

If thou wilt to my throbbing heart
One spark of thy pure flame impart.

Or if the horrid din of war,
And martial feats delight thee more,
Then will I mount the scythed car,
And bathe its crimson sides in gore;
Then will I view the warlike band,
As firm they move along the strand;
Then will I see contending foes,
In direful, mortal conflict close;
Then will I hear deep groans resound
Of thousands, thousands falling round;
While many a mountain of the slain
Is pil'd upon the darkened plain,
And curling upwards to the skies,
The smoke and mingled flames arise,
From many a town, whose tottering wall
Is doom'd, by savage war, to fall,
While to the throne of heaven upborne,
The heaving sighs of those that mourn,
In anguish curse the fatal day
Which gave them to its rage a prey:
But, gentle Nymph! thy melting eye
From these dire horrors turns away,
Nor can thy pitying lyre supply
One strain, except for those who die
Thou softly pour the plaintive lay.
Dear is that plaintive lay to me,
And while, Oh Muse, I mourn with thee,
Hear, hear my prayer, and to my heart
One spark of thy pure flame impart.

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA.

FROM THE LATIN OF CLAUDIAN.

HAPPY his life, who never past the bounds
In youth or age of his paternal grounds!
Whom the same house on crutches sees, before
That saw him crawling on his native floor.
Whose easy cradle, and whose easy chair,
By one fire side have kept him free from care.
Not him has fortune in her varied strife
Dragg'd through the tumults of a public life;
He ne'er has lov'd o'er barbarous realms to roam,
Nor left the quiet habitudes of home.
Not his the merchant's nor the soldier's fears;
Nor storms, nor war, nor lawsuits reach his ears;
Unskill'd in business, and the neighbouring town,
He breathes free air, and feels his soul his own;
Counts by his following crops his years increas'd,
But knows no Consul living, nor deceased.
His fruits in Autumn, and his flowers in Spring,
Time's welcome marks, both use and beauty bring;
Whether day lights, or darkness shades the plain,
Still *his* horizon is his own domain.
The giant oak he saw with scarce a limb,
And the whole forest has grown old with him.
As much an Indian as a Veronese,
Benacus' shores to him are the Red Sea's.

Firm in his strength, unconquer'd yet, tho' now
Three generations to their founder bow;
Let others search the farthest East or West—
They may *see* life—*enjoying* it is best.

LONDINENSIS.

THE INVITATION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLEIM.

A LONELY cot is all I own;
It stands on yonder verdant down;
And near the brook;—the brook is small,
Yet clear its bubbling fountains fall!

A spreading beech uprears its head,
And half conceals the humble shed:
From chilling winds a safe retreat;
A refuge from the noon-tide heat!

And on its boughs the nightingale
So sweetly tells her plaintive tale,
That oft the passing rustics stray,
With loit'ring step to catch the lay!

Sweet blue-eyed maid with locks so fair;
My heart's dear pride, my fondest care!
I hie me home:—the storm doth low'r;
Come share, sweet maid, my sheltering bower!

BERLIN. E. BERESFORD.

ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN IN PARIS,

BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

She comes, benign Enchantress, heav'n-born Peace,
With Mercy beaming in her radiant eye!—
She bids the horrid Din of Battle cease,
And at her glance the savage Passions die!
'Tis Nature's Festival: let Earth rejoice,
Vanquish'd and Conqu'ror pour exulting Songs;
In distant regions, with according voice,
Let Man the vict'ry bless—its prize to Man belongs!

Resistless Freedom—when she nerves the arm
No vulgar triumph crowns the Hero's might:
She, she alone can spread a moral charm
O'er War's fell deeds, and sanctify the fight!
Oh, Gallia, in this bright immortal hour
How proud a trophy binds thy laurell'd brow!
Republic, hail, whose independent pow'r
All Earth contested once, all Earth confesses now!

Protecting Spirits of the glorious Dead,
Ah, not in vain the Hero's noble toil,
Ah, not in vain the Patriot's blood is shed—
That blood shall consecrate his Native Soil!
Illustrious Names to hist'ry's record dear,
And breath'd when some high impulse fires the Bard,
For you shall Virtue pour the glowing tear—
And your remember'd deeds shall still your country guard!

And thou, lov'd BRITAIN, my parental Isle,
Secure encircled by thy subject Waves,
Thou Land august, where FREEDOM rear'd her pile,
While Gothic Night obscur'd a world of Slaves;
Thy Genius, that indignant heard the shock
Of frantic combat (strife unmeet for thee!)
Now views, triumphant, from his sea-girt rock
Thee unsubdued alone; for thou alone wert free!

Oh, happy thy misguided efforts fail'd,
My Country, when with tyrant hosts combin'd!
Oh, hideous CONQUEST, had thy sword prevail'd,
And crown'd the impious League against Mankind!
Thou nurse of great design, of lofty thought,
What Homicide, had thy insensate rage
Effac'd the sacred lesson thou hast taught,
And with thy purest Blood inscrib'd on GLORY's page!

Ah, rather haste to CONCORD's holy shrine,
Ye rival Nations—haste with joy elate;
Your blending Garlands round her Altar twine,
And bind the wounds of no immortal hate:
Go, breathe responsive rituals o'er the sod
Where FREEDOM's Martyrs press an early grave;
Go, vow that never shall their turf be trod
By the polluting step of Tyrant or of Slave!

And from your shores the abject Vices chase—
That low AMBITION gen'rous Souls disdain,
CORRUPTION, blasting ev'ry moral grace;
SERVILITY, that kneels to bless his Chain!
Oh, LIBERTY, those Demons far remove:
Come, Nymph, severely good, sublimely great;
Nor to the 'raptur'd hope of mortals prove
Like those illusive dreams that pass the Iv'ry Gate!

New Age, that rolls't o'er man thy dawning year,
Ah, sure all happy omens hail thy birth;
Sure whiter annals in thy train appear,
And purer glory cheers the gladden'd Earth.
Like the young Eagle, when his stedfast glance
Meets the full Sun-beam in his upward flight,
So thou shalt with majestic step advance,
And fix thy dauntless eye on Liberty and Light!

1801.

EPITAPH

On Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. Michael Baxter, of Tamworth.*

BY ANNA SEWARD.

In the dark list of agonizing woes
Severest grief the human bosom knows
Is the fond Husband's lot, ordain'd to lead
His Infants round their Mother's clay-cold bed.
Youth, beauty, virtue, modesty's mild grace,
Charms of the mind, irradiating the face,
Cou'd they Eliza have revers'd thy doom,
Love had not quench'd his torch upon thy tomb.
Too early Angel! be thy bliss the balm
This wound to heal, there rebel griefs to calm,
Till the resigning heart shall cease to mourn
A blighted Lily and a timeless Urn!

* This epitaph was written at the request of the Lady's husband, who survived her but a short time.

TO AMORET.

WRITTEN IN 1762.

BY F. N. C. MUNDAY, ESQ.

I.

VAIN is the thin disguise of art,
That strives to hide a Lover's heart!
No guile, no cunning, can conceal
The self-betraying flames I feel;
Forc'd as I am at length to own
What to the world has long been known.
My folded arms, my footsteps slow,
My starting tears, my looks of woe,
These, and a thousand symptoms prove
That much I suffer, much I love.

II.

Then, Amoret, no longer feign
Thyself a stranger to my pain;
Do thou appear no longer blind
To what is seen by all mankind:
Ah, who but marks, when thou art by,
The languor of my doting eye?
The frequent changes of my cheek?
The sighs that from my bosom break?
These, and a thousand symptoms tell
'Tis Amoret I love so well.

ELEGY

To the River Derwent, at Matlock Bath, 9th September, 1802.

BY EYLES IRWIN, ESQ.

NYMPH of the Moor! who first to Phœbus' ray
On the fam'd PEAK unveil'st thy sapphire breast;
Thro' sparry dells, unnoted, win'st thy way,
'Till DARLEY's vale embrace his welcome guest:

O! while thy tide on CHATSWORTH throws a grace
Unknown to all his costly works of art;
The eye of taste, with rapture, kens thy race,
Which nor his fountains nor cascades impart.

On MARY's * woes while Pity haply dwells,
Who there some hours of blighted life beguil'd;
Attention catches those romantic spells,
Which, to his lot, a TALLARD † reconcil'd—

* Mary Queen of Scots was kept some time at Chatsworth, then the property of the Earl of Shrewsbury. A suite of apartments, and the bed in which she slept, are still pointed out, as those inhabited by that persecuted Princess.

† Marshal Tallard visited Chatsworth during his parole in England after the battle of Blenheim. A neat and apposite compliment to its beauties has been attributed to him.

How shall the Muse the fugitive reprove,
Who boasts her sex's charms, without their leaven;
Fond thro' a gay admiring world to move,
While CHATSWORTH lacks the influence of his DEVON!

So, on our *Parents'* sense, when first the view
Of Eden burst, array'd in Spring's fresh green,
Faint was its odour—dead its vivid hue,
'Till smil'd abroad the charmer of the scene!

Thy banks how verdant, as thou linger'st there—
And, when enforc'd to quit the magic bounds,
A fertile soil divides, thy wealth to share,
Where Pan and Ceres cheer the cultur'd grounds.

Hence noisy pleasures; and the giddy throng!
Who Folly's rites, in haunts sequester'd hail;
Be Fashion mute!—while DERWENT steals along
In silence, eloquent, thro' Matlock's dale!

Or if a sound the wanderer's step arrest,
As o'er thy woody precipice he strolls;
Where Nature woos him, by enchantment drest—
Illume his visions with the lay of Bowles!

Thy poet, MATLOCK! still alive to fame,
For whom no more shall Flora's painter burn—
Weep, DERWENT! weep thy sage's attic name,
And bear this tribute to thy DARWIN's urn

While lives the page botanic, dear to taste,
Melodious cadence, images sublime,
Shall Science cherish his descriptions chaste,
And Fancy banquet on the nectar'd rhime

By Arkwright * train'd, the Arts enrich thy tide;
The Loves and Muses sanction thy renown;
Whate'er from Beauty beams is still thy pride,
And Genius' choicest gifts thy offspring crown!

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

Between the pulpit and the bar
While thus you hesitate and trifle,
You're growing older than old Parr:—
Johnny, indeed you waste your life ill.

If toward the church your zeal draws strong,
Three curacies are just now vacant:
If not, the law goes on ding dong—
Rouse up, and try what you can make on't.

Let us, at least, an effort see.—
Be something—any thing, for money!
Zounds! while you're doubting what to be,
You're likely to be nothing, Johnny.

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

* The cotton-mills of the late Sir Richard Arkwright, at Matlock, Bath, are a monument of the ingenuity and spirit of Britons. The profits of this magnificent undertaking are said to produce 70,000l. annually to his family!

ODE TO LOVE.

BY THE LATE REV. J. WALTERS, A. B.

YOUNG Love, no more I sing thy praise,
Thou tyrant of my early days,
Descending with ungenerous art
To wound a youth's unguarded heart,
Nor seldom wont to bring with thee
Sleepless, bleeding Jealousy.
Now if, thus plac'd beyond thy reach,
What fancy prompts, or books can teach
With curious thirst my mind enquires,
And the pale lamp too soon expires;
Now on my brow sit thought and care,
Laugh at thy arts, and drive thee far.
My cautious heart denies thee room,
Tho' bold with Solitude thou come.

Or when I follow thro' the shades
Echo and Silence, sister Maids,
And every Harmony that roves
The quiet of poetic groves;
If the blest Muse hath sprinkled me
With holy drops of Castaly,
With thee I pass the sportive day,
And with thy flames securely play,
As whilom thou, in courts above,
Handling the fiery bolts of Jove.

ODE.

THE RETREAT OF FANCY.

BY THE LATE REV. W. B. STEVENS.

The phantom glories move no more;
The spell is broke—the charm is o'er—
Away the shadowy sorceries fly,
That stole their life from Fancy's eye;
Mark, as her flowery step retreats,
Mark, as her lyre restrains its fairy tone,
The angel host, and bliss-embowering seats,
And gleams from Inspiration's heaven are flown;
Where, gazing once, entranc'd Attention caught
His rich-adorned rhyme, and soul-enchanting
thought.

The credulous Hopes in mockery crown'd,
Aspiring Errors vaunting round,
Mourn o'er the pageant, as she flies
With wings involv'd in misty skies;
The mind that lov'd her languid lay
Exhausted of each fair and manly aim,
Pines in the shades of apathy away;
A dream, a wish at best, her lifeless claim;
While Youth laments the blossoms of his prime
By Folly's rash hand cropt, ere yet matur'd by Time

Ah blest of heaven! what dauntless Power,
Warring against the wizard bower,
With radiant arm the spell unwound,
And loos'd the sprites in darkness bound?
Lo, champions of celestial kind!
Truth's sun-bright shield dispels the hovering shade,
Experience marks the districts of the mind;
And Reason leads, in well-rang'd file display'd,
Her armed words; the empire to maintain
Which Nature reassumes, a free but social reign.

With soul-subliming spirit blest,
O Sovereign! touch my kindling breast;
The energies of life return,
And all the bosom feelings burn;
The death-dark shadows wave no more,
Where cloyster'd Sloth, usurping Virtue's name,
Breathes his mysterious thoughts in whisper'd lore,
To lure faint Travellers from the walks of Fame;
Wide round his couch wan Solitude prevails
Shame at his footstep barks, his life-blood Want assails.

EPIGRAM.

When Jove on Hymen did bestow
The pow'r o'er nuptials to preside,
He, to his brother of the bow,
Said—"You for me the chains provide."
With roses, of a purple glow,
Love the flow'ry bonds composes,
But being blind, he did not know
The thorns to separate from the roses;
Hence comes it even the happiest pair,
Is subject to the hours of care?

TO THE CRICKET.

An ANACREONTIC, *from* VINCENT BOURNE.

BY THE LATE REV. T. COLE.

SPRIGHTLY Cricket, chirping still
Merry music, short and shrill;
In my kitchen take thy rest
As a truly welcome guest;
For no evils shall betide
Those with whom thou dost reside.
Nor shall thy good-omen'd strain
E'er salute my ear in vain;
With the best I can invent,
I'll requite the compliment;
Like thy sonnets, I'll repay
Little sonnets, quick and gay.

Thou, an harmless inmate deem'd,
And by housewives much esteem'd,
Wilt not pillage for thy diet,
Nor deprive us of our quiet;
Like the horrid rat voracious,
Or the lick'rish mouse sagacious;
Like the herd of vermin base,
Or the pilf'ring reptile race:
But content art thou to dwell
In thy chimney-corner cell;
There, unseen, we hear thee greet
Safe, and snug, thy native heat.

Thou art happier, happier far,
Than the happy grasshopper,
Who, by nature, doth partake
Something of thy voice and make.
Skipping lightly o'er the grass,
As her sunny minutes pass,
For a summer month, or two,
She can sing, and sip the dew;
But at Christmas, as in May,
Thou art ever brisk and gay;
Thy continu'd song we hear,
Trilling, trilling, all the year.

Ev'ry day and ev'ry night,
Bring to thee the same delight;
Winter, summer, cold, or hot,
Late, or early, matters not;
Mirth and music still declare,
Thou art ever void of care.
Whilst with sorrows, and with fears,
We destroy our days and years;
Thou, with constant joy and song,
Ev'ry minute dost prolong,
Making thus thy little span
Longer than the age of man.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

FULL twenty years, through all the courts,
One craving process George supports.
You're mad, George—twenty years! you're mad:
—A nonsuit's always to be had.

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

ELEGY.

AWAY! ye fading dreams of promised joy,
Which youthful Fancy's glowing pencil drew;
For Truth has dared your phantoms to destroy,
And strike the bright enchantment from my view.

In vain may Hope her flowery prospects spread,
And point to scenes, at distance only fair;
Once did I follow where the flatt'rer led,
Once strove to clasp her, and embrac'd—Despair!

Seek'st thou, what rais'd my tow'ring thoughts so high,
And fram'd the hopes that did my heart beguile?
It was the witchery of a woman's eye,
It was the sweetness of a woman's smile.

And what o'erturn'd the fabric Hope had rais'd,
And pluck'd thy soaring expectation down?
It was that eye where fierce resentment blaz'd;
It was th' unkindness of a woman's frown.

Yes! when affection's infant seeds were sown
Beneath the favouring sunshine of her eye,
She scorn'd the bloom its fostering beams had blown,
Withdrew its light, and left the flower to die!

BELFAST. Z. X.

ODE.

BY MR. SHAW.

O TRAVELLERS! who shall chance to stray,
Where through this wood the fountain glides,
Deride ye not the man I pray,
Who in these lonely shades abides.

Haply more gay scenes ye admire,
The splendid court, the crouded town,
Haply to greatness ye aspire,
With Fame's fair wreaths your brows to crown.

Yet may ye not uncourteous blame,
Or scorn, as through these walks ye haste,
The hermit shunning state and fame,
Who loves in woods his days to waste.

O! rather, if your feet his banks,
Or if your taste his fruits delight,
O! rather, strangers, with due thanks,
And wishes meet his gifts requite.

Pray that the noxious blasts impure
His plants and tender flowers may spare,
That his green vine may shoot secure,
With clusters to reward his care.

Pray that the murmuring spring, whose streams
His thirst allay, may still be clear,
That the smooth banks where oft he dreams
Soft moss may cover through the year.

So shall he pray, that not in vain
Ye may aspire to state or power,
That ye Fame's brightest palms may gain,
That kings on you their gifts may shower.

So shall he pray amidst the show
Of courts, or cities where ye dwell,
That ye that calm delight may know
Which visits him in his lone cell.

1776.

INSCRIPTION.

AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN WALTERS, A. B.

HERE, where the oak with mighty arms outspread,
Lifts his romantic arch above my head,
While yet each gladdening prospect Autumn yields,
And streams a mellowing lustre o'er the fields,
While fainter gleams the blue horizon bound,
As mild and pensive Evening closes round,
Serenely shelter'd from the gentle shower,
Here let me sit and muse the lonely hour.

THE

HIGHLAND BARD'S INCANTATION.

FROM THE GAELIC.

THE forest of GLENMORE is drear,
It is all of black pine, and the dark oak-tree;
And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,
Is whistling the forest-lullaby;—
The Moon looks through the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees
That mingles with the groaning oak—
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock;—
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the BARD in fitful mood,
His song was louder than the blast,
As the BARD of GLENMORE through the forest past.

"Wake ye from your sleep of death,
MINSTRELS and BARDS of other days!
For the midnight wind is on the heath,
And the midnight meteors dimly blaze;

The spectre with the bloody hand *,
In wandering through the wild woodland;
The Owl and the Raven are mute for dread,
And the time is meet to awake the dead!

" Souls of the mighty! wake and say,
To what high strain your harps were strung,
When Lochlin plough'd her billowy way,
And on your shores her Norsemen flung?
Her Norsemen, train'd to spoil and blood,
Skill'd to prepare the Raven's food!
All by your harpings doom'd to die
On bloody LARGS and LONCARTY †.

" Mute are ye all? No murmurs strange,
Upon the midnight breeze sail by;
Nor thro' the pines with whistling change,
Mimic the harp's wild harmony!
Mute are ye now?—Ye ne'er were mute,
When Murder with his bloody foot,
And Rapine with his iron hand,
Were hovering near your mountain strand.

" O yet awake, the strain to tell;
By ev'ry deed in song enroll'd,
By every Chief who fought or fell,
For ALBION's weal, in battle bold;—
From COILGACH ‡, first who roll'd his car,
Through the deep ranks of Roman war,

* The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Lhamdearg or Red-Hand.

† Where the Norwegian Invader of Scotland received two bloody defeats.

‡ The Galgacus of Tacitus.

To him of veteran memory dear,
Who victor died on ABOUKIR!

"By all their swords, by all their scars,
By all their names, a mighty spell;
By all their wounds, by all their wars,
Arise the mighty strain to tell;
For fiercer than the Saxon train,
More savage than the ruthless DANE,
More grasping than all-grasping ROME,
Gaul's ravening legions hither come!"

The wind is hush'd, and still the lake—
Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears,
Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,
At the dread voice of other years—
When targets clash'd, and bugles rung,
And blades round warriors' heads were flung,
The foremost of the band were we,
And hymn'd the joys of LIBERTY!

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

Cot below the Cairn, Sept. 19, 1805.

Criticisms.

POETRY.

EPIC AND HEROIC POEMS.

Madoc. By Robert Southey. 4to. pp. 557.

THERE are certain croakers who perpetually exclaim that poetical genius, if not wholly extinct, is, at least, rapidly declining. With all due submission to these sapient gentlemen, we must beg leave to dissent from their melancholy dogmas. We acknowledge, indeed, that more bad verse is now written than was ever written at any one period before, but they will gain nothing by this concession, for we conceive the abundance of trash to arise solely from there being now so great a number of persons who attempt to shine in verse. The counterfeit coinage has increased, but the quantity of sterling money has not been diminished. We do not stand alone in this opinion. It was successfully maintained by an elegant writer (Dr. Drake) at a time even when the weight of evidence was not quite so preponderant in the scale of modern poetry as it now is. The "Madoc" of Mr. Southey affords a new proof that the genuine race of bards still exists. Our confined limits will not allow us to say *much* upon this noble poem. Were we to assert that "Madoc" has

no imperfections, we should, of course, expose ourselves to ridicule; but we will boldly declare, that we are unable to point out any modern poem, of equal length, which has more to praise and less to blame. Mr. Southey possesses the creative mind of a real poet, with the power to embody his lofty conceptions in appropriate language, and in verse which has a freedom and harmony not often rivalled by his contemporary writers. We hope soon to see "Madoc" printed in a form which will give to it a circulation more extensive than a splendid quarto can possibly attain.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel, a Poem; by Walter Scott, Esq. 2d Edition, 8vo. pp. 334.

"THE Lay of the Last Minstrel" furnishes another brilliant and decisive evidence to substantiate the doctrine which we maintained in our brief notice of "Madoc." It is a romance which irresistibly seizes upon and holds captive the reader's attention. The scene of action is on the borders of Scotland. Every page of the poem bears ample testimony to Mr. Scott's powers of fancy, description, and language. His metre has great force and variety, so much variety, indeed, that it has afforded a subject of cavil to some persons who seem to think that there is no other criterion of verse than what is afforded to them by the ends of their fingers. We have also heard an objection made to the names of Mr. Scott's characters; and the same objection has been urged against some of the heroes in "Madoc." What other names than such as are Welch and Scotch should be given to the natives of Wales and Scotland? Is it proposed to substitute in their place the pretty pastoral appellations of Damon and Delia, Strephon and Chloe?

Fables: Vol. II. containing Cambuscan, an Heroic Poem, in Six Books: founded upon and comprizing a free Imitation of Chaucer's Fragment on that Subject. By Richard Wharton, Esq. 8vo. pp. 199.

In our volume for 1804 we noticed the first volume of Mr. Wharton's fables, and expressed a wish that he might be tempted to proceed with what he had so well begun. That wish is now gratified. Mr. Wharton has chosen the arduous task of completing "the story of Cambuscan bold." We congratulate him on his success; and to have succeeded in such an attempt is no small praise. Mr. Wharton displays in his poem, a brilliant imagination, a great command of poetical language and imagery, and a bold and harmonious versification.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems, by James Montgomery. Small 8vo. pp. 175.

If "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," and a style of versification at once musical and vigorous, will authorize a writer to assume the high title of a poet, that title Mr. Montgomery may justly assume. He is indeed no minor bard; but strikes the lyre with a master hand. There is a boldness in his ideas, and an energy in his expression of them, which cannot be too much admired. He never, like some persons, wire-draws a thought till it loses all its strength. His style has a masculine yet elegant simplicity. Originality also is one of his most striking merits. He trusts to

the stores of his own imagination, and is little, if at all, indebted to any preceding author. Those who have read, in the Poetical Register, a few of his poems, under the signature of Alcæus, will not, we are convinced, dissent from our opinion.

The Spirit of Discovery; or the Conquest of Ocean. A Poem, in Five Books, with Notes, Historical, and Illustrative. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. Small 8vo. pp. 254.

THE name of Bowles will lead the reader to expect a poem of merit, and this expectation will be gratified by "The Spirit of Discovery," which, though unequal, does great honour to the genius of its author. Of one thing, however, we must complain. Much too large a portion of the volume (nearly ninety pages) is taken up by notes from books; and from books to which a reference would have been sufficient. *Some* writers would receive our thanks were they to give twice as many notes as Mr. Bowles has given, but from Mr. Bowles we had rather be favoured with original composition.

The Crisis: or the Progress of Revolutionary Principles, a Poem, by William Peebles, D. D. 8vo. pp. 192.

THERE are certain poems, and the family is a numerous one, which take no hold of the memory. When the reader has, with much perseverance, read one of these to the end, he is unable to recollect a single line of it. Dr. Peebles' composition is of this unfortunate kind. It has no warmth, no animation. Mr. Maurice, a few years since, published a poem, which had the same title as the book now reviewed, but which was highly poetical.

The Sabbath, a Poem; to which are added Sabbath Walks. By James Grahame. 3d Edition, small 8vo. pp. 136.

THIS poem, as its having so soon reached a third edition abundantly testifies, has been stamped with the seal of public approbation; an approbation which its merits well deserve. It is at once pious and poetical. Many passages, both of sentiment and description, are beautifully conceived and expressed; and the versification, though not without occasional negligencies, has much spirit and elegance.

Metrical Tales, and other Poems. By Robert Southey. Small 8vo. pp. 203.

"LET them," says Mr. Southey, speaking of these poems, "be considered as the desultory productions of a man sedulously employed upon better things." As such we consider them. Like every thing from the pen of Mr. Southey they often display indubitable marks of superior genius; but they will not, generally speaking, bear a comparison with his other short productions.

The Woodman's Tale, after the manner of Spenser. To which are added other Poems, chiefly Narrative and Lyric, and the Royal Message, a Drama, by the Rev. Henry Boyd, A. M. *Translator of the Divina Comedia of Dante; Vicar of Drumgarth in Ireland, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Charleville.* 8vo. pp. 475.

THE causes and the baneful consequences of intemperance form the subject and the moral of "The Woodman's Tale," which is written in the stanza of

Spenser. Mr. Boyd is no unworthy follower of the great bard whom he has chosen for his model. He has manifested in his allegorical tale much invention, much power of vivid description, and command of poetical language. Nor is he less successful in the construction of Spenser's stanza. Among the smaller poems the Milesian tales claim pre-eminence in merit. The drama contains passages of great beauty, and its versification is at once flowing and masculine.

Poems. By Robertus. Small 8vo. pp. 128.

Had the author of this volume printed only a few copies for distribution among his private friends, he would have done wisely. Though it might then, perhaps, have been whispered that his poems seldom rose above mediocrity, he would have escaped the severity of public criticism. Robertus appears to be an ardent worshipper of Bacchus, Love, and the Muses. Love and Bacchus seem to regard him with a favourable eye, but the Muses are by no means propitious to him.

Poems. By P. L. Courtier. Vol. II. Small 8vo. pp. 155.

In the Poetical Register for 1804 we reviewed the third edition of Mr. Courtier's first volume, and bestowed on it that praise which it justly merited. The productions which he then gave to the world were chiefly of a serious character: he was the poet of meditation and solitude. His strains are now devoted to Love and Beauty. Many authors, who had been eminently successful in the graver style of poetry, have failed of success in the lighter species of metrical composition. Mr. Courtier is more fortunate. He touches the playful lyre with much elegance and spirit. His

poems, with few exceptions, are happily imagined; their style is unaffected and perspicuous; and the versification polished and musical.

Ballads, by William Hayley, Esq. founded on Anecdotes relating to Animals; with Prints, designed and engraved by William Blake. Small 8vo. pp. 212.

THESE ballads are designed for young persons, into whose hands they may certainly be put with the hope of advantage, as they tend to promote a spirit of humanity towards the animal creation. The verse, though sometimes careless, is sufficiently flowing. A part of these ballads was published in a quarto form three years ago.

Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, by the Rev. James Nicol. Small 8vo. 2 Vols. pp. 390.

THE poetical talents of Mr. Nicol are of a respectable order. His poems contain many spirited and well-turned passages, and much picturesque description. He is, however, somewhat too diffuse. A few pieces in his volumes might be advantageously omitted, as might also some lines, not quite delicate, in one or two of his other compositions.

Original Sonnets and other small Poems. By Anna Maria Smallpiece. Small 8vo. pp. 182.

To encourage young authors when, consistently with our duty, encouragement can be given, is always gratifying to our feelings. Glad should we be could we now indulge ourselves in the language of praise. This, however, we cannot do. We hope the authoress of this volume will forgive us for the harshness of our

advice, but, even should she refuse her forgiveness, we must advise her, seriously advise her, to renounce all expectation of ever being considered as a favourite of the Muses.

Poems and Plays. By Mrs. West; Author of "A Tale of the Times," "A Gossip's Story," &c. &c. Vols. III and IV. Small 8vo. pp. 543.

A great variety of style may be found in these volumes, and in every style which she has attempted the authoress has acquitted herself in a manner deserving of approbation. Her poems, very frequently vigorous in thought and expression, and always elegant, will afford much satisfaction to the reader of taste.

Amatory Poems, with Translations and Imitations from Ancient Amatory Authors. Small 8vo. pp. 64.

THE author of these poems is of the school of Thomas Little. He is indeed so close an imitator of his master, that should his productions be mistaken for those of the master himself, the error would not be unpardonable. His style is polished and spirited. As to his morals we must advise him to mend them.

The Rural Sabbath, a Poem, in four Books; and other Poems. By William Cockin. Small 8vo. pp. 183.

THIS poem breathes such a spirit of piety, and contains such wholesome doctrines, as cannot fail to gratify and benefit a serious reader. Nor, though too frequently tame and incorrect, is the poetry quite unworthy of the subject. Many passages occur which may be perused with pleasure even by the fastidious critic. The author is no more. He died at Kendal, in the year 1801.

Poems and Plays, by William Richardson, A. M. *Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow.* A New Edition. Small 8vo. 2 Vols. pp. 458.

Most of the poems contained in these volumes have been many years before the public, and have received that distinguished share of applause, to which we think them fully entitled. There is nothing forced or affected in the compositions of Professor Richardson; nor do they ever descend to languor and insipidity; they are natural, elegant, and animated.

The Progress of Refinement, an Allegorical Poem: with other Poems. By the Rev. William Gillespie. Small 8vo. pp. 232.

We have received much pleasure from Mr. Gillespie's "Progress of Refinement," and we recommend it to the perusal of our readers. Mr. Gillespie has a poetical mind, and no mean power of clothing his ideas in elegant and expressive language. His versification also possesses both grace and spirit.

Sonnets, and other Poems: to which are added Tales in Prose. Small 8vo. pp. 126.

The claims advanced in the preface by the lady from whose pen this volume proceeds, are of a very humble kind. She declares that she has no hopes or expectations beyond an exemption from the *severity* of criticism. We on our parts are well disposed to grant what she wishes. There is indeed no occasion for severity. Her verses, though they never display the higher graces of poetry, are unaffected and pleasing.

The Pleasures of Love: being Amatory Poems, original and translated, from the Asiatic and European Languages. By G. W. Fitzwilliam, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 188.

THIS volume is a selection from the mass of amatory poetry in different languages. The public is already acquainted with the greater part of the poems which it contains. It is but justice, however, to say that the compiler has executed his task in a very respectable manner, and that his volume, therefore, is worthy of admission into the library of a person of poetical taste

Poems by Laura Sophia Temple. Small 8vo. pp. 192.

MISS TEMPLE is certainly not without a respectable portion of poetical talent, but she is much too careless. Some of the pieces in her volume might have been omitted with advantage, and a very little trouble bestowed upon a part of the others would have done them no small service. She is too diffuse, and too fond of particular epithets. Yet, notwithstanding these faults, her volume may be read with pleasure: it bears honourable testimony in favour both of her head and her heart.

Fatal Curiosity: or the Vision of Sylvester. A Poem: in Three Books. By Joseph Bounden. Small 8vo. pp. 112.

SYLVESTER, the hero of this poem, is a man who ardently wishes to pry into the secrets of futurity. His wish is at last gratified, in a dream, by his "guardian spirit," and the consequence is, that, shocked by the gloomy prospect before him, he puts an end to his ex-

istence. Of this poem the moral is unexceptionable, and the execution, on the whole, not unworthy of praise.

The Rustic; a Poem, in Four Cantos. By Ewan Clark. Small 8vo. pp. 119.

THIS poem is not so much a delineation of rural manners generally, as of those manners in the county of Cumberland. It contains nevertheless much that is applicable to rustic life in all situations. The picture is frequently drawn with great truth, and coloured with some degree of skill. It is certainly far more interesting, to the lover of nature, than the sickening round of Damons and Phillises which we are compelled to contemplate from the self-named tribe of pastoral poets. It must not, however, be concealed that Mr. Clark is sometimes slovenly in his composition. Perhaps the candid critic may be inclined to make a little allowance for the faults of a man who like Mr. Clark has attained his seventieth year.

Poetic Sketches. By T. Gent. Small 8vo. pp. 120.

To flatter Mr. Gent with the hope of attaining eminence as a poet, would neither do credit to ourselves nor service to him. His verses, however, are tolerably flowing, and contain some good thoughts, not ill-expressed. We think that he succeeds much better in ludicrous than in serious subjects.

London Cries; or Pictures of Tumult and Distress: A Poem. To which is added the Hall of Pedantry. With Notes. Small 8vo. pp. 75.

THERE is more merit in this little volume than the title page would lead us to expect. The "cries" are

not, as might be expected, merely those of itinerant traders. The reader will find much pointed satire, good sense, and poetical description.

All Saint's Church, Derby: A Poem. By John Edwards. 4to. pp. 44.

THERE are some incorrectnesses, and some languid passages, in this poem; but it, nevertheless, indicates its author to possess talents which, if properly cultivated, may entitle him to a respectable station among the minor poets. His imagery is frequently vivid and picturesque; he has a tolerable command of language; and his verse, which is blank verse, is constructed with more skill than most of the unrhymed metre which our annual duty compels us to read.

Christ's Lamentation over Jerusalem. A Seatonian Prize Poem. By Charles Peers, Esq. A. M. *and* F. S. A. *of St. John's College.* 4to. pp. 15.

THE Seaton Prize has not, of late, displayed much of animating influence. The want of success, we mean poetical success, in those who have contended for it, would almost lead us to believe that the Muses scorn a task which is to be rewarded by money. Mr. Peers has written a poem which, it must be confessed, has no glaring faults; but unfortunately for its fame, it is at the same time equally devoid of any striking beauties. It does not require the spirit of prophecy to predict the future fate of such a production.

A Poem on the Restoration of Learning in the East; which obtained Mr. Buchanan's Prize. By Charles Grant, Esq. M. A. *Fellow of Magdalen College.* 4to. pp. 29.

THIS poem is a proof that a composition written for a pecuniary reward may, nevertheless, be animated by the true spirit of poetry. The thoughts are elevated, the style is glowing and vigorous, and the versification is free and harmonious.

Monody on Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, who, after a series of transcendent and heroic services, fell gloriously October 21, 1805, *in the battle of Trafalgar, at the moment of obtaining the most brilliant and decisive victory recorded in the annals of Great Britain. By George Richards,* A. M. F. A. S. *late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.* 4to. pp. 10.

MR. RICHARDS is well known as a poet. His present poetical essay has been evidently written on the spur of the occasion, with a wish to do honour to the memory of the brave. It is, perhaps, not quite equal to some of his former productions, but it will do him no discredit.

The Sports of the Genii. By Mrs. John Hunter. 4to. pp. 16.

THE poems contained in this elegant little volume were written to accompany a series of prints from several sketches of winged boys drawn by the late Miss Susan Macdonald. Mrs. Hunter has performed her voluntary task in a praiseworthy style. Her verses are sportive and elegant. The prints illustrated by them are fourteen in number, and display considerable taste.

Palestine. A Poem: in Blank Verse. Written for the Prize at Oxford, in 1803. 8vo. pp. 31.

WE are sorry to say that this is one of the worst poems we ever read. It is to the last degree "flat

and unprofitable." Not a single gleam of talent illumes the dreary waste of these thirty one pages. Never must their author hope to be called a poet. What can be expected from the writer who, on a subject which would almost inspire the dead, could produce the following lines?

> " From Carmel's hills behold the western coasts
> Extend their wings northward and south, on which
> In latest years the British arms withstood,
> Withstood, and routed under Sidney Smith,
> The potent leader, now the chief of Gaul.
> Acra be thou renown'd !————"

SATIRE.

Les Champignons du Diable; or Imperial Mushrooms: a Mock-heroic Poem in Five Cantos: including a Conference between the Pope and the Devil, on his Holiness's Visit to Paris: illustrated with Notes. By the Editor of "Salmagundi" and "The Wiccamical Chaplet," &c. &c. Small 8vo. pp. 204.

THE reader who takes up this Mock-heroic Poem by the editor of "Salmagundi" will expect to meet with an abundance of wit and humour, and with a versification truly hudibrastic. In this expectation he will not be disappointed. Mr. Huddisford displays as much vigour in his present as he did in his former productions of the same kind. If the risible muscles of those who peruse his mock-heroic be not absolutely immovable, we think they will be frequently excited into violent action by "Les Champignons du Diable,"

Rhymes on Art; or the Remonstrance of a Painter: in Two Parts. With Notes and a Preface, including Strictures on the State of the Arts, Criticism, Patronage, and Public Taste. By Martin Archer Shee, A. M. *The Second Edition, with an additional Preface and Notes.* Small 8vo. pp. 177.

These "*Rhymes* on Art" have a decisive claim to a higher title. They justify us in giving to their author the name of a poet. His satire is discriminated and pointed, his illustrations frequently new and happy, and his verse, though polished, is never insipid.

NEW EDITIONS OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETS.

The Works of Edmund Spenser, with the principal Illustrations of various Commentators: To which are added Notes, some Account of the Life of Spenser, and a Glossarial and other Indexes. By the Rev. Henry John Todd, M. A. F. R. S. 8vo. 8 Vols. pp. 3970.

In our volume for 1801 we had the pleasure of noticing Mr. Todd's Edition of Milton's Poetical Works. He has now turned his attention to another of our greatest poets, and with equal success. Mr. Todd is eminently qualified to perform with effect the duty of a commentator. To great research he unites, what is unluckily not always found in men of great research, a liberal mind, an elegant taste, and a sound judgment. His edition of Spenser leaves little to hope from any future editor of that delightful bard.

The Plays of Philip Massinger, in Four Volumes. With Notes Critical and Explanatory. By W. Gifford, Esq. 8vo. 4 Vols. pp. 2203.

MASSINGER, one of the best of our ancient dramatic writers, had been more unfortunate in his editors than any of his brethren. His fine conceptions and his masterly versification had been shamefully perverted into nonsense and doggrel. Many of his most beautiful passages were rendered absolutely unreadable. In this state his dramas were found by Mr. Gifford, who resolved to restore the text to its original purity. A person better qualified for the task could not easily be found. Mr. Gifford has executed his arduous undertaking in such a manner as leaves nothing to be desired. The text and the metre have been reformed with the most sedulous care, and the lover of the old English drama may now enjoy the satisfaction of reading the plays of Massinger as they were originally written by Massinger himself. Mr. Gifford's notes are highly interesting, and he has judiciously avoided the common error of burying his author under a mountainous mass of useless comment. The value of this edition is also much enhanced by the critical observations of Dr. Ireland.

TRANSLATIONS.

The Nature of Things; a Didactic Poem. Translated from the Latin of Titus Lucretius Carus; accompanied with the Original Text, and illustrated with Notes, Philological and Explanatory. By John Mason Good. 4to. 2 Vols. pp. 1317.

THE mere English reader has hitherto known Lucretius only through the medium of Creech's crabbed and unpoetical version. He may now consult him with more pleasure, and even with more profit. Lucretius could hardly have fallen into the hands of a person more able than Mr. Good to do him rigid justice. Mr. Good's translation is executed with great poetical spirit, and his notes are highly interesting and instructive. We must, however, enter our protest against the republication of the "original text."

Specimens of scarce Translations of the 17th Century from the Latin Poets: to which are added Miscellaneous Translations from the Greek, Spanish, Italian, &c. By Robert Walpole, Esq. B. A. *of Trinity College, Cambridge.* Small 8vo. pp. 164.

THIS little volume Mr. Walpole, in his preface, informs us was "undertaken and completed during the hours of relaxation from a literary performance of a more severe nature." We are glad that his "hours of relaxation" were so employed. His selection is made with much judgment, and his own translations, though sometimes diffuse, are never inelegant.

The Penance of Hugo, a Vision on the French Revolution; in the Manner of Dante. In Four Cantos. Written on the Occasion of the Death of Nicola Hugo de Basseville, Envoy from the French Republic at Rome, January 14, 1793. Translated from the original Italian of Vincenzo Monti into English: with two additional Cantos, by the Rev. Henry Boyd, A. M. *Vicar of Drumgarth in Ireland, and Chaplain to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Charleville.* Small 8vo. pp. 190.

THE merit of Mr. Boyd, as a translator from the Italian, has long been known; nor will his well-earned reputation be diminished by his present effort. He has executed his version of Monti's poem with much felicity, and his additional books are not behind the original in poetical spirit.

The Inferno of Dante Alighieri: Canto I—XVII. with a Translation in English Blank Verse, Notes, and a Life of the Author. By the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, A. M. Small 8vo. pp. 286.

ONE principal purpose of this translation, we are informed by Mr. Cary, is the affording an easy introduction to such as are desirous of forming an acquaintance with the Italian poet himself. For this purpose Mr. Cary's version is admirably adapted. The English and Italian are printed on opposite pages. Seldom, if ever, have we seen so remarkable an instance of rigid closeness in translating an author as Mr. Cary has displayed. His translation, which is in blank verse, is even comprized in a smaller number of lines than the original; yet nothing is omitted. Nor is it, though so scrupulously faithful, by any means deficient in poetical spirit. We hope Mr. Cary will meet with such success as may stimulate him to a continuance of his labours.

The Song of the Sun. A Poem of the 11th Century; from the more ancient Icelandic Collection, called the Edda. Imitated by the Rev. James Beresford, A. M. *Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. With a Preface, Notes, and short Account of the Author.* 8vo. pp. 109.

THIS imitation is not executed from the original poem, but from a Latin version of it. To the practice

of translating from a translation there are many objections. Much of the spirit, and even meaning, of the original is sure to be lost. Mr. Beresford's imitation is not without passages of considerable merit; but is too frequently harsh and obscure.

THE DRAMA.

UNACTED PLAYS.

Nathan the Wise, a Dramatic Poem, written originally in German, by G. E. Lessing. 8vo. pp. 293.

THIS dramatic poem, the title page informs us, was printed in 1791, and published in 1805. We regret that it escaped with only a fourteen years confinement. It is tedious beyond human endurance. There is nothing, however, or at least but few things, that may not be made of some utility. Those who have suffered from the want of sleep, may receive relief by perusing "Nathan the Wise" before they retire to bed. The design of Mr. Lessing's dramatic poem is "to inculcate mutual indulgence between religious sects." Gentle reader, can you guess the means Mr. Lessing has chosen to produce so desirable an end? We will almost venture to swear you will not guess right. Yet they are the easiest that can possibly be imagined. His recipe simply consists in convincing you that it is a matter of perfect indifference whether a man be a christian, a mahometan, or a jew! It is a

pity that the translator of this brilliant and moral piece did not employ his talents upon something more worthy of them.

Sacred Dramas: intended chiefly for young Persons. To which is added, an Elegy in Four Parts. By John Collet, Master of the Academy, Evesham, Worcestershire. Crown 8vo. pp. 224.

THE praise of good intentions we can give to Mr. Collet, but no other praise. His Sacred Dramas are very poor compositions; they are uniformly far beneath mediocrity. Plan, style, versification, all is lamentably bad.

ACTED PLAYS.

The Honey Moon: a Comedy, in Five Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, with universal Applause. By the late John Tobin, Esq. 8vo. pp. 82.

THIS play we consider as a striking proof of the power of genius. Scarcely any thing in the plot is the author's own; and of the characters the majority at least may be found in our older dramatic writers. In spite of all this "The Honey Moon" commands applause, and will, we doubt not, be a stock piece upon the theatrical list. The author has certainly, in the parts we have mentioned, taken the liberty of borrowing from other writers; but he has given us good proof that his borrowing has not arisen from poverty. The

wit, humour, and spirit of his dialogue will not easily be matched. He writes in blank verse, and it is no small praise to say that his blank verse would not have disgraced our standard authors. At no time would it be otherwise than painful to record the decease of a man of genius; but in the present state of the stage it is doubly painful to say that the author of the Honey Moon is no longer in existence!

To Marry, or not to Marry; a Comedy, in Five Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By Mrs. Inchbald. 8vo. pp. 86.

THIS comedy is not unworthy of Mrs. Inchbald's literary reputation. The fable is contrived with skill, the dialogue is neat and spirited, and some of the characters are drawn with much force and discrimination.

The Delinquent: or, seeing Company; a Comedy, in Five Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By Frederick Reynolds. 8vo. pp. 73.

WE are sorry to be under the disagreeable necessity of passing sentence of condemnation upon the Delinquent; but we must give such a verdict as our conscience directs. The Delinquent has many faults and very few good qualities to balance against them. Let him be delivered over to the grocer and trunk maker.

John Bull; or the Englishman's Fire Side: a Comedy, in Five Acts. First performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on the 5th of March, 1803. *By Geo. Colman, the younger.* 8vo. pp. 102.

THIS play has been repeatedly acted and always with distinguished approbation. Nor is it, on the

whole, unworthy of the praise which it has received. It has much wit, the dialogue is neat and lively, and the incidents are well imagined. We must, however, say that the author has too frequently laid a trap for a joke; that some of his characters are a little out of nature; and that the general tendency of his piece is liable to objection.

A Prior Claim; a Comedy, in Five Acts. First performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Tuesday, October 29, 1805. By Henry James Pye and Samuel James Arnold. 8vo. pp. 68.

THE great misfortune of this play is that though there is nothing, from beginning to end, which calls for severe censure, there is nothing which irresistibly seizes upon the attention of those who see or who read it. Some parts of the characters are tolerably drawn, some of the dialogue is spirited, and some wit and humour may be found in every act; but the general effect is flat and uninteresting.

The School for Friends; a Comedy, in Five Acts. As performed, with distinguished Success, by their Majesties' Servants, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Written by Miss Chambers, Author of "He Deceives Himself," a domestic Tale, in 3 Vols. 8vo. pp. 87.

THIS comedy is far superior to the common run of modern theatrical pieces. The dialogue has great point, neatness, and spirit, the situations are interesting, the plot is skilfully conducted, and the moral is unexceptionable. We hope that the success which Miss Chambers has experienced will stimulate her to a continuance of her exertions.

The Blind Bargain: or Hear it Out; a Comedy, in Five Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By Frederick Reynolds. 8vo. pp. 77.

THIS is a busy, farcical piece, not ill calculated, perhaps, to raise a laugh, but having little pretension to literary excellence. The dialogue is not elegant, nor is there much sterling wit, and where the author has aimed at originality of character he has widely overstepped the modesty of nature.

The School of Reform; or How to Rule a Husband; a Comedy, in Five Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By Thomas Morton, Esq. 8vo. pp. 88.

THERE is much improbability in Mr. Morton's comedy, yet, in spite of this circumstance, it excites a powerful interest. We think it indeed one of the best which he has produced. The dialogue, alternately serious and comic, is polished and animated, the incidents are generally striking, and the characters, among which that of Robin Tyke is the most prominent, are natural and well supported.

Who Wants a Guinea? A Comedy, in Five Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. First acted April 18, 1805. *By George Colman, the younger.* 8vo. pp. 84.

THIS is rather a farce in five acts than a legitimate comedy. The characters are drawn and coloured in the style of caricature. The piece is, nevertheless, truly amusing. Those who are pleased with wit and smart dialogue will not fail to be gratified by Mr. Colman's production.

The Will for the Deed; a Comedy, in Three Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Written by Thomas Dibdin, Author of Guilty and Not Guilty, the Cabinet, &c. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 64.

In your prologue, Mr. Dibdin, you desire us to "accept of the Will for the Deed." We are concerned that we cannot comply with your request. "The Will for the Deed" is one of your most indifferent pieces. It was doubtless your wish to make a comedy of it, but you did not accomplish what you wished.

The Venetian Outlaw; a Drama, in Three Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Translated and adapted to the English Stage. By R. W. Elliston. Dedicated, by Permission, to His Majesty. 8vo. pp. 60.

This piece appears far better calculated for the theatre than the closet. It has slight pretensions to literary merit, but is sufficiently bustling and full of astonishing incidents to keep alive the attention of a spectator.

The Cabinet; a Comic Opera, in Three Acts. First performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Tuesday, February 9, 1802. *Written by Thomas Dibdin, Author of Guilty and Not Guilty, the Jew and Doctor, &c. &c. &c.* 8vo. pp. 88.

The dialogue of a comic opera seems generally to be considered as a sort of peg to hang the scenery, dresses, and music upon, and the care bestowed upon it by the author, is proportioned to the dignity of the purpose for which his efforts are wanted. Mr. Dibdin, however, has executed his task in a manner not discreditable to him. His "Cabinet" is a pleasing trifle.

The English Fleet, in 1342; *an Historical Comic Opera, in Three Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Written by Thomas Dibdin, Author of Guilty and Not Guilty, the Cabinet, &c. &c. &c.* 8vo. pp. 63.

"THE English Fleet" is of the same class as "The Cabinet," but is not, we think, equal to that piece. We really wish that Mr. Dibdin would open his eyes to the propriety of writing less hastily. He is not without comic powers; but if he will persist in producing three or four plays yearly, he must be content to have them forgotten within the year of their birth.

Family Quarrels; a Comic Opera, in Three Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Written by Thomas Dibdin, Author of Guilty and Not Guilty, the Cabinet, &c. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 74.

ANOTHER comic opera by Mr. Dibdin! This indefatigable writer has certainly an intention of rivalling, in facility of composition, the celebrated Lope de Vega. We are not, however, disposed to quarrel with his prolific Muse on the present occasion. The brat is better looking and more hearty than others of the family.

Youth, Love, and Folly; a Comic Opera. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, with distinguished Success. Written by Mr. Dimond, Jun. Author of the Hero of the North, &c. &c. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 54.

THIS piece, with the assistance of scenery, dresses, and music, may please on the stage, but in the closet it has few attractions. Mr. Dimond persists in his fondness for a vicious style. His prose is too frequently upon stilts, and his language too often affected. He has talent but no taste.

The Weathercock; a Farce, in Two Acts. First acted at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Monday, November 18, 1805. *By John Till Allingham.* 8vo. pp. 27.

"THE Weathercock" has some good situations, and some wit; but it is too absurd to be seen or read without disgust. Young Fickle, from whose changeable disposition the piece takes its name, is not a rational being, but a madman. Instead of being married he ought to have been put under the care of a doctor. Perhaps, however, the author imagined that as some wives have the power of driving a sensible man mad, others might possess the more wonderful power of restoring a mad man to his senses.

Too Many Cooks: a Musical Farce, in Two Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By James Kenney, Author of Raising the Wind, Matrimony, &c. 8vo. pp. 44.

MR. KENNEY is a writer of considerable promise. His present farce is a lively bustling piece, well contrived for effect. Some of the songs are pretty.

Rugantino: or, the Bravo of Venice. A grand Romantic Melo-Drama, in Two Acts. First performed at Covent Garden Theatre, on Friday, October 18, 1805. *By M. G. Lewis.* 8vo. pp. 55.

THIS Melo-Drama is taken from a romance of the same name. Mr. Lewis claims, in his preface, but little merit for what he has done. He has, however, produced a piece which, independently of its theatrical effect, is superior to many compositions of the same kind.

CATALOGUE.

THE Poems of Ossian, &c. containing the Poetical Works of James Macpherson, Esq. in Prose and Rhyme. With Notes and Illustrations. By Malcolm Laing, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

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